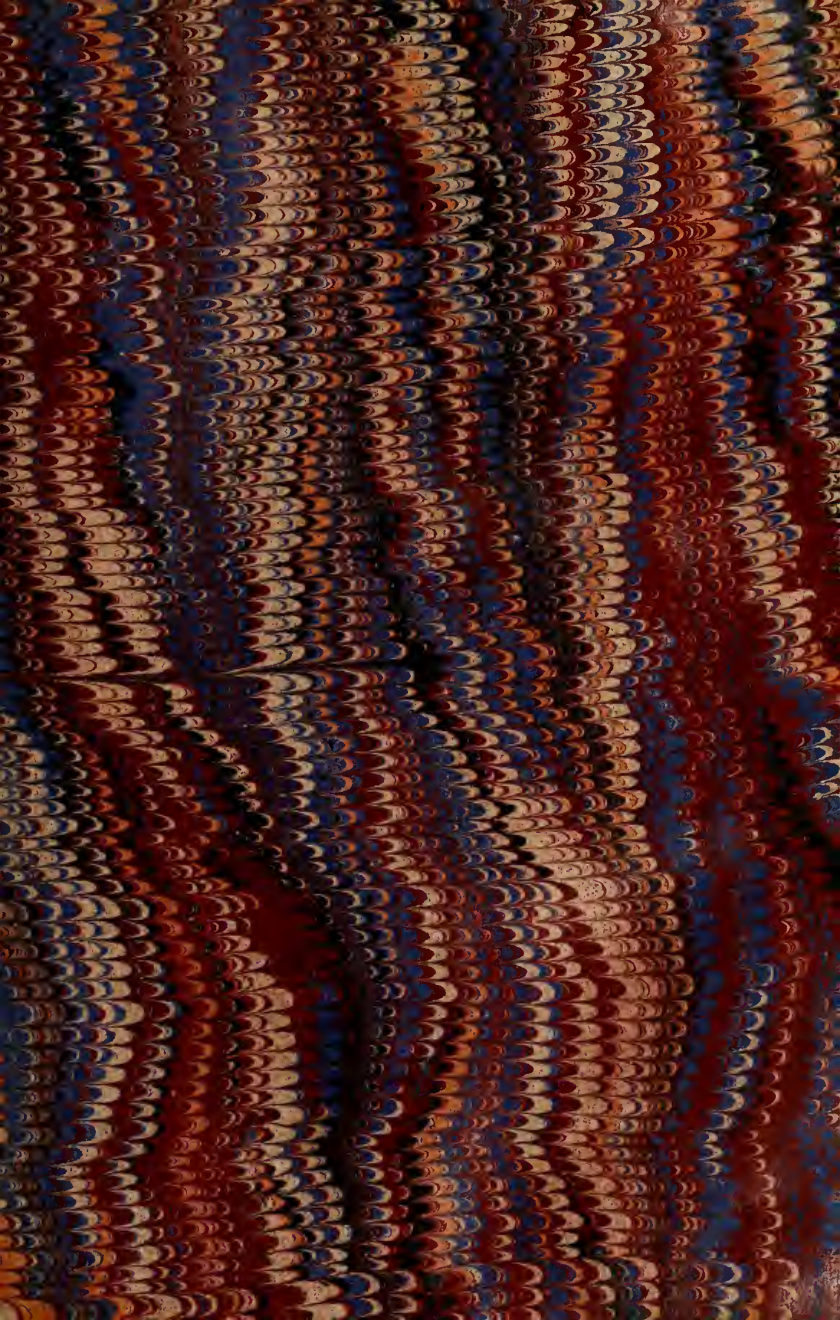




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J. Greathouse

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER, 1860, TO FEBRUARY, 1861.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association again commend to the favourable reception of the public the EXETER HALL LECTURES of the past season—the Sixteenth Course delivered, the Fourteenth Volume published.

To many it has been a matter of surprise that the Lectures have been so long sustained, and that the Annual Volume has not, ere this, run its race, and been supplanted by something more adapted, as it might be thought, to the taste of a new generation of readers.

The explanation is to be found in the fact that these Lectures address themselves to a permanent necessity, meeting its ever-recurring forms by the application of the fixed principles and rules of scriptural godliness to all the subjects discussed, whether of History, Biography, Science, or Theology.

It is a proud thing to say of this age, with all the faults which characterise it, that its most popular fea-

tures are those associated with the spread of religion and knowledge.

No books have such sale as those which treat on religious subjects; none are more appreciated than those in which men of the highest character and attainment share the fruits of their deeper culture and learned toil with their less favoured brethren who struggle amid the anxieties and difficulties of commercial life, or toil in the haunts of manufacturing industry.

It is to this source that these Lectures owe the continued interest which attaches to them; and as the class for which they are specially designed is replenished from year to year by fresh accessions of earnest and high-minded youths, anxious to quit themselves like men in the battle of life, but needing to be guarded from influences of evil—to be guided into the knowledge and apprehension of that which is good and true—the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association rely confidently upon the support of their friends to enable them to sustain these Annual Lectures in continued force and efficiency. It must not be forgotten, however, that it is the tendency of all such arrangements to wear themselves out, unless adapted and invigorated from time to time by appropriate revision and changes. The Committee are addressing themselves anxiously to the consideration of this subject. Meanwhile, they ask all who sympathise in their work to aid it by the large circulation of the present volume, and by their prayers for its usefulness.

It is the grateful duty of the Committee to record here their obligation to the honoured friends whose Lectures compose this volume: nor less so to one, the Rev. William Brock, the subject of whose Lecture, "The Seventh Commandment," renders it more appropriate for separate publication. The Committee have felt it their duty to offer to Mr. Brock special expression of their sympathy in the anxiety and labour which the preparation of a Lecture on such a subject demanded, and of their gratitude for the scriptural fidelity and moral courage with which his responsible duty was discharged.

Should his Lecture be prepared for publication, it will be issued on the 1st of May, uniform with the other Lectures of this series, for the convenience of those who may desire to bind it in the volume.

W. E. SHIPTON,
SECRETARY.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
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26th Feb., 1861.

Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with the work of the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, are requested to communicate with the Secretary, as above.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OUR INDIAN EMPIRE	1
By Lieut.-Col. Sir HERBERT B. EDWARDS, K.C.B.	
THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS	33
By the Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS.	
INDIVIDUALITY	87
By the Rev. THEOPHILUS PEARSON.	
ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME; OR, GLIMPSES OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY . . .	135
By the Rev. J. HAMPDEN GURNEY, M.A.	
LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF THE JESUITS .	189
By the Rev. CHARLES VINCE.	
REVIVALS, ANCIENT AND MODERN . . .	233
By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON.	
COMMERCE CHRISTIANIZED	287
By the Rev. ROBERT T. JEFFREY, M.D.	

	PAGE
THE BLESSED LIFE	315
By the Rev. SAMUEL COLEY	
THE FORMATION OF ENGLISH CHARACTER .	349
By the Rev. JAMES BARDSLEY, M.A.	
ERASMUS	379
By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S.	
THE RELATIONS OF RELIGION AND ART . .	409
By the Rev. WILLIAM POLLOCK, M.A.	

Our Indian Empire :
ITS BEGINNING AND END.

A LECTURE

BY

LT.-COL. SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES, K.C.B.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE :

ITS BEGINNING AND END.

THE unchangeableness of the East has passed into a proverb ; but the proverb is only applicable to its *social* state. *Politically*, the East is the native land of revolution. Its vast plains have invited and absorbed race after race of the human family, and its wealth has been the magnet of enterprise in every age. The Hindoos of to-day may be something like the Hindoos whom the Greeks found 2,000 years ago ; and Alexander's Hindoos might have had some lineaments in common with the first readers of the Vedas, though I think not much ; but the history of their country is a long march of successive dynasties—conqueror trampling upon conqueror, race overrunning race. It has been said of the Russian Government, that it used to be a despotism tempered by assassination. It might be said of India that its constitution has been conquest aggravated by change. The Hindoos themselves are not the aborigines of Hindostan. In times of which we have no record now, but certainly upwards of 1,000 years B.C., a tall, slight, handsome, olive-coloured race, grandsons of Japheth, swarmed down from Central Asia into India, occupied its plains, and drove into the depths of the forest or the mountain, the small and

swarthy grandsons of Shem, whose children* still love or trust the thicket best, and only of late years have begun to venture out at the call of the philanthropist and the missionary.

And here I would call your attention to two points—

Firstly. How early the prophecy of Noah (Genesis ix. 27) was fulfilled, that “God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.”

Secondly. That the pure Hindoos, and their British conquerors, belong to the same great branch of the family of Man.

How long the Hindoo conquerors, with their dynasties of the Sun and Moon, were left undisturbed, forging their present forms of idolatry and caste, history cannot tell us; but it tells us how the Persians under Darius Hystaspes, and the Greeks under Alexander, bore their arms into Indian borders before the Christian era; how since then the Khalifabs of Baghdad and their fanatic Arabs first cleft an eastward road for the Koran through Sindh and the Punjâb (close of sixth century); how Mahmood the Destroyer twelve times descended into India to smash its idols and massacre its idolaters, or spare them only to be sold in his own country at 4s. a head (A.D. 1000); how the house of Ghor (still coming from the North-west) extended Mahomedan sway into Bengal (A.D. 1157—1206); how the Turk-born slave-kings reduced Malwa, and completed Moslem dominion to the Vindhya chain (1206—1288);

* The Bheels, Ghonds, Coles, &c. &c. Their total numbers in India are estimated at sixteen millions, exclusive of the Karens of our newest province, Pegu. The wonderful results of the labours of Dr. Judson, his colleagues and successors, during half a century among the Karens (of whom there are now supposed to be 100,000 Christians), seems to point out the Semitic aborigines of India as the most hopeful *headland* in the field of Oriental Missions.

how the Khiljees followed and reduced the Deckan and Guzerât (1288—1321); how the house of Toghluk, half Turk, half Indian, lost the Deckan and Bengal (1321—1412); how the Tartars under the Lame Timour sacked Delhi (1398); how the Syuds, Viceroy of Timour, let empire slip through their priestly hands till, like a modern hierarch, they were left with only Delhi “and a garden” (1412—1450); how the Afghan house of Lodi (coming still, let us take notice, from the pale and hardy North) recovered rule from the Himalaya to Benâres (1450—1526); how Bâber, in the first battle of Paniput, again won India back for the house of Timour (1526), and founded that last and most famous Tartar dynasty, commonly but erroneously called the dynasty of the “Great Moghuls,” which rose with Bâber and Humayoon, culminated with Akbar, Jehangeer, and Shah Jehan, declined with Aurengzebe, and after struggling for a century with Mahrattas, Sikhs, Rohillas and Afghans, again sank into impotence on the bloody field of Paniput, from which it sprang (6th January, 1761). All this history tells us; and already it seems marvellous how men can talk of “the unchanging East,” unless indeed there be a sameness in such ceaseless change. But the changes of Indian history have yet to reach their climax, for it goes on to tell us as a fact that in the end there came a handful of white men across the Western sea to be lords over those dark Indians, supposed to be 200,000,000 in number; that these little British isles of ours have dominated for a hundred years over that vast continent fourteen times their size; that the seat of Eastern Empire was transferred to Europe, from the banks of the Jumna to the banks of the Thames; and that the world has lived to see a knot of English officers in sword and sash sitting round a table in the old Imperial capital to try one Buhâdoor Shâh,

lineal descendant of the Great Moghuls,* sometime King of Delhi, and presently a British pensioner, on the charge of disturbing the public peace of India! Can change go farther? Yes. It *might*, and Englishmen can hardly find a more deeply interesting theme for speculation than “whether it *will*.” Let us to-night consider it a little, and try to take away with us suggestions to be thought out hereafter; impressions that, perhaps gaining strength from reflection, may some day influence for good a vote, a life, a people.

The three questions which concern England most as to her Indian Empire are—

1. How it was got?
2. How it was used?
3. How it will end?

I.—HOW IT WAS GOT?

The wants of Man are the leading-strings of God; and the products of India have drawn Europe to it as irresistibly as the golden ore of the New World has drawn off the crowded population of the Old. For many ages the trade between the East and West pursued Overland routes; at first from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Phenician ports, and next from the head of the Red Sea to Alexandria, where it was the chief source of the wealth of the great Venetian Republic. The rest of Europe envied Venice. A

* The mode of spelling Indian names is, to a great extent, arbitrary, as vowels have to be supplied by *ear*, which are not written in many words. Thus the prophet Mahommed's name is written in the original “Mhmmd.” On the whole “Mahomedan” combines most of Asiatic and English vernacular.

Mogul is actually incorrect in its *consonants*, and should be spelt “Moghul.”

spirit of maritime discovery arose, and in the fifteenth century Columbus, feeling in the dark of ocean for India, laid hold of America. Bartholomew Diáz, sent out by the Portuguese, first rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1486, and in 1497 his countryman, Vasco da Gama, completed the enterprise, and reached the Malabar coast of India. In 1510 the renowned Albuquerque followed up the successes of his countrymen, and founded at Goa that Portuguese Indian Empire which held on to the shores and isles of India for a century.

It was a bad empire, a strange mixture of piracy, fanaticism, heroism, and commerce. The founders of it received from their king silken banners bearing the cross of the order of knighthood of Christ; and the ships, well laden with warriors and Franciscan friars, left the Tagus amid many prayers, to murder the Moors, perform prodigies of evil valour, rob vessels on the high seas, sack towns, introduce the Inquisition, establish factories, drive hard bargains for peppers and spice, plant stone or wooden crosses, put Jews to the rack, convert thousands with a spargillum and a sword, and call it religion—call it empire.

It shows, however, how superior were those Portuguese in courage and in war, when they could thus bully, and buccaneer, and conquer Indian princes, who brought more thousands than *they* brought hundreds into the field. It shows too what a miserably small fellow was in truth the "Great Moghul," when a handful of white men could play these pranks upon his coasts, and neither he nor his viceroys be able to drive them into the sea! But the turn of the Portuguese to be bullied came at last.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the Protestant Dutch crept cautiously round the Cape. They came in a purely commercial spirit, and when their argosies returned, and they had divided thirty-seven per cent. at

Amsterdam, the heart of the nation might well have been content. But the Dutch soon found that the Portuguese had got the best things in those Eastern seas, and they resolved to drive them out. It took them fifty years to do it, but the middle of the seventeenth century saw the Dutch masters of the Moluccas, Malacca, and parts of Sumatra and Ceylon.

And what were the English doing all this while? Did they look on with indifference while Portuguese and Dutch founded commercial empires in the far homes of wealth? No; they longed to do the same; but in 1860, when even Italy is free, it seems strange to say that in the sixteenth century the merchant navy of England was forbidden by the Pope of Rome to go round the Cape of Good Hope! A Papal Bull drew a line in the sea, and in defiance of the shape of the globe, declared that all the lands to the east of it should belong to the King of Portugal, and all to the west of it to the King of Spain! What was to happen when the two met on the other side of the world does not seem to have been provided for, and it remains a ludicrous example of the fallibility of mortals who style themselves infallible. Nevertheless, the English desired to respect it, and spent half a century in trying to reach India through an unobjectionable route—by a North-east or a North-west passage. And as Columbus, looking for India, had discovered America, so our Willoughbys, and Frobishers, and Davises, pursuing the same search, stumbled on Archangel and Davis's Straits.

Moreover, two different attempts were made to bring the produce of India overland: one by the Russia Company, and their agent, Anthony Jenkinson, who in 1558 went from Moscow down the Volga into the Caspian Sea, and visited Persia and Bokhara; the other by the Levant Company, who in 1583 despatched two of their partners,

John Newbury and Ralph Fitch, armed with letters from Queen Elizabeth herself, to Akbar, the greatest of the "Great Moghuls," and the Emperor of China to boot. They made their way by Baghdad and Bussora to India, running the gauntlet of the Portuguese, who threw them for some time into prison; but though they succeeded in reaching the Imperial Court at Agra, and visiting the Straits afterwards, their journey only put it beyond a doubt that the trade with India must be carried on by sea, whether the Pope permitted it or not.

The spell, indeed, had been already broken by Sir Francis Drake, who, in circumnavigating the globe in 1577, boldly intruded into the Portuguese preserves—Java and the Spice Islands; and brought home such accounts as fired the country with the spirit of commercial venture. The successes of the more forward Dutch added fresh fuel to the flame, and after some abortive attempts at organization by the merchants, the Charter of the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies," was signed by Queen Elizabeth on the last day of the sixteenth century.

On the 22nd of April, 1601, their first fleet set forth. It was commanded by Captain Lancaster; and consisted of four ships and a pinnace, the largest being of 600 tons, and the united crews of the whole only 500 men.

As that tiny fleet spread its canvas to the wind, and left the little harbour of Torbay, what mariner among them, or what statesman on the shore, was bold enough to dream that they were carrying out the anchor of the British Indian Empire? Yet so it proved; and I have been thus minute, perhaps tedious, in recalling the purely commercial spirit which took our countrymen to India in the reign of "Good Queen Bess," because, in the reign of better Queen Victoria, India is ours;—the vast Empire of the Great Moghul a

jewel only in old England's crown. And who that looks at the relations of the two countries to-day, what subject Hindoo, or Mahommedan, or Sikh, what foreigner of Europe, could possibly believe that we went not to the East for Empire, if history did not establish beyond dispute, that we went simply for cinnamon and cloves, for pepper, capsicum, and ginger, for ebony and pearls, and precious stones, for what Asia grew and Europe wanted ; in short, for *honest commerce*?

For the first ten or twelve years the new English Company confined their trade to the isles in the Eastern Seas ; after which they extended their trade to the main land, and in A.D. 1613 obtained leave from the Emperor Jehangeer to establish factories at Surat, Cambay, and other places in Guzerât. This was the first footing of the English on the Continent of India !

In 1615, our King James I. sent Sir Thomas Roe as Ambassador to the Delhi Court, where he stayed three years, negotiating a treaty of commerce. He was treated not only with respect, but familiarity, and was courteously forced to sit night after night in the Imperial circle, while the Great Moghul, on a gorgeous throne of diamonds and rubies, and his chosen courtiers round him, all got drunk. Nor was this the Emperor Jehangeer's only departure from the Korân ; for he wore on his rosary, images of Our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, which he had got from the Portuguese Jesuits ; and he permitted two of his own nephews to become Christians.

In the end Jehangeer granted to Sir Thomas Roe, in 1618, leave to the English to have factories in Bengal, and all parts of the Moghul dominions ; and this we may consider the point of departure of the British power in India.

The succeeding steps were slow and gradual, but as inevitable as any law of natural development, from the internal decadence of the Moghul Empire.

Factories once established, it became necessary to guard the goods and treasures and lives which they contained, both against European rivals and the rapacious chiefs of the country. Hence came first fortified factories, and servants armed and trained; and then Presidency towns, with fortifications round them, and a mongrel military establishment within, made up of English idlers, French, Dutch, or Portuguese deserters, and half-caste native Christians. Then followed alliances with one chief to render mutual defence against another. Then oppressions by Viceroys in defiance of the weak and distant Emperor on the throne; and out of these, claims for compensations, and negotiations at the Court.

Sometimes an English physician, a Boughton or a Hamilton, would heal a daughter of the Emperor (1642), or the Emperor himself (1715), and generously ask as his reward increased commercial privileges for his countrymen, or leave to purchase lands.

Sometimes the Empire would be desolated by invasions; a Nadir would massacre 100,000 citizens of Delhi, and carry away £30,000,000 of plunder (A.D. 1739); or the Mahrattas, rising against the Moghuls, would sweep like locusts over Bengal, and force Viceroys to bid the English strengthen their position.*

Soon the great Moghul Empire itself broke up; and the provinces from Persia to the Indian Ocean became one vast scramble among the Viceroys and the races. Then, to complete the anarchy of India, war broke out in Europe, and the French and English merchants flew at each other's throats, and factories and settlements. The French had two very remarkable men in India then, Labourdonnais and Dupleix; and though the one was of the right sort, the

* The Mahratta Ditch round Calcutta, 1740.

other of the wrong, both were of the stuff that pioneers are made of.

These Frenchmen were the first to conceive the notion of building up a European power on the continent of India. And the subtle genius of Dupleix was the first to devise the plan of mounting to an Indian throne on the shoulders of the Indian chiefs and people.* It was he who first trained Sepoys under European officers to eke out a scanty and costly European force. And it was he who first set the example of mixing in the quarrels of the native Viceroys, and making a handful of foreigners the arbiters of the Eastern dynasties.

The English at this crisis would unquestionably have been driven out of India by these great Frenchmen and their allies, if they too had not produced their *Man*. Robert Clive arose to save them. Equal to Labourdonnais in patriotism, and to Dupleix in ambition, he was superior to them both in military genius, and that dauntless heart which masters men and circumstances. He perceived that the French and English could not exist together in India, and he never rested till the ambitious fabric which the policy of Dupleix, and the arms of the brave Bussy and De Lally had built up, was humbled in the dust. Even then the English would have been content to go on trading, without dreaming of empire, had the Viceroys of the Moghul been content to let them trade in peace. But the Governor of Bengal, a dissolute youth, named Sooraj-ood-dowlah, hated the English, and ordered them to throw down their fortifications,—as a butcher might say to a lamb, “Give me your throat!” The English merchants refused. Sooraj-ood-dowlah, and his mob of troops, attacked and took the

* His very wife was a half-caste native, who acted as his interpreter with the chiefs.

English factories of Cossim Bazaar and Calcutta, and thrust 146 English men and women into a dungeon, 18 feet by 14, on a sultry tropic night, to wait there while he slept.

You know the story of that "Black Hole;" how mad the inmates grew, and by turns prayed for mercy or fought for water, or cursed the guards, in hopes of being killed; and how, when morning dawned and the Tyrant of Bengal awoke, twenty-three only crawled out alive. What wonder that Clive took revenge? What wonder that when in the spring of 1757 Sooraj-ood-dowlah once more moved out with 50,000 men and forty guns, and a detachment of Frenchmen, to exterminate the English traders, and his own chief ministers made offers to betray the tyrant, Clive accepted their overtures?

With 3,000 men and nine guns Clive crossed the river, and on the renowned field of Plassey unmade one Viceroy, made another, and established the English as the source of power in Bengal. Here, then, we have the founding of our British Indian Empire!

The rest is only repetition: the piling of stone on stone; demands and grants of judicial powers; demands and grants of direct administration; political powers; political and commercial necessities; native aggressions; English defence; fresh conquest; onward moves; consolidation; government; expansion; empire. Thus the strange Eastern story runs, till those mighty rivers, the Irrawaddy, the Brahmapootra, the Ganges, and the Indus, probably for the first time in the world's history, water one empire; and the shores of the Indian and Arabian seas, the barriers of the Soolimânee Mountains, and the far-off peaks of the Himalaya, resound to the same thanksgiving, and echo back *Victoria! Victoria!*

It is indeed a wondrous thing this British Indian Empire: from north to south 1,800 miles from east to west 2,000

miles, with an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and a population of 200,000,000. I do not ask you to believe that all this has been got as Englishmen of our day would wish it had been got—without a stain or sin. Alas! it is not so. Some wars there *have* been on which Truth will lay her pale reproving fingers, and cry, “Shame! shame to England!” But on the whole I do give it you as my thankful and sincere belief that the Indian Empire of our country was not got by design, or policy of ambition—was not a thing that England coveted, but *was* got against our will, in the face of repeated protests from home, contrary to the avowed policy of nearly every Governor-General, and, in a word, forced on us piecemeal in self-defence. Nor is this enough to say. For when we thus review the story of two centuries and a half, and bring the beginning and the end together in one *coup d’œil* before us, setting Captain Lancaster and his five little ships of 1601 beside the British India of our day, dull indeed must be the brain that is not struck with the utter inadequacy of the means employed to the results which have been obtained; and dull indeed the heart that does not cry aloud, “This thing is of God!” “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise.”—Ps. cxv. “For (we) gat not the land in possession through (our) own sword; neither was it (our) own arm that helped (us). But Thy right hand and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance: because Thou hadst a favour unto (us).”—Ps. xlv.

II.—HOW THE EMPIRE HAS BEEN USED.

If then this Indian Empire was none of our getting, but was put into our hands by God, it follows that it was a *stewardship*—a *trust* in which England was to seek and

find her own national benefit in benefiting God's Indian people. The next question is, how has this been done? If this question is to be answered generally, and in a lump as it were, I can have no hesitation whatever in assuring you that English rule has very largely benefited India, so largely indeed that History must needs write it down *a blessing*.* For only consider what that Mahommedan rule was which English rule came to supersede. It was the rule of the Korân; in other words, the rule of the sword—a rule in which war was rarely, if ever, known to cease in any reign, so perpetually was the kingdom racked with invasion from without, or rebellion from within—a rule in general of religious persecution, oscillating between the intolerance of destroying temples and smashing idols, and converting whole districts under threats of fire and sword, and the scarcely less intolerable tolerance of transferring a Hindoo princess to the Moslem Emperor's harem, by way of patronage and honour—a rule of utter insecurity of life and property, in which there was little "inquisition for blood" except for the rich, and private vengeance was the justiciary of the poor—a rule of forced labour without

* That the Indian Empire has in turn been a blessing to England, requires no demonstration. The rest of Europe has looked on at it with not less envy than admiration. I wish, however, to point attention to one particular benefit that has accrued to us, viz., that India has been a great safety-valve of energy and talent. Where else, some years ago, could the middle-class Englishman without money or interest, by sheer industry, good conduct, and force of character, rise to be a ruler of men in thousands and in millions? The aggregate of these individual careers made up, and still makes up, an important item in England's prosperity. Happily, however, India is in this respect no longer *necessary* to us. Our middle classes have found more natural and hopeful outlets in the great white colonies of the New World,—the lands of the prairie and the gold-field; and it might not hurt us to be driven more upon them. The day may come when the Anglo-Saxon race will have to stand alone and do battle with the world.

wages, and forced loans without repayment, under which no artizan was master of his own time or industry, and no merchant master of his gains—a rule which scraped wealth from the whole surface of the kingdom, to heap it into a few glittering masses at the Courts of the Emperor and his Viceroys; which was gorgeous in ceremonials and royal progresses, but depopulating and demoralising in its daily life—a rule under which individuals indeed could rise to ambitious heights, but the masses sunk like stones—a rule which corrupted both the conquered and their conquerors, teaching Hindoo men to be slaves and Hindoo women prisoners in the Zenâna, and half-Hindooizing Mahomedans by the contagious influence of *caste*. In short, a rule of which I know no other good that it did to India than the awful check it inflicted on Idolatry, a check which no doubt was its mission.

Now, English rule was in its details the very opposite of all this. It was conquest, but it was also emancipation. It found nine-tenths enslaved by one-tenth. It subjugated one-tenth, and freed nine-tenths. In short it conferred more freedom than it took away. It introduced *peace* into the land (that rudimental blessing without which there can be no real prosperity for any people)—it reflected the mind of the favoured country whence it came, and inaugurated an era of industry and commerce—it has kept India safe from foreign invasion, and till 1857 had known no internal rebellion—it has made life and honour safe, labour a property, and property an enjoyment—it has put all men, the Brahmin and the Sudra, on an equality in courts of justice—it has raised the life of a man above the life of a cow at Hindoo courts—it has protected woman, forbidding slavery, and abrogating the right of the Mahomedan husband to murder his own wife—it has abolished the accursed practices of Suttee, Infanticide, and Human Sacrifices to bloody

idols—it has almost exterminated Thuggee, and has kept down Dacoity.

Throughout the greater part of its possessions it has surveyed the land, and registered the rights of possessors; a priceless boon, which Englishmen, who have lived for generations under a settled government, can scarcely realize.*

It is sometimes said in ignorance that the British Indian Government has executed few public works, but the truth is that it has executed more, and grander, than any Government in the world.

In the Bengal Presidency alone it has constructed four irrigation canals to prevent or mitigate famine, the united lengths of which are 1840 miles,† besides immense

* In justice to the great Akbar, it should be stated that he preceded the English Government in the following measures:—

1. He forbade Suttee *against the will of widows*.
2. He allowed widows to remarry.
3. He abolished Pilgrim Taxes.
4. He reformed the Revenue.
5. He put all religions on an equality. And he went beyond the English Government in these, that—

6. He forbade child-marriage—(that infanticide of heart and home).

7. He manifested great respect for Christianity; and ordered Fyzee, the brother of his Prime Minister, to translate the Gospels. (The British Government, as yet, has only desired to translate the *Sikh* Scriptures. Nothing would more become the direct Government of the Crown, than an *Authorised Version of the Bible in the chief dialects of India*. The want of it is now the greatest hindrance to a vernacular Christian literature. Without it there cannot even be a Concordance.)

	MILES.					
† Ganges	810
W. Jumna	425
E. Jumna	155
Baree, in Punjâb	450
						<hr/>
Total	1840
						C

works of irrigation in Madras and other parts of India. It has constructed too a Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshâwur, 1423 miles in length, at an expense of more than £1000 a mile ;—£50,000 a year is not enough to keep it in repair. It has laid down 4000 miles of electric telegraph, connecting Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay with each other, and with Peshâwur, the farthest outpost of British India.

These are great deeds for a Government to do, unaided by private enterprise, and still greater would have been done had not unhappy wars exhausted the public treasury.

Private enterprise has, however, come at last to the aid of Government in the article of railroads, and eight English companies during the last ten years have undertaken *trunk* lines 4917 miles in length, of which about 1000 miles are finished, and the rest will be completed in four years.

Fifty-three millions of English capital are embarked in these railroads, and on the greater part of it interest has been guaranteed by Government.

How English rule has raised the material prosperity of India by all these measures may be gathered from two facts, firstly that the Indian trade has risen from less than a million in 1813 (when the monopoly of the East India Company was abolished), to 88 millions sterling in 1859-60.* Secondly,

* The *Friend of India* thus compares the trade of the three capitals :—

“We can now institute an accurate comparison between the commerce of Calcutta and Bombay, and form a correct idea of the external trade of British India in 1859-60.

I.—CALCUTTA.

Imports	Rs.	1,833,72,697
Exports	„	1,421,76,871
						<hr/> 3,255,49,768
Duty on Merchandise and Imported Salt						Rs. 205,85,569

that India for the last half-century has been absorbing about two millions sterling of bullion, per annum. These are astounding facts, and I need not ask your active minds whether they tell well or ill for British administration. And even when we pass on to higher attributes of government, and ask what England and her sons have done to civilize those dusky millions, we still shall find she has done *much*. Races of Aborigines, who probably were driven into the fastnesses and jungles of India, by the Hindoos, 3000 years

II.—BOMBAY.

Imports	Rs.	98,749,906
Exports	,,	155,154,526
						<hr/> 373,904,432
Duty on Merchandise and Salt	Rs.	14,287,340

III.—MADRAS.

Imports	Rs.	44,706,810
Exports	,,	44,420,017
						<hr/> 89,126,827

The Madras figures we have been compelled to take from an imperfect return in a local journal. Thus while the value of the trade of Bombay exceeds that of Calcutta by Rs. 28,454,664, or nearly three millions sterling, the yield in duty to the revenue from Bombay is less by Rs. 6,298,229, or nearly three-fourths of a million. This striking difference may be partly accounted for by the greater quantity of salt imported into Calcutta and the higher excise levied on it. But there must be some other reason besides this. Is it in the accounts?

“We have thus, for the trade of the three capitals, a total of nearly *seventy-nine millions* sterling. If to this we add four millions for the Pegu coast, four for Kurrachee, and one for Aden, we have a total for the trade of all India of *eighty-eight millions* annually, yielding a Customs revenue of nearly four millions sterling on merchandise alone. In 1813, when the Company’s monopoly was broken up, the trade was under one million. These eighty-eight millions are the work of European capital, of ‘interloping’ energy.”

ago, and to whom the Moslem conquerors brought nothing but a keener sword, have been won into the light, and weaned from murder, robbery, and devil-worship. To all races alike the broadest and sincerest religious toleration has been extended. In one part we have lifted the Hindoo, and another the Mahomedan, out of the dust; and I have myself, often, in the city of Lahore, heard the priests of Juggernâth endeavouring, by frantic blasts on their shell-trumpets, to drown the triumphant call with which the emancipated muezzin,* on his minaret, was summoning the faithful Moslem to their prayers.

A day before the English came, that call would have been silenced with the sword; and the muezzin's head have rolled into the street.

Indirectly, the whole Western life and civilization of the English rulers has been an educating influence constantly at work, revolutionising Eastern ideas, and breaking down that ignorance of the outer world, which is the very rampart of error.† Take a few instances. The English *magistrate*,

* The Muezzin is the priest who chants out the Azân, or call to prayers, five times a day. It is a most musical cry, and can be heard a great distance. The Sikhs prohibited it throughout their dominions.

† I do not wish to blink the ever-ready taunt that much of the "indirect teaching" of Englishmen in India has been an acquiescence in Oriental immorality. No doubt it has. No doubt it has been one among the obstacles to missionary effort; but *not more so than in England*. My own impression is the other way. In an Indian cantonment everybody sees or hears everything. All characters, good or bad, lie open; and a man is known from one end of his Presidency to the other by report. In England few people know their next-door neighbours; and many families do not know the real characters of their own members. The open daylight profligacy of India is less mischievous than the concealed and gas-light vice of England. If we wait till all Englishmen in India lead Christian lives, no native will ever be converted. As well might St. Paul's Cathedral or Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle be closed till every minister in Great Britain be a perfect example to his flock.

alone and uncontrolled, in a district 100 miles square, doing justice earnestly and laboriously between rich and poor alike, and so hopelessly above corruption that not two bribes are offered him in all his life, is a living daily marvel of principle and duty. The native ponders and ponders it, and feels there is something in it,—a difference greater than the colour of the skin. The English *soldier* who pledges his word to an enemy in arms, and keeps his word to that enemy when in his power, is another wonder to the Indian ; whose first impulse is to ridicule his *folly*, and his last to admire his *goodness* and his *truth*. Still more wonderful to the native is the English *woman's* position in society ; free, and worthy of her freedom. It opens out an entirely new world to him, and tells of a purer morality than is to be found in the Vedas or the Korân,—a morality that is still possible for the daughters of his country.

Rough and practical and ludicrous, too, is the teaching of the Railway. It is an iron-minded thing ; a horrid infidel and leveller ; believing in no heaven-born castes, but dividing all mankind into first and second class, according to the tickets that they pay for—Brahmins, Sweepers, grandsons of the Prophet ; in they must all bundle together, or be left behind. The engine snorts at all their pride, and whistles at their scruples. It is so abominably cheap, too, that it undermines all nonsense. The very High Priest of Humbug would rather be whisked a mile for a halfpenny, than trudge it under an Indian sun.

But to come to *direct teaching*. Much, it must be admitted, has been done by our English rulers in the great cause of education. Scientific and historic truth has been clothed in the languages of the country, and has shaken Hindooism to its base. But, alas ! it must be admitted also that our English Government in India, even in its schools and colleges, has withheld the Bible, and kept back Chris-

tianity. It has, indeed, made many infidels and deists ; but it may be doubted whether it ever made a single Christian. On the other hand, it is recorded by a distinguished Hindoo Prince and scholar,* that “if Christianity were true, the British would have communicated a knowledge of it to their Hindoo subjects.” Precisely the same sentiment is also recorded by an eminent native mathematician,† who was educated to be a Deist in the Government College at Delhi, and converted afterwards to be a Christian through private teaching.

The conclusions which these two native gentlemen have avowed and published, cannot fail to have been the secret conviction of all their thoughtful countrymen ; for they saw the same Government which excluded the Bible from its Colleges and Schools, admitting the Shasters and the Korân ; fostering caste in its native army ; expelling a Sepoy from the ranks because he became a Christian ;‡ preventing missionaries from coming to India as long as it could ; sharing the pilgrim taxes of Juggernâth till England interfered ; and, even so late as 1857, disbursing £200,000 a year from its treasury to Heathen and Mahommedan temples.§

It is a remarkable thing, but only too consonant with human nature in all situations, that in the poor and humble days of the East India Company, when it came to India literally as an adventurer, it came, nevertheless, as a Christian. The Charter of 1698 actually enacted that the Company should provide ministers, who were “to apply themselves to learn the native language of the country where they shall reside, the better to enable them to instruct

* Rajah Jay Narain, of Benâres.

† Ram Chundra. See his “Treatise on Maxima and Minima.” Edited by Professor De Morgan.

‡ Prubhu Deen, A.D. 1819.

§ See Parliamentary Return.

the Gentoos, that shall be servants or slaves of the said Company, in the Protestant religion." And the early records of the Company show them at one* time sending out Bibles in several languages; at another† catechisms, ordering that "when any shall be able to repeat the catechism by heart, you may give to each of them two rupees for their encouragement." And whatever were the faults of Robert Clive, who founded the Imperial era of the Company, he was no coward. In governing Heathens and Mahomedans he was minded, like Sir John Lawrence in our day, to "be bound by our conscience, not by theirs;" and he boldly welcomed the great missionary Kiernander to Calcutta in 1758. What was it, then, that so entirely changed the policy of the East India Company? Prosperity, greatness, increase of territory, and goods; want of faith in their own destiny, and in the God that shaped it! They first dropped the desire to convert "the Gentoos;"‡ then took the patronage of Juggernâth; and in their last days may be described as barely tolerant of native Christianity.

Well was it for India, and well for England too, that the Christian duty which the British India Government neglected, private Englishmen (and not only Englishmen, but Americans and Germans) came forward to perform; and the result of this missionary labour is from 150,000 to 200,000 Protestant native Christians in the present generation. The number is small in comparison with the population; but I consider it large in comparison with the obstacles that had to be overcome.

The Bible has now been translated into many dialects. A Christian literature is slowly springing up. And, above all, the Native Church has reached that stage when it can

* February, 1659.

† A.D. 1677.

‡ Corruption of a Portuguese word signifying Gentiles.

begin to provide and support its own ministry, and branch off into self-contained communities. It will then take its place among the creeds and peoples of India; and though now but "the least of all seeds," please God! it will yet be "the greatest among herbs."

Summing up, then, this part of our inquiry, and taking English influence on India as a whole, without distinction of government or individual efforts, I would thankfully say that we have *abolished* much, and *done* much. Honestly and sorrowfully I would add, that we have *omitted* much in our career of Indian Empire.

III.—HOW IT WILL END?

And now, how is it to end? We are such creatures of habit, such thorough mill-horses, with all our boasted reason, that we go plodding on in the same round of ideas, and expect, as a matter of course, to-morrow to be the same as to-day, and "all things to continue as they were from the beginning of the world." And yet, if we would but think of it a bit, is not our Indian Empire just the most abnormal and unnatural thing in all this topsy-turvy, fallen world of ours? And is it not, then, the most unreasonable thing to take it so easy as we do, and assume that it will go on for ever? Surely it would be no great wonder if India, now so topsy-turvy, were to go turvy-topsy some fine day, and right itself, as it were, in the creation! Why don't we think of it more? Let us think of it a little *now*!

It seems to divide itself into *possibilities* and *probabilities*. The *possibilities* are plain. India can either be *kept*, or *lost*, or *given up*. The *probabilities* are a darker and a deeper thing; a thing that we may well shade our eyes to look into.

I take it as quite certain, to begin with, that if India

is to be kept for ever by England, it can be *only* by willing, prosperous, and continuous submission. We are proud of having got safe over 1857, more proud indeed than thankful. And truly, it *was* a goodly spectacle of heroic self-defence, the triumph of the superior few. But we should remember that it was the Native Army which rose in anger and was defeated—*not the Nation!* If ever the day should come that the Indian people should be weary of our rule, it will not be 80,000 or 100,000 Europeans that will preserve it. Nor let us hope would England wish it, if they could. Consider, then, what the proposition is before us. To keep 200 millions of Hindoos and Mahommedans under a foreign yoke, of which the seat is on the other side of the world; which is represented only by the presence of a small governing body, in the ratio of one to two thousand; of which the blood, language, and religion are alike alien, and which, with noble venture, feels itself bound to educate its subjects,—generously to instil into them that knowledge which is the twin of freedom, and to wing all their thoughts and hopes with a free Native Press. *That* is the proposition! What make you of it? For my own part, I confess I think the *probabilities are against it*. But if I were called on to work out that proposition and prevent that empire from being ultimately lost by internal rebellion, I know well what I should do. I should immediately apply myself to modifying the conditions; to diminishing the moral distance between the governors and the governed, and drawing them together; to lessening public danger by elevating individual morality; and, instead of unmooring the principle of religious faith in the masses, seek to anchor it to the real Governor of the World, who placed them and us in our relative positions. In short, I should open the Bible wide, and do what in me lay to teach that subject-people Christian views of life. As far as I can see, I think that policy would

defer the danger of internal rebellion, and lengthen our tenure of the Empire.*

There is, however, another way of *losing* India beside internal rebellion. It may be *externally attacked*, and unsuccessfully defended. The event, I believe, would depend mainly on the proposition we last considered. For whether some Jungez Khan or Timour Lung should again arise with force of character enough to bind the jealous tribes of Central Asia together, and lead them down to the invasion of Hindostan; or rival European powers,† uniting to

* This is the view taken by Russia, the most astute Court in Europe, and the only one which (helped doubtless, by its semi-Asiatic character) has shown itself capable of incorporating Asiatic races in its Empire. "The Times" of August 14, 1860, gives an account of a remarkable rescript, dated June 20, 1860, which the Emperor of Russia had addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Caucasus, calling upon "all those who have the Orthodox cause at heart to co-operate in the great work" of re-establishing it in the Caucasus, where it "once prevailed." It therefore "institutes a special association, under the name of the Society for the re-establishment of the Orthodox Christian Faith in the Caucasus," under the special protection of Her Majesty the Empress. Without knowing the details of this association, we cannot tell whether it be good or bad; simply missionary and educational, or akin to persecution. But the point for Englishmen to note, is the Emperor's keen perception of the *political safeguard of Christianity among a conquered Asiatic race*. The politicians of England regard the spread of Christianity as the means of *losing* India. Russia regards it as the means of *keeping* the bold and rugged Caucasus! The people of England will do well to consider which is right, and then speak out.

† As this lecture is meant to be suggestive upon some important points of Indian policy, I would here add a few words about Russia as a rival. Her geographical position, and her civilization combined, make her weigh heavily upon every contiguous native state in Asia, Turkey, Persia, Turkistan, and China; and even Afghanistan, which is not contiguous with Russia, feels her weight. More remotely India feels it too. Of Turkey, Persia, and China, which do not come within our present subject, I will say no more than this, that the same thing is going on in all; England trying to support the effete

trouble us in the East, should swell their own costly divisions by subsidizing the warlike tribes beyond our borders ;—in either case, by God's blessing, I feel sure the victory would be ours, *provided the people of India were content behind us.*

And so we come to the probabilities of *giving up* our Indian Empire. Now, there are two ways of doing this. First, *splenetically*. Contemplating the horrid mess into which we have lately got it ; the mutual exasperation of the conquerors and the conquered in the recent struggle ; the Exchequer bankrupt by wars ; the land taxed to the uttermost ; and the commercial classes gorged with the spoils of a paying government, yet “ignorantly impatient” of feeding their own golden goose ; the native population (educated by ourselves to revolution, not to order,) year

Native Governments, and Russia to supplant them, while often the Native Governments are seen playing the game of Russia, by forcing England to strike heavy blows—as at Navarino, as in the Persian wars, as in the wars with China. In India and Afghanistan there is this spectacle : English civilization rolling up like a wave from the south, and Russian civilization rolling down like a wave from the north. If the world lasts long enough, the two waves must meet ; and the only question is *where* ? Let nothing induce England to rush again into the solution of this point, as she did in the Afghan war of 1838-41. She has no call to do so. *Morally*, the substitution of Russian government for that of any of the states of Central Asia, would be a gain to humanity. *Politically*, and assuming Russia to have designs on British India, England's policy is, to leave to her enemy the whole and undivided difficulty of the rugged countries still between them ;—not to *share* those difficulties, and march into Afghanistan to meet her half way, at a countless sacrifice of life, treasure, and material. If a man had a castle surrounded by a morass, and saw an enemy coming to besiege him, would he march out and meet him in the middle of the morass, or wait quietly within, husbanding his resources, till the foe was floundering in the mud below his walls, and then fall on him and finish him ? The simile is worth remembering as a compendious abstract of the argument.

by year becoming more difficult to rule; the Anglo-Saxon community, military, civil, and commercial, ill content to be taxed and governed, but not represented; and statesmen able and willing to deal with these discordant elements, few and far between;—contemplating, I say, this serious array of difficulties ahead, what wonder if that party in the State which brings all questions down to a money standard, and looks on empire as only a branch of trade, should some day impatiently demand that India be abandoned as “a concern that does not pay?” But it is *not* probable that such a demand will ever be conceded. India, no doubt, is “a very great bore” in Parliament. It is so very far off, and so very hard to understand. And there is such a deal of home business to be done.* But after wresting India

* When India was under the East India Company, Parliament took little or no interest in its affairs; and the Company, carrying into its imperial era the exclusiveness of a commercial body, most unwisely kept back from the English public all knowledge of its acts; though probably no Government in the world could better have borne inspection. The evil was aggravated by the Board of Control, which having the power to overrule the Company, sometimes did so with disastrous effect (as in making war with Cabul); and then when publicity, in or out of Parliament, would have done justice to the Company, imposed an oath of secrecy. The consequence was that the Company’s Government, in good or evil, could not be reached by the public opinion of this country. Many to whom the Court of Directors (a body caring sincerely for India, and exclusively devoted to its administration) seemed a better machinery for governing India than a single Secretary of State (often strange to Indian affairs, and detached temporarily from a Cabinet absorbed in English or European questions), nevertheless hoped that good would arise from the direct Government of the Crown: firstly, because public opinion would now be able to bear upon Indian questions; and, secondly, because the indispensable element of local experience was theoretically preserved in the Secretary of State and Indian Council. But the last Session of Parliament has much damped these hopes. A question of vital importance to India, the reorganisation of its army, came up. The sense of the country, out of doors, and in both Houses, was decidedly in favour of a Local

from European rivals, and dethroning its native dynasties, and being masters of its destiny for a hundred years, and breaking down the coherence of its own native institutions, and plunging it into a transition state of society, policy, and religion;—after all this, to declare that the task was too great for us and we must give it up; that we were very sorry for the mischief we had done and the confusion we had introduced into the country, but it could not be helped now; we must go home again to Europe and manage our own affairs, and only hoped the natives might be able to do the same;—and all we could say was, that if ever they wanted any English broadcloths, or Sheffield cutlery, or pale ale, &c. &c., we should always be happy to supply them at the lowest prices, and take cotton and indigo in return; and so, getting like cravens into our ships, turn our backs upon God's heritage, and leave that vast continent, with its millions still unfit for freedom, its upstart princes and its contending creeds, to become again a very hell of anarchy

Army; and the Indian Council was known to be strongly of the same opinion. But the result was in no way affected. The Indian Council was not consulted. And both parties in Parliament, against their judgment, at the end of a long session, deferred to the Ministry, and agreed to an entire amalgamation of the armies.

Again, in the same session, Sir Charles Wood, Secretary for India, made his annual Financial Statement to the House of Commons on August 13th, and the "Times," in its analysis of the debates, remarked that "the greater part of it was *listened to by not more than thirty members.*"

These incidents indicate either that the Home Legislature is indifferent about India, or has not time for its confessedly difficult affairs. In either case, some improvement in the present machinery must be made. It will not do to go on "never minding" 200 millions of our subjects. There must be *some* place where Indian affairs may be fully and openly deliberated before the country—and that *exclusively*, for the Indian Empire is altogether too large to be squeezed into the House of Commons at rare intervals, between two impatient orders of the day. It wants *more space, and more ventilation.*

and war;—no! come what may, England will *not* do *this*! We may set that chance aside.

There remains, my friends, one other way of giving up our Indian Empire. Tell me what you think of it; and I have done. Suppose there were to arise in the hearts of any number of our countrymen—(say a body of young Christian men associated together to do good to themselves and others)—a strong conviction that India is a stewardship; that it could not have been for *nothing* that God placed it in the hands of England; that He would never have put upon 200 millions of men the heavy trial of being subject to 30 millions of foreigners, merely to have their roads improved, their canals constructed upon more scientific principles, their letters carried by a penny post, their messages flashed by lightning, their erroneous notions of geography corrected; nor even to have their internal quarrels stopped, and peace restored, and life in many ways ameliorated; that there must have been in India some far greater want than even these which England was needed to supply, and for which Portugal and France were not found worthy; and that the greatest and oldest and saddest of India's wants is *religious truth*—a revelation of the real nature of the God whom for ages she has been “ignorantly worshipping.” Suppose this conviction, springing up in the hearts of a few young men, were to work like leaven there, and spread from home to home, and gradually grow up into that giant thing that statesmen cannot hold—the public opinion of the land—what would be the consequence? Why, this. The English people would resolve to do their duty. This battling, independent England, which has fought so hard to be allowed to govern herself, would do unto others as she has wished to be done by. This humbled England, which also fought so hard to withhold self-government from America, would recoil from another War of Independence. This free and sympa-

thising country, which has now a heart for Italy, and shouts across these narrower seas, "Italy for the Italians!" would lift that voice still higher and shout across the world, "India for the Indians!" In short, England, taught by both past and present, would set before her the noble policy of *first fitting India for freedom, and then setting her free.*

Believe me, this is not merely a glorious dream. Do not dismiss it as a lofty but vain aspiration. Right is never too high, and unselfish hope is never vain. Don't grovel in present difficulties and their dust. Look up! Look out into the future of India and your country! *Look high! Aim high. Reach high.* And you will elevate your times. It may take years—it may take a century—to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing, and a thing that may be done.* It is a distinct and intelligible Indian policy for England to pursue—a way for both countries out of the embarrassments of their twisted destinies. Then set it before you. Believe in it. Hope for it. Work up to it in all your public acts and votes, and conversations with your fellow-men. And ever remember that there is but one way by which it can be reached. There is but one principle

* The "Talookdâree system," not only of revenue, but police and judicial powers and rights, which has, by a kind of necessity, been stumbled upon in reconstructing the province of Oudh (which, as a natural consequence, had to be extended to the Punjab, and must inevitably be demanded and obtained ultimately by all India), is nothing short of a *political revolution*, though apparently attracting little notice. It is the first step, and a long one, towards the self-government of India. But how infinitely does this, that we have done already, add to the necessity of *preparing* the Indian people, as well as *chiefs*, for sound self-government, by beginning at *the beginning of national strength*—a true faith and pure religion, capable of *regenerating individuals!* If this be not done, and we pursue the *ignis fatuus* of secular education in a pagan land destitute of other light, then we English will lose India, without those Indians gaining any future.

which has the life in it to regenerate a Pagan nation, by regenerating its atoms. That way, that principle, is *Christianity*. Till India is leavened with Christianity she will be unfit for freedom. *When* India is leavened with Christianity, she will be unfit for any form of slavery, however mild. England may *then* leave her; with an overthrown idolatry, and a true faith built up; with developed resources; and with an enlightened and awakened people, no longer isolated in the East, but linked with the civilized races of the West.

Yes! England may leave her—keeping nothing but that commerce which she found so small, and has made so vast. England may leave her;—freely, frankly, gladly, proudly leave the stately daughter she has reared, to walk the Future with a free imperial step.

The world, with all its brilliant histories, would never have seen so truly great a close to a great national career.

I believe firmly, this is what God meant England to do with India; and God grant that she may do it!

The Scottish Covenanters.

—

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS Lecture does not profess to rehearse the history of the Covenanters. It is not in my power—if it be in the power of any one—to condense within such narrow limits, the history of fifty eventful years.

Moreover, had my space, and the patience of my auditors, been alike unlimited, I should still have declined to become the historian of those times. Were I not deterred from such a work by the conscious want of the natural qualities requisite to its performance, I should certainly be so by the lack of those special advantages—of access to independent sources of knowledge, and leisure for their investigation—which are equally indispensable. No information have I to communicate, beyond what is patent to every reader of published records. No unknown fact am I able to present. Mine is the humbler, though perhaps not less useful task, of calling attention to the more interesting and prominent events which others have narrated, in order that my hearers may feel the morally bracing influence which they supply.

Happily, in this case, my opportunities are almost parallel with my convictions and wishes. The functions of the historian and those of the lecturer, on such an occasion, are so distinct, it appears to me, that neither of them can occupy with advantage the sphere of the

other. While the historian's work is to narrate facts, to account for their existence, and trace their issues, the lecturer has more especially to deduce and enforce the lessons with which they are pregnant. It cannot be supposed that a promiscuous audience has either the time or the temper for that patient research which is demanded of the historical student; and yet it may be possible to find in a history certain prominent and unquestionable facts which may be employed to quicken their better feelings, and stimulate them to copy the example of the good and true.

As the Society under whose auspices the lecture is published is eminently catholic, it may be proper to state, that while I mention facts concerning different religious parties by no means creditable to them, my statements involve no reflection on the men who now bear their name. Persecution is not peculiar to any sect, but springs out of the human nature of which all alike partake. Neither the Episcopalian nor the Presbyterian is responsible for the intolerance of his predecessors, except in so far as he endorses their procedure and breathes their spirit.

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN the health of our countrymen in India suffers from exposure to its climate, they oftentimes derive great advantage from a temporary sojourn in the mountainous regions of the North-West. Enjoying the magnificent scenery of the Himalayan slopes, and the cool breezes which come sweeping down from the eternal snow, their physical system is braced, their shattered health recruited, and with invigorated constitution they return to their post, better prepared to resist the unhealthful influences of her burning plains. Some such provision, it seems to me, is, in these times, needed for our moral and spiritual nature. We are apt to become deteriorated by the maxims and customs which obtain in our modern English society; and may reap great benefit from an occasional excursion into the history of the times to which we now direct your attention. Familiarity with men who, sacrificing everything to principle, lived a life of heroism and died a martyr's death, is to those whose moral nature is depressed by the materialistic tendencies of the age, what a sojourn among the mountains is to the relaxed physical system of the residents in Hindostan. As the cooling breeze braces and invigorates the body enfeebled by the effects of a tropical clime, so our fellowship with those "ancient worthies" lifts us above the low level of our ordinary business life, strengthens our souls for the resistance of its deteriorating influences, strings us up to the

performance of nobler deeds. Receiving from our contact with them a healthier moral tone, we return to our ordinary avocations, prepared to do our daily duties in a devoted spirit, and to subordinate our secular work to highest Christian ends.

It is with the firmest belief in the attainableness of this result that I ask you to spend a short time in company with the Scottish Covenanters. I am convinced that their history cannot be approached in a reverent, sympathising spirit, without exerting a salutary influence. I know not where you can find so many of the virtues, which appeal to the sympathies and awaken the admiration of mankind, crowded together into so brief a space. Of course I speak with some exceptions; my admiration does not extend to the whole of their procedure; it relates chiefly to their conduct during the time of the persecution, and of that time I mean this lecture specially to treat. With an exception which will come under our notice presently, their history previous to that has much less attraction for us. The qualities which they afterwards evinced no doubt slumbered in them then, but their circumstances had not brought them so fully into play. They were somewhat intolerant in success, as men generally are. They needed a fiery trial to make them appear, if not to render them, heroic. The Covenant, though right in spirit, and originated as a protection to liberty, became hostile to liberty when subsequently they sought to enforce it in the letter. In so far as it pledged them to resist the attempt of the king to impose upon them the Episcopalian polity and ritual, it was a gallant struggle for their rights. For certainly it is no part of the royal prerogative, that a king should provide his subjects with a religion in place of one which they conscientiously prefer. In their case, moreover, the tyranny was aggravated and rendered more obvious by the fact that

the polity with which he sought to displace the comparatively democratic Presbyterian was one which by its working, if not its theory, would have rendered him an irresponsible despot in Church as in State. So far, therefore, as they resisted his imposition, only the abettors of despotism can withhold their approval. The case, however, differed considerably when, at a subsequent period, in flagrant violation of the spirit of the Covenant, they sought to enforce its letter on those who were conscientiously opposed to Presbytery, and used the sword to promote—what to them may have appeared exceedingly desirable, but unhappily for them was not attainable, and least of all by such means—Presbyterian uniformity throughout the three kingdoms. So far as they did this, I can only regret their attempt and rejoice over their failure. I say this, not because I am a Baptist, while they were Presbyterians; my feelings would have been the same had their views accorded with my own. When a man imposes a religion on me by force, it matters little what that religion may be; although it were the purest, my duty is the same. The religion thus imposed is not mine. The man, by its attempted imposition, seeks to rob me of the liberty which is my dearest birthright; and does me most grievous wrong by obtruding himself—where no man has a right to come—between my conscience and its Lord. And, albeit that which he imposes is much less antagonistic to my feelings than others which I know, I am not the less bound to resist. My duty would have been to unite with the Covenanters in their opposition to the king when he sought to force Episcopacy into Scotland. My duty would have been no less to oppose the Covenanters when they sought to force their Presbytery on other countries, or on the Dissenting members of their own. They fell, in that case, into the mistake—the wrong which had often been committed before—which many, with less

excuse, have repeated since—of denying to others the liberty claimed for themselves. Their notion of religious freedom was that which is still common, “freedom for me to obey the dictates of my conscience, not freedom for those whose conscientious convictions differ from mine; liberty to practise the true religion, that is, the religion in which I believe,—not liberty for the false, that is, the religion which I reject.” It is a principle for which we can make some allowance in them, when we see how it lingers amid the clearer light of an advanced age; but a principle, nevertheless, which, though it may lead—has led—to heroic struggle when in a position of inferiority, is capable of the most unmitigated despotism when it sways the sceptre, and sits upon the throne.

Scotland, however, presented a noble spectacle when, in 1638, the Covenant which had been originated early in the reign of James VI. was renewed and extended. The principal events which led to this must be passed briefly in review. John Knox had cast out the forms of Popery, but could not altogether purge Scotland of its spirit. The Regent Morton, much to Knox’s grief, proposed making bishops of some of the clergy, hoping through these to “make slaves of the others.” The Regent’s plan elicited such opposition that he was glad to make a compromise. Certain dignitaries were appointed who nominally filled the office, while the nobles pocketed the principal part of the revenue. On this account the bishops were called *Tulchans*,—that being the name of a stuffed calf-skin which was placed beside the cow, at milking time, to induce her, as was supposed, to give her milk more freely. Things continued in this state until the accession of James, who sought to introduce sundry innovations in the same direction, with little result, save the dissatisfaction which they awakened among the

people, and the stern protests elicited from some of their ecclesiastical leaders. Charles, who was of a more obstinate disposition and more of a bigot in religious matters, had scarcely succeeded to the throne, when he adopted more vigorous measures, with still less satisfactory results. In 1633, "the king's majesty, with train enough," to use Carlyle's words, "passed through Huntingdonshire, on his way to Scotland, to be crowned. The loud rustle of him disturbing, for a day, the summer husbandries and operations of mankind. His ostensible business was to be crowned; but his intrinsic errand was, what his father's formerly had been, to get his Pretended Bishops set on foot there,—his *Tulchans* converted into real calves; in which, as we shall see, he succeeded still worse than his father had done. Dr. Laud—Bishop Laud, now near upon Archbishophood—attended his majesty thither, as formerly; still, found 'no religion' there, but trusted now to introduce one. The chapel at Holyrood House was fitted up with every equipment, textile and metallic; and little Bishop Laud in person 'performed the service,' in a way to illuminate the benighted natives, as was hoped,—show them how an artist could do it." His doings had the effect of throwing the nation into such a ferment, that but slight occasion was wanted to make it burst into flame—flame which, wrapping the three kingdoms in a conflagration, could not be extinguished until Laud and Laud's master, both of them in headless condition, made their exit off the stage of time. This occasion soon came. In 1637, the Archbishop, who, in the interval, had been busy at the congenial work of whipping and pillorying the Puritans, slitting their noses, branding their cheeks, and cutting out their ears, "having, with great effort and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy, and Scotch Pretended Bishops ready, brought them fairly out to action," in the kirk of St. Giles, Edinburgh. "Let

us read the collect of the day," said the Pretended Bishop, from amid his tippets,—when Jenny Geddes' stool aimed at the reverend head, and accompanied by the now famous wish that the Devil might give him the stomach-ache, led to a commotion, in the midst of which ominous threats of stoning reached the Bishop's ears, who, not caring to be made a martyr of in that fashion, for his faith in frills and surplices, was fain to close the service abruptly. For that decision he is not much to be censured. It would not have been pleasant to die for such a cause, and in such ignominious circumstances. It may be questioned if, with all his stubbornness, even Bryan King's faith and courage would have been equal to the occasion. The difference between that terribly earnest and infuriated Scotch congregation, and a St. George's in the East mob, must have been something very considerable. I need not tell you how Jenny Geddes by that one act became a heroine,—how, to this day, her name throughout Scotland is familiar as a household word. Nor can we wonder that it is so. The very ludicrousness of the scene adds to its impressiveness, and strengthens its hold on the popular mind. Even now one can scarcely keep one's gravity in trying to picture it. The Bishop dressed in clerical millinery, performing the service in his best manner, with intonation and gesture immaculately correct; his surprise and fright when his mock solemnities are so rudely interrupted; the woman's ingenuity in finding an offensive weapon; the mingled wit and coarseness of her speech,—all go to form a scene which, for the ludicrous, has seldom been equalled. "Deil Colic the wame o' thee!" Was ever poor Bishop greeted with such a response? His taste must have been as much shocked as his nerves were flurried. But seriously, was not this, after all, the best way, under the circumstances, of meeting the mummeries which he was trying to introduce? It was

very uncereemonious, no doubt. It was much more plain than polite. But withal it was bravely done ; and, what was still more important as regards its results, it was done in the proper nick of time. That stool, hurled with such fierce aim, was the symbol of the spirit which then agitated the Scottish people. One could almost call it the banner of the Covenant. Its flight was the signal for the uprising of "all Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind them all England and Ireland."

The spirit of the nation was roused by the manifest intention of the king to interfere with their rights of conscience. They prepared for resistance. As they had formerly covenanted to protect themselves against James, they covenanted again to resist the encroachments of his more obstinate son. A document was prepared by Alexander Henderson and Johnston of Warriston, expressing the most "determined and utter hostility to the late innovations, as contrary to Scripture and the former confession of the Church, subversive of the Reformed religion, and the liberties of the country ;" and binding "the Covenanter, by the great name of the Lord our God, to continue in the profession and obedience of the purer faith, and to defend the same, and resist all contrary errors all the days of his life." The reading and signing of this Covenant presented a spectacle which, from the significance of the act and the enthusiasm with which it was performed, finds scarcely a parallel in history. The accessories were worthy of the scene. It was in the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh ; almost under the shadow of the Castle, where so many important events had transpired ; within sight of the Church where John Knox had denounced the errors of Popery, and rebuked the wickedness of a bigoted and licentious court, that strong, stern men from all parts of the country met in the early dawn of the 28th of February, 1638. Church and

churchyard were crowded with men deeply moved ; but nothing was done rashly ; they were too much in earnest for that. Henderson, with a fervour bordering on inspiration, led the prayers of the assembly. Warriston, with clear, firm voice, read the Covenant amid deathlike silence, every ear strained to catch its import. Then a solemn pause ensued, as if they felt themselves exposed to the eye of the Invisible One, whose presence they had invoked as a witness of their deeds, and with whom they were entering into solemn covenant. The Earl of Sutherland was the first who approached, and, with much emotion, signed the document. Then, as name followed name in quick succession, the pent-up feelings of the people found relief in tears. Strong, bearded men wept, and sobbed aloud ; they raised their hands, and adjured the God of heaven ; they wounded themselves, that with their own blood they might write their names. They were terribly in earnest. Alive to the importance of the interests at stake, and the grandeur of the work which they had to do, they towered above their ordinary stature into the proportions and the attitude of the morally sublime. Loving their liberties, dreading the dangers which threatened them, stirred by their own stern resolution to defend them to the utmost, cleaving to each other, and trusting in God, resolute yet trembling, their conflicting emotions burst through all restraint. Petty proprieties and conventional formalities gave way before the mighty rush of feeling in which all hearts were blended. And with breasts heaving, and lips quivering, and eyes flashing, and hand clasped in hand, they stood, a united resolute people, ready to do or die in defence of their country's rights.

It was a grand spectacle—a nation, first in its representatives and afterwards in the masses of its people, banded together in such a spirit and for such an end. Oh ! had they only had leaders worthy of themselves—had there been a

Scottish Cromwell to head that movement—had there been a wiser Garibaldi to embody and direct that enthusiasm—had there been found among Scotland's nobles another Wallace or another Bruce—what might not such a nation have achieved! Their great want was, that they had no such leader, and sad results followed in consequence, as our narrative will presently show. Meanwhile, it is ours to tell how rapidly the movement spread,—how, when all in the Church had signed, the document was spread on a tombstone, to receive the signature of the crowds in the churchyard,—how, when borne in triumph through the city next day, it was hailed with rapture by all classes,—“opulent citizens, women, young people, servant maidens, all did swear and hold up their hands to the Covenant,”—how the surrounding districts caught the enthusiasm,—how copies in the north and west and south were signed by thousands and tens of thousands, until the great body of the Scottish people, in imitation of their leaders, who met in the Greyfriars, stood, sword in hand, sublimely defiant, trusting to the strength of their own right arm, and to the succour of the Lord of Hosts, ready to hurl back the encroachments of despotic power, and at the sacrifice of life, if necessary, to guard the land and the liberties and the religion which they loved.

Noble spectacle! And such, in the main, was Covenanting Scotland in 1638. One feels a glow of honest pride at the thought of belonging to a country which has, for once, assumed such an attitude, especially when he can believe, as we do, that, did occasion call for it, she would assume such an attitude again. Such times, gentlemen, are epochs in a nation's history, when through the pangs and throes of travail she emerges into nobler life. By one stride she exceeds the progress she would have made during a century of sluggish uneventful existence. By one mighty effort she

is lifted into a higher region, and henceforth moves on a more elevated plain. By some of her sons there may be an open abandonment of the standard she has raised, secret defection on the part of others ; but withal she is higher for that one effort throughout all coming time. The memory of that time is cherished by all that is worthiest in the nation. It cannot die. It remains to restrain her downward tendencies—to rally her from her deepest depression—to rouse her from her lethargy—to make her shake off the corruptions which cleave to her, and assume the attitude, and cultivate the character, of these earlier times. And the vitality which still distinguishes the Scottish nation, and the stirring events, ecclesiastical and political, which have marked her history during the last two centuries, and the vigour with which she now conducts her temperance movement and other measures of social reform—measures which promise to rid her before long of the evils which confessedly exist, and have existed for some time, as blots on her fair fame ;—this vigour, I say, this vitality, may be traced in great measure to the influence of the year 1638, when she rose up nobly in defence of a holy cause, resolved to fight, ready to die, for Christ's crown and covenant.

It will not be supposed that *all* who signed the Covenant either breathed its spirit or valued its principles. As always happens under similar circumstances, there were some who took advantage of, some who were borne along with, the popular current. Among the leaders there were politicians who cared little for the religious elements of the question, though ready to turn to account for political purposes the strong religious feeling. There were selfish and ambitious men, who cared little for either religion or politics, except in so far as they could be made to contribute to their own aggrandizement. Among the people there were some

of that unthinking class always found on the side which for the time is uppermost—men who, without any fixed principle or definite object, accepted the Covenant only because the current was flowing in that direction. These we call the scum of the movement; the waifs and straws swept up by the torrent in its resistless course. But besides these, there were the men who formed the torrent—the centre and soul of the movement—who gave to it its vitality and strength—the high-souled men who loved their Bibles and believed in God—who recognised the existence of the Invisible and Eternal—and therefore felt that there was something better for a man than to cower and cringe at a despot's nod, or to sacrifice his soul for the favour of a fellow worm, who wore a crown and was yclept a king. With them the signing of the Covenant was no idle vapouring, no meaningless ceremony; it was an act solemn and significant as their baptism or their first communion. It was done in grim earnest—in the sight of God; and by His help they stood prepared to defend with the sword, or, if unsuccessful in the field, to bear on the scaffold or at the stake the consequences of the deed they had done. And when politicians trimmed and compromised, and self-seeking men betrayed the Covenant, and persecuted its adherents, and the unthinking rabble changed sides, these men, under all changes, continued faithful to their pledge, and not a few ultimately became martyrs to the cause. So it is always. Sceptics talk largely, sometimes, of the want of earnestness in Christians, of professors of religion choosing the winning side, and of the sacrifices which they themselves make for their honesty. One would like to ask, how is it that the religious is the winning side? that Christianity once spit upon and trampled under foot and crucified, is now triumphant throughout these realms? How is it but because its adherents, in all ages, have been ready to seal their testimony with their blood?

After all they can say, history testifies, that not infidelity, but religion, has the power of making martyrs. They are the faithful praying men—men who believe in God and Eternity—who know how to brave death and all the horrors of persecution—who can bear the tortures of the thumb-screw and the boot as calmly as if silken gloves pressed their fingers and silken hose their feet—who can play with the flames that are to consume them, as the youth toys with the tresses of his lady love—who can lay their necks upon the block joyfully, as if headsman's knife were to invest them with knightly honours—who can tread the scaffold with kingly step, and vault like conquerors into chariots of fire.

In those eventful times, circumstances soon arose which shook asunder these various elements, and created division among those who, in heart, and in regard to the principles and purpose of the Covenant, were one. Their want of a proper leader, though not so much felt at first, led to deplorable consequences when their position imperatively required that those who guided the movement should possess the rare combination of penetrating insight, honest purpose, and unflinching courage. So long as they had only to resist the encroachments of the king, there was little room for mistake. Their common danger united them in the discharge of their common duty; and they were strong because it was for liberty they struggled. The help they gave the English Parliament when engaged in death-struggle with the king, turned the balance in its favour. On the king's invasion of Scotland, they brought him to terms by the resistance they offered at Dunselaw. They fought gallantly by the side of Cromwell's troops at Naseby, and shared with them the honours of the day. At Phillipshaugh, though not without some excesses which are a blot upon their name, they routed the royalists under Montrose. Here, however, their fighting culminated. With the excep-

tion of Drumclog, it was their last grand act of a warlike nature. After this, when their position became more intricate, there were added to mistakes in council, blunders in the field. The Covenant which they required the English to sign, as the condition of their assistance, could not be carried out in the letter. The free thought awakened there would not confine itself to the limits they prescribed for it. Along with the English Presbyterians, they became jealous and disquieted, because of the growing power of Cromwell, who knew better than they how to distinguish between fact and formula, and claimed for the God-fearing people a liberty of conscience which they were not prepared to tolerate—with which, in fact, the letter of their Covenant was incompatible. The differences between them were taken advantage of by the king, who had been wandering about as a fugitive since Naseby. He repaired to the Scotch camp at Newark, and placed himself in their hands. Refusing, however, to sign their Covenant, and otherwise proving unmanageable, he was shortly afterwards given up to the English. His execution by the latter, in 1649—an event which the Covenanters did not anticipate, and of which, consistently with their principles, they could not approve,—introduced a new element into their ranks, which greatly influenced their future procedure, and led to an act which proved as great a blunder as, to our thinking, it was a crime.

It should be said that previous to this their numbers had, by defection or expulsion, been greatly reduced. Their triumph became the occasion of their weakness. The unity and enthusiasm excited by a common danger, yielded, in the case of some, to the self-seeking quickened or gendered by success. The captivity of the king awakened relentings in the people who had helped to reduce him to his captive condition. Many of the nobles, not unwilling to take advan-

tage of this revulsion of feeling, originated a movement ostensibly for his liberation, and for the settlement of matters by a Free Parliament. Thus was formed the party who, because of their compact with the king, were called the Engagers, as opposed to the strict Covenanters, of whom Argyll was the leader. These Engagers were headed by the Marquis of Hamilton, joined by Loudon, Lauderdale, Myddleton, and other nominal Covenanters. Through the fusion of the Royalists they became strong enough to march into England, but not in the best military order, and were wofully routed by Cromwell at the battle of Preston, in 1648.

Their defeat placed the strict Covenanters again at the head of affairs. These, in January 1649, passed through Parliament a very stringent measure, entitled the "Act of Classes," the object of which was to exclude from office all but their own party; its immediate result, the still further reduction of that party, owing to numbers taking exception to the stringency of the measure; so that on the strictest members rests the opprobrium of the events to which I have already alluded, and am now about more particularly to refer: their unholy alliance with a dissolute king, and consequent war with the Puritans.

For this part of their procedure I honestly confess I can find no sufficient vindication. Mitigating circumstances there were, which ought not to be overlooked. The execution of the king had so shocked the feelings and excited the indignation of the people, who were still attached to the Stuart line and to monarchical institutions, that the Covenanters, in order to retain their position, had no course left but to invite Prince Charles to the throne. They did so, imposing such conditions as were required, "to save the country," as has been said, "from the effects of its own extravagance;" ordering the king,

by Act of Parliament, to dismiss his evil counsellors, and substantially binding him to observe the forms of constitutional government, and to rule by responsible advisers. Charles, who, though only twenty years of age, seems to have been an adept in the art of mental reservation, was most liberal in his promises—agreed to do all they required—made no difficulty in giving pledges by which he never meant to be bound—signed the Covenant, not it appears with shrugs and grimaces expressive of dislike, but with well-feigned assent; for, as a witty Frenchman said, “They compelled him to sign it voluntarily,”—signed whatever papers they chose to lay before him, because he knew well that if his object was to be gained there was nothing for it but to sign. Thus he became their Covenanted King; and the solemn farce of a coronation with its attendant ceremonials was enacted between him and them, in the ancient palace at Scone, where Scotland’s kings were wont to be crowned.

These circumstances may somewhat mitigate our censure; they certainly furnish no vindication of their procedure. Both parties knew that they were acting a lie. Neither of them trusted the other, and both knew that they did not. With all their affectation, he had no respect for their Covenant; they no faith in his character;—and both were aware of the fact. They used each other for their own purposes, and were both conscious that they did. They knew him too well not to be convinced of his duplicity. He was too shrewd not to discern their distrust. They knew what a scapegrace he was; they knew, as Cromwell told them, in terribly earnest manner, how he was plotting with malignants in England for the overthrow of the religion which in Scotland he had sworn to defend; how he had a Popish army fighting for him in Ireland, and foreign Popish mercenaries in his ships making depredations

on the English coast. And when, knowing all this, they received him into their bosom, because, forsooth, he signed their Covenant—on a pretext so flimsy as that,—and not content with doing so, sought to force him on the English, “to the satisfaction,” as they pretended, “of God’s people of both nations,”—it was, I hesitate not to say, a flagrant outrage on their principles and their previous history. It cannot be vindicated. If we attempt to excuse the people, it can only be done at the expense of their leaders. It shows, at least, how sadly unequal *they* were to the emergencies which had arisen.

The truth is, I apprehend, that Argyll, who was at their head, though a true patriot, and a man, as he proved, of sincere religious principle, had strongly selfish instincts, was crafty and subtle, and, without intending to injure his country, ready to turn political changes to account for the promotion of personal ends. His conduct towards Charles, when in the hands of his party, his proposing that he should marry his daughter, and otherwise seeking to bend him to his purposes, gives us but a low opinion of his disinterestedness. It required the grander qualities which he afterwards evinced at his martyrdom, to make us forget the self-seeking and meanness which he manifested then. He was just the man to take advantage of a formula. He managed to keep his position, without injuring, as he supposed, his country, because the king had signed the Covenant. Thus he retained the parchment, but in this instance, we think, sacrificed the spirit. The formula was with him; but the fact, I take it, was with Cromwell and his Ironsides. The fact and the formula are now about to rush into hostile collision. Which of them can best withstand the shock we shall presently see.

The position they now assume brings them into direct

antagonism with the English Parliament. Cromwell and his friends do not need to be told how the Scotch king and Covenant will affect them. They will invade us, it is thought, if we do not first invade them. The latter plan is deemed preferable on the whole. Cromwell, who has just satisfactorily disposed of the Irish difficulty, wishes Fairfax to take command of the army, which is on the eve of starting for Scotland. Fairfax persisting in his refusal, Cromwell is compelled to take it in hand himself. Very happily so; there being no one who could do it so well. He enters Scotland by Berwick, and advancing through the Pease Pass to Musselburgh, finds his old friend Leslie, with an army of six or seven thousand horse, and fourteen or fifteen thousand foot, occupying a strong position between Edinburgh and Leith, flanked by an entrenched line from the Calton to Leith shore, and "the Leith guns scouring the greater part of the line, so that they lay very strong." Cromwell finds the position not easy to attempt—thinks it advisable not to risk an engagement. After sundry skirmishing, and various ineffectual attempts to draw the wary Leslie from his position, he is compelled, by his provisions failing, and the state of the weather not permitting the English ships to land supplies at Musselburgh, to fall finally back on Dunbar, where he can fortify himself for the winter, and keep up communication with England by his ships—the only means of doing so now left, the pass at Cockburnspath being closed against him. He takes his position on the neck of the promontory on which the town of Dunbar stands, with the village of Belhaven on his right; on his left, and running away in a slanting direction in front of him, a deep grassy glen named Brocksburn. Behind him is the town of Dunbar and the sea; on his extreme left the promontory of St. Abb's Head; before him, at a short distance, stretches the chain of the Lammermoors, impassable

to an army in winter. Leslie, who has followed close on his rear, takes his position on the slope of this range, with an army about twice as numerous as Cromwell's, and full of spirits, as of men giving chase. What followed has been graphically described by Carlyle, whose description, however, is too lengthy to be quoted verbatim. I shall give you my recollection of it, partly in his words, partly in my own, as may best suit my purpose. On the Monday morning, before sunrise, Leslie moves down his horse to the other side of the Brock to that on which Oliver has his line of battle. In the afternoon of the same day, Cromwell sees, from the movement on the hill, that he is bringing down his army to the position which his horse have occupied since the morning. He is evidently preparing for attack, and probably hopes to annihilate that hemmed-in English army. Cromwell considers that it will be an advantage if he attack first, instead of waiting to be attacked;—"Here is the enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on all sides; and the main-battle, hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon-hill and the Brock, has no room to manœuvre or assist; beat the right wing where it now stands—take it in front and flank with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its main-battle—the whole army is beaten;"—mentions the plan to some of his generals, who cordially approve. At nightfall the word is given. "Trust in God—pray—and keep your powder dry." It is a wild night—windy and wet. The English, in their tents, are wakeful and prayerful, looking to Heaven, and keeping their powder dry. The Scotch, without shelter, put out their matches, all but two in a company, and seek refuge and sleep under the stooks of corn. Before daybreak, when the time for attack arrived, the moon, as if favouring Cromwell's plan, shines through a rift in the cloud. A trumpet is heard in the Scottish

camp. They are evidently astir; and Lambert, who is to head the English, is not here. After some signs of impatience from Cromwell, Lambert appears. Then the trumpet sounds the charge. The cannon thunder all along the line. The watchword passes from rank to rank: "The Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts!" Steadily, surely, they advance,—those brave ones who have never known defeat. The Scotch, who thought to surprise them, are surprised instead—cannot resist the onset. After a short, sharp struggle, they begin to waver. Oliver, who is watching the conflict, says, "They run! I profess, they run!" And as over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean the first gleams of the level sun fall upon them, like another Joshua he exclaims—Now

"Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate,
Before his presence flee.'

The conflict thickens. The watchwords are repeated. "The King—the Kirk—the Covenant!" "The Lord of Hosts—the Lord of Hosts!" Nothing can withstand the resistless charge of the Ironsides. The right wing is scattered, driven hither and thither. Most of them rush over their own foot, trampling down the poor men, who are just rising in a shivering condition from under the stooks of corn, their matches out, or but newly lit. At the foot of Doon Hill, Cromwell commands a halt, until his horse can gather for the chase; and there, devout in triumph as in trial, summons them to recognise the God of Battles, and ascribe their victory to Him. With the Ironsides around him, the grim furrowed brow bared in that morning light, he gives out the 117th Psalm, which to some fine old tune those stern warriors send rolling above the smoke of battle, clear and grand against the sky:—

“O give ye thanks unto the Lord,
All nations that be ;
Likewise, ye people, all accord
His name to magnify !
For great to usward ever are
His loving-kindnesses ;
His truth endures for evermore :
The Lord, O do ye bless !”

Never before had such psalm been sung, in such circumstances, since the days of the Hebrew warriors and kings. No wonder—it was Cromwell’s crowning mercy. Never had there been such a victory—ten thousand prisoners—nearly all the foot in a mass—besides hundreds slain ! The fact and the formula had met in deadly grapple, and the fact was triumphant, as, in the long run, the fact will ever be.

The battle of Dunbar destroyed the Covenanting army, and left the party without power, as they were without pretext, for any formidable or organized resistance during the remainder of the Protectorate. Cromwell, while governing with firm hand, granted to the Presbyterians, in their religious observances, all the liberty which they could fairly claim. He left them free to carry out their polity in their own congregations, though he censured and prohibited their attempts to enforce it on others. After a lengthened correspondence with them, in which, to our thinking, he has the best of the argument, and appears to greatest advantage, he closed their General Assembly ; a measure which, though it may appear despotic, their controversies and bickerings had rendered necessary to public tranquillity, and which sending the ministers home to their flocks, to devote themselves, without distraction, to their pastoral duties, was fraught with good both to themselves and the nation.

With the amount of liberty enjoyed, the best of them appear to have been tolerably satisfied. If they wished to see Presbyterianism occupying a more commanding position,

and retained their preference for Monarchy in the abstract, they had seen too much of Charles to think of seeking to gain their object by adopting measures for his restoration. And when the Royalists gathered together a motley army, to restore the king, with or without conditions, and the General Assembly of the Kirk passed resolutions approving of their procedure, Argyll, the leader of the Covenanters, kept aloof from the movement; Warriston, another of their prominent men, opposed; and a large minority in the Assembly, headed by James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, protested fiercely against the resolution of their brethren. In this way the party, already too reduced in numbers, was divided into the two sections known as the Resolutioners and Protesters, between whom, for years, a bitter strife was maintained, which greatly facilitated the triumph of the common foe.

It does not accord with our purpose to dwell on the events connected with the Restoration. Suffice it to say that Charles arrived in London in 1660, not one whit improved by ten years of exile and adversity. Perhaps he was not capable of improvement. Certainly it would have been difficult to find in the three kingdoms—I do not say a worse, but a more worthless man. We cannot call him a tyrant—the designation would be too flattering; tyranny involves a certain grandeur, a degree of earnestness and strength, of which he knew nothing. We cannot even say that he was a bigot, like his father. Of the small modicum of merit which that charge would imply, he was entirely destitute. He had not sincerity enough to be a bigot. He was a mere heartless voluptuary, whose highest object, whether as a monarch or a man, was his own sensual gratification. Utterly void of all religious conviction, his preference of one form to another was determined solely by the extent to which it left him free to pamper his baser desires. He became a Presbyterian, when by that means he

might obtain the Crown ; and had circumstances remained unchanged, he would have had no objection to continue one, except that its stricter discipline interfered with his licentious pleasures, and afterwards led him to say, "It was no religion for a gentleman," and that he "would not suffer a set of low fellows to be prying into his private affairs." At the Restoration he was ostensibly an Episcopalian, because that was the only condition on which he could fill the English throne. All the while he was a Papist at heart, and a Papist he died. Not, indeed, that he had any secret conviction of the Divine origin of Popery ; but only that he secretly thought it the most convenient, and preferred it because its easy morality, and its system of Absolution and Indulgences, rendered it possible, as he thought, to couple the debaucheries of a harem in this world with the delights of a heaven in the next. He reigned like a worse, because a Christian, Sultan, joking with his courtiers, and dallying with his courtezans, while the kingdom was committed to the care of pashas licentious and greedy—birds of the same feather with himself, whose chief recommendation was the efficiency with which they ministered to their master's lusts. It was truly said of him, that "he left the nation more vitiated and debauched than ever it was by any other king."

To think of such a profligate reigning over this fair realm of England after Cromwell's glorious Protectorate !—to think of the people dancing and drinking themselves blind in honour of his return !—to think that, for nearly two centuries, public thanksgivings were annually offered to God for his blessed restoration—while the great name of Cromwell was coupled with all that is vile !—to think that while Cromwell's portrait is denied a place among those of the kings of England, statues of Charles crown our public squares, and portraits of himself and his courtezans line our public galleries—as if England's glory should be forgotten,

while everything is done to perpetuate the memory of her disgrace!—to think of all this is not very pleasant to a man who is jealous for his country's honour. Our consolation is, that time wonderfully rectifies all things. Already the great name of the Protector is emerging from the clouds of detraction in which it has been shrouded, while the name of the king is beginning to stink in the nostrils of mankind. And in the better England of the future, not Charles but Oliver—the chaste husband, and tender father, and dutiful son—the wisest, strongest, and withal most tolerant ruler of his time,—the Christian warrior and statesman,—the grand old Oliver, will occupy the place of honour among England's kings.

During the first seven years of the Restoration Clarendon was Prime Minister. As head of the Anglican or High-Church party, he at once carried out his own convictions, and gratified his master's absolutist tendencies, when he re-established Episcopacy in England, and sought its introduction into the northern kingdom. Here, however, it was necessary to proceed with caution, lest the old spirit of resistance should be roused. Charles, though he wished to reign without any constitutional restraints, was—unlike his father, in this respect—shrewd enough to see what was impracticable, and not disposed to risk the loss of a kingdom for any religion whatever. The first object sought was by inspiring terror to break the spirit of the Scottish people, and thereby render them subservient to his wishes. Unhappily, he was too well supplied with the means of doing so. While his Breda proclamation granted to the English people indemnity for the past, it made no mention of the Scotch; so that every man was liable to be tried for all he had done or said, during those long years of commotion and strife. Argyll, who had rendered himself personally obnoxious to Charles by the surveillance which he exercised over him during his residence with the Scotch at the time of his coronation, and

had further excited his displeasure by keeping aloof from the Resolutioners when they attempted to procure his restoration, was, out of mean revenge, apprehended on his visit to court, and after trial by judges, some of whom were at least equally guilty with himself of all that was laid to his charge, condemned and executed. Guthrie of Stirling, for heading the Protesters in the assembly, shared the same fate. And thus was fitly inaugurated in the blood of two of his best subjects, the disastrous reign of the royal libertine.

For carrying out his purposes in Scotland, Charles found fit instruments in Middleton and Sharp.

Middleton was one of those execrable things which we call "soldiers of fortune"—human butchers who sell their services to the highest bidder,—aggravating by mercenary meanness the horrors of war, while inaccessible to the higher motives by which alone it can be justified. He had changed sides so often, that any principle he ever possessed must have been frittered away. His camp-life had destroyed his morals, if he ever had any; and at the time of his appointment as King's Commissioner for Scotland, he was little better than an unprincipled, boisterous, drunken soldier.

James Sharp was a renegade Presbyterian minister; one of those sleek, cold-blooded miscreants who resort to the most nefarious practices for selfish ends, and with cowardly cunning and ingenuity seek to conceal the character, and escape the consequences, of their own acts. When a youth he rejected the Covenant, but afterwards overcame his scruples, and signed. At the Restoration he was deputed by the Presbyterians, on account of his superior business abilities, to plead their cause at court. In his correspondence he assured them that things were progressing as favourably as they could desire; and meanwhile was betraying the cause which he had been sent to maintain, and securing at the

expense of his brethren a good position for himself. When Episcopacy was established, he became Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Primate of all Scotland; was for some time President of the Privy Council; and up to the time of his death, the chief instigator of the persecution. He and Middleton were well yoked, though differing in the character of their villany; both of them worthy servants of such a master as Charles.

Matters were so managed that the Parliament which met in 1661 was as compliant as a despotic government could desire. It passed an act making Charles an irresponsible despot, and the people his slaves; declaring him the sole authority in all matters civil and religious; and requiring the people, without questioning, to yield obedience to his decrees. Shortly afterwards, having by this act prepared the way, it abolished Presbytery, and declared Episcopacy the established religion. The better to carry out this measure, Middleton, with a quorum of his council, at a drunken sitting held in Glasgow on the 1st of October, 1662, issued a proclamation, requiring all ministers who had been inducted since 1649, on pain of being dismissed from their parishes, to receive presentation from the bishop of their diocese. Only a month was allowed for decision, and the soldiers had orders to drag from their pulpits the ministers who refused to obey.

Middleton, who hoped by this measure to carry matters with a high hand, soon discovered that he had overshot the mark. By overstraining he had snapped the cord asunder. The country had already reached the extreme limits of depression; and this new act evoked a spirit of reaction which led to his own downfall, and ultimately drove the Stuart family from the British throne. He had over-estimated his own strength, or under-estimated the spirit of resistance which slumbered in the nation. Having no faith

in principle, he could not believe that men were mad enough, for the sake of a principle, to reduce themselves and their families to beggary ; and was astonished and exasperated—wondered what those mad fellows would do next, when four hundred ministers abandoned their homes and livings rather than violate their own convictions, and prove traitors, as, they believed, to the crown rights of the Redeemer.

It was a grand act. We cannot look back on it but with unqualified admiration. It was in the dead of winter that the month's notice expired. They had no opportunity of making provision for their families. They had no sustentation fund to break their descent from comfort, if not affluence, to absolute want. And yet, without any questioning, they tore asunder their home ties, turned their backs on the dwellings which were hallowed as the first home of their married life and the birth-place of their babes, led out their wives and children beneath the wintry sky, trusting to His care who feeds the raven and notes the sparrow's fall. It was an invincible testimony to the supremacy of conscience, and the incomparable value of the right and the true. It rallied the country from its supineness and depression. It re-awakened the spirit of resistance which the early Covenanters breathed—a spirit which could never more be crushed—which through all the persecutions that followed waxed bolder and stronger, until it hurled the last of the Stuarts from the throne of his ancestors, and sent him, as Garibaldi did that crowned poltroon at Naples, whose ignominious flight we have witnessed, a trembling fugitive from the kingdom which his fathers had cursed.

Men were appointed to the vacant churches who had neither the reputation nor the learning appropriate to the office—"the mere dregs and refuse," says Burnet, "of the northern parts." So many herd-boys, it was said, had been made ministers, that the cows were neglected. The people could not respect, and very properly would not hear them.

They attended the ministrations of the ejected pastors, who, in barns, or in the fields, or in private dwellings, continued, as opportunity offered, to minister to the spiritual wants of their flocks.

For the suppression of these meetings vigorous measures were adopted. Fines were imposed for non-attendance at the parish church, and levied by the military, who thronged the disaffected districts, and were quartered on the people, whom they oppressed; the worthless curates supplying them with information, directing their depredations, and sometimes taking part in their drunken revelries.

In 1664, at the instigation of Sharp, a High Commission Court was formed, under his own presidency, composed partly of bishops, and partly of laymen. This court, for the atrocities it committed, finds its parallel only in the Star Chamber of England, or the Inquisition of the Church of Rome. The arrested were served with no summons, and, with scarcely an exception, condemned almost without the form of trial,—their answers being twisted, and their very silence construed, into evidence of guilt. The cruelty of its sentences equalled the iniquity of its proceedings. It scourged men through the streets of the city. It publicly whipped women. It did the same with children of tender age—branded them on the cheek with hot irons, and shipped them off to Barbadoes as slaves. “Worst of all,” says Gilfillan, “it made it sedition to give charity to the ejected ministers, so that if any of these had knocked at the door of one of his own parishioners and sought a cup of cold water, or a piece of pease-meal bannock, the asking and the giving were alike a crime.”

Our time compels us to pass by the rising in the Pentlands in 1666, with the cruelties which followed its suppression, when the prisoners who had been promised quarter before they laid down their arms were hanged in rows of ten—

when executions were multiplied in the western districts till the common hangman refused to do his work, and prisoners had to be drugged and intoxicated to perpetrate the human butcheries which were prescribed by the agents of a so-called Christian king ; the heroism with which the youthful Hugh M'Kail suffered and died—bearing meekly the tortures of the boot—advancing to his execution amid the universal weeping of the crowd, his face shining like the face of an angel, his eye beaming as if with the light of the better world, ascending the scaffold as if he were mounting the steps of a throne, and exclaiming as he stands on its summit, “ Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations ! farewell the world and all delights ! farewell meat and drink ! farewell sun, moon, and stars ! Welcome, God and Father ! welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, Mediator of the New Covenant ! welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace, the God of all consolation ! welcome, glory ! welcome, eternal life ! welcome, death ! ” All this, tempting as it is, we must pass by without remark, and hurry on to notice briefly a change in the Government, which brought into still more striking prominence the heroic qualities of some of those houseless and persecuted men.

The year 1667 witnessed the commencement of a temporary lull in the storm. Clarendon had ceased to be Prime Minister. In connexion with this rupture a coldness had sprung up between the king and the Anglican party, which rendered it expedient that he should conciliate the Presbyterians. Lauderdale, who had been Secretary of State for Scotland, was appointed King's Commissioner, in room of Lord Rothes, who succeeded Middleton. At the beginning of his administration milder measures were introduced. In 1669 an Act of Indulgence was passed, permitting the ejected ministers to return to their parishes, but placing

them under strict surveillance, forbidding them to pass the bounds of their own parish, or to encourage field meetings, and requiring an acknowledgment of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the king.

The few ministers who accepted of this indulgence are not, considering their circumstances, to be harshly censured. They had been for years homeless wanderers; their friends were forbidden to assist or shelter them; to give them a scrap of bread or a cup of cold water was a legal offence. And when they saw their wives—women who had been delicately reared—clothed in rags, shivering in the winter's cold, shoeless wanderers in the moors, and their children pining for want, it was extremely natural that they should not inquire very closely into the conditions on which they might regain their homes and livings. But all this only renders more heroic, and increases our admiration for, the men who, notwithstanding such trials, maintained their fidelity and their freedom. For the question, be it remembered, was not one of those questions of ritual which now occasion so many quarrels, and in the settlement, or rather the non-settlement, of which so much administrative ability is wasted. It was not a question as to whether or not this or that article of dress accorded with the rubric,—whether candles should or should not be placed on the altar,—whether, if placed there, they should be lighted or not, and, if lighted, at what hour in the service. It was not even the question whether or not Episcopacy should be tolerated,—whether field-preaching should be practised, and how far. These were only the accidents of the question, not its essence. The essential question was, “Is Christ or King Charles lord of the conscience?” It was the vital question of religious freedom,—the question which determines, according to the answer it receives, whether the battle for liberty is lost or won. The littleness of the accident to which it relates

does not affect its importance when a great principle is involved. If we concede you the principle of which, for the time, that little thing is the symbol, we give up the very citadel of our freedom. You may take advantage of our concession to ride roughshod over our consciences, and trample on our dearest rights. All honour, therefore, say we, to the brave men whom the attractions of a dearly-remembered home, when coupled with such conditions, could not allure from the privations of the wilderness; nor the hardships of their fugitive life, nor the sword of power, terrify; who still kept their banner waving, remaining faithful to its motto, prepared, after all their experience of suffering, to sacrifice home and friendship and comfort and life for the cause of God and man.

Towards the close of Lauderdale's administration, owing to causes which our time does not permit us to trace, the persecution had already resumed its former severity, when an event took place which greatly added to its bitterness, and rendered the gulf between the parties wider than ever.

For eighteen years James Sharp had been sinning with high hand, and the cup of his iniquity was now full. His recent acts had exasperated the Covenanters beyond endurance, and an accidental meeting with a party of them terminated, in awfully tragic manner, his miserable career. Travelling with his daughter, in fancied security, from Edinburgh to St. Andrews, he fell into the hands of twelve horsemen, who had been searching, in the neighbourhood of Ceres, for one Carmichael, a tool of Sharp's, obnoxious to the Covenanters for the wrongs and cruelties he had perpetrated as Sheriff of the county. Failing in their search for Carmichael, the approach of Sharp was regarded by some of them as a providential occurrence. After a rapid chase, during which Sharp, with hoarse voice and frantic

manner, was heard shouting to his postilion, "Drive, drive, drive!" the carriage was overtaken and stopped. Brought to a standstill, he was fired at as he sat by his daughter's side, and wounded, but not mortally. Commanded to leave the carriage, and prepare for death, the craven, with all the cowardice which characterises the cruel, piteously begged for mercy. He would do anything they wished—give them money—protect them—renounce his bishopric, if they would only spare his life. Hackston, of Rathillet, who was one of the party, had been chosen their leader; but with a delicacy which marks the true gentleman, refused, because he had a known private quarrel with Sharp, either to lead or take any part in the business. On leaving the carriage, Sharp saw him standing aloof from the others with his cloak wrapped about him, and inspired with sudden hope, clasped his knees, and begged him to interpose for his protection. Hackston promised that he would never touch a hair of his head, and afterwards went so far as to exclaim, "Spare—spare those grey hairs;" but it was too late, already eight swords flashed in the air, and next moment were crimsoned with the heart's blood of the miserable man. Thus perished, in the highroad, in open day, while the husbandmen around pursued their peaceful occupations—within sight of the spires of his own city, and the curling smoke of his own chimneys, that man of treason and blood.

The deed was a dark blot on the character of the Covenanters, on which their enemies have not failed to dilate. And though in judging of it we must not forget the provocations of the men, we must acknowledge that it was wrong—unquestionably wrong. The Covenanters, as a body, never justified it; they were never advocates for assassination. It was a blunder as well as a crime. It was made the

pretext for severer measures. Hundreds and thousands suffered in consequence; and the persecution waxed, if possible, ten times fiercer than before.

It was about this time that John Graham, of Claverhouse, who attained to such bad pre-eminence as a persecutor, and whose memory has been preserved as an impersonation of bigoted and relentless cruelty, appeared on the scene. Scotland has been so unanimous in her estimate of this man's character, that we can hardly fail to be surprised when a writer steps forth, as one has done recently, and ventures to become the eulogist of the man whom his country execrates. This writer goes off into a rapture of admiration over the portrait of his hero, "surveying the calm, melancholy, beautiful features of the devoted soldier." He quotes from "the writings of his contemporaries, who describe him as one who was stainless in his honour, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced the Scottish statesmen of his time." He extols his virtues in heroic verse :—

“ Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied,
Than outlive the land's disgrace !
O thou lion-hearted warrior !
Reck not of the aftertime
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hearts that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee.”

Such are the lines in which he eulogises the man of whom, according to his own testimony, the peasantry in the west of Scotland entertain the idea that he was a sort of fiend in human shape,—tall, muscular, and hideous in aspect, secured by infernal spells from the chance of perishing by any ordinary weapons, and mounted on a black charger, the special gift of Beelzebub * *—that he was constantly accompanied by a band of desperadoes, vulgarly known by such euphonious titles as “Hell’s Tam,” or “The Deil’s Jock”—and that his whole time was occupied day and night hunting Covenanters upon the hills.

It is somewhat curious to find this impression of the peasantry and eulogy of the poet on the same page, recorded by the same pen, as if it required nothing better than his rhymes to reverse the national sentiment. Admit that the popular impression is exaggerated, it may still be presumed that it has a foundation in fact. And what kind of facts must they have been which even the grossest caricature could twist into such a portrait? The fathers of these men knew too well what Claverhouse was, and must have had some good reason for transmitting such an impression to their sons. And it is not by the physiognomy of a portrait, nor by the testimony of partisan writers in an age when sycophancy was the best recommendation to royal favour, nor by the stanzas of a poet who assumes that it is madness, or something worse, under any circumstances, to call loyalty a crime,—it is not by any or by all of these that that impression is to be falsified. Despite this gentleman’s deliverance, while he leaves broad facts unchallenged, we must believe that the popular estimate of Claverhouse is substantially correct. We question not his loyalty; but we can conceive of circumstances in which loyalty is a crime—loyalty to the prince of darkness, *e. g.*—loyalty to a king whose service is a degradation, and his reward disgrace: and the circum-

stances of Claverhouse were precisely these. We deny not that even when hunting his defenceless countrymen, and to his dying day, he was brave. There was in the man a high-souled courage which made light of personal danger, and might have shone out worthily in less ignoble warfare. When he fought as a youth in the Netherlands, he appears to have given promise which was belied by the performance of his riper years. He *may* have had a gentlemanly education and superior parts,—statesmanlike as well as soldierlike capacity; but it only deepens his disgrace that he should have prostituted to such base purposes, these superior powers. For after all that may be said, there remains the damning fact that he became the slave of a lie—the lie that kings, do they what they may, have a Divine right to govern, and that their people are under a Divine obligation to obey. He was the unquestioning drudge of the vilest despotism that ever disgraced the British throne—the despotism of a debauchee. The superior powers which his eulogists attribute to him were employed in doing the work of the common hangman. The common hangman, did I say? May the shades of his victims forgive me! The hangman's work is honourable compared with his. The hangman *may* be of some use to society, by ridding it of its pests. This man was the executioner, not of the criminal, but of the saints of the Most High—the best and noblest of his country's sons and daughters. This paragon of chivalry—this “last of Scots, and last of freemen”—this “lion-hearted warrior” led his troopers against an unarmed peasantry, men whose only crime was that, contrary to the bidding of a despot, they met to pray on mountain and moor. He made war on tender women and helpless babes. The castles he stormed were the cottages of a praying people, from the altars of whose hearths there rose to Heaven daily the morning and evening sacrifice. The trophies he left were ruined homesteads—wives gathering up the mangled remains of their husbands—children

weeping round the body of their murdered sire. Call it chivalry if you will, when through the startled night the deep bay of the bloodhound mingling with the yell of his pursuers falls on the ear of the poor fugitive, fleeing through swamp and forest to that land of freedom that lies beneath the northern star;—savage beasts in human and inhuman form, in hot pursuit of one defenceless man, who is guilty of a skin not coloured like their own. Call it loyalty, when one who bears the name of Christian and boasts of his freedom, delivers that trembling fugitive to his pursuers, because the laws of man require him thus to contravene the eternal laws of God. Call these things loyal and chivalrous; and when you thus call evil good, and darkness light, I admit that Scotland may never boast a braver chieftain than Dundee. But till then—till the eternal distinction between right and wrong has been obliterated—let this man's memory rot; let the execrations of an outraged people follow the name of him who was a curse to his country, and a disgrace to his kind.

It was shortly after the appointment of Claverhouse that the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge were fought. These are so well known that we may properly pass them by without notice, especially as our time requires us to hurry as rapidly as possible over the events which followed.

Their history during the next nine years may be summed up in few words. It was the history, for the most part, of unbridled tyranny on the one hand, and of tortures and martyrdoms, borne with courage which bordered almost on frenzy, on the other. The western moors were converted into the hunting-ground of a brutal soldiery—their prey, the best of Scotland's sons and daughters,—their sport to embitter the last moments of their victims with unfeeling taunts and jeers. The reports of their muskets echoing

among the mountains, or patches of blood on the moor, told to the hidors or dwellers there, that another victim had fallen, and another brave heart was still. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the persecution, while the persecuted, weakened by their own divisions and by the banishment or execution of their friends, could only betake themselves into deeper solitudes, where they might evade the pursuit and defy the power of their enemies ; or remain at home, giving no public manifestation of their principles, but waiting and praying for the dawn of a brighter day. Bearded men, in dress which spoke of the dens and caves in which they had their dwelling—with gaunt visage, on which the lines of fierce and unconquerable resolution were deeply traced—their fiery eyes gleaming with supernatural light, as if they bordered on a glorious madness,—men of this stamp, with Bibles in their bosom and swords by their side, peopled the western wilds. Solitudes in which no sound had been heard save the solitary cry of the curlew or the plover, or the occasional bay of the shepherd's dog, or the bleating of his sheep, or the moaning of the wind around the mountain cairn, or the hissing of the stream as it rolled over the grey pebbles of the moor, were startled by the sound of prayer issuing from unseen cavern or dark ravine, where earnest wrestlers were pleading with God for the deliverance of a down-trodden country ; or rendered vocal with their psalms of praise. Sometimes they met by day, in armed conventicle, but in smaller numbers than formerly, and with stricter precautions ; most frequently under cover of the night. And as the stars were beaming overhead, silent witnesses of their devotion and their wrongs, and the night winds sighing round the mountain, or howling through the rugged glen, furnished fitting chorus to their song of praise, and wafted its echoes far across the moorland, or bore them in circling strains to heaven, the associations and the scene

would give new fervour to their song, and raise their preacher to a sublimer reach of thought, and a grander power of utterance ; and their eyes would flash with new fire, and their hearts beat with new courage, as he dwelt on their sufferings and struggles, and pointing then, as he sometimes did, to the surrounding hills and overarching stars, exhorted them to trust in Him of whose faithfulness those mountains and stars were symbols—the friend of the oppressed, and the judge of the oppressor—the faithful, covenant-keeping God.

Hunted as they were, their spirits were not broken. The fierceness of the persecution, while it drove them into deeper solitudes, led them to entrench themselves more fiercely in their unconquerable courage, and to assume a sterner attitude of defiance. Having nothing to lose, which they cared much to retain—a life of privation, not very enviable, being all that was left to some of them,—they were regardless of their persecutor's fury as a bear robbed of her whelps. Driven from the abodes of men, they soared into closer communion with God. Their habits gave a devotional tinge to all their thoughts, and caused them to flow in a loftier channel. Their speech became weird-like and unearthly in its tone, like that of men who live in habitual recognition of the unseen. Their preachers especially, breathed a loftier inspiration, and became more prophetic in their utterances. Events which men call ordinary, were—fanatically, some would say—say, rather, with a truer insight,—ascribed to Divine interposition. When a thick mist suddenly descending concealed Alexander Peden from his pursuers, “the Lord had let doon a lap of his cloak to screen puir auld Sandie.” When, on a mountain, twelve men who lay in wait rescued a company of prisoners from the Government troops, “ You may thank this —— mountain for your escape,” said the Royalist officer ; “ Say, rather, the

God who made the mountain!" was the Covenanter's reply. And when in their field-preachings, to use Gilfillan's words, "a dark shadow of clouds gathered over the landscape, and when, like a grim spectre, the storm appeared above their heads, and

‘Lightning, like a wild bright beast,
Leaped from his thunder lair,’

every heart in the assembly felt that the God who was speaking was on their side, that that thunder echoed the deep protest of their consciences, and that that lightning was writing in its own burning hieroglyphics the wrongs of their country and their faith!"

Were they mistaken in this? Shall we censure or affect to pity them, for recognising behind visible things the working of an invisible Power?—for connecting with the events and phenomena of nature the movements of nature's God? Shall we not rather blame the atheism which severs God from the works of His hands?—which, after gathering its fossils, and culling its plants, and analysing its specimens, and separating its gases, sits down amidst the elements of a creation, and, with a grin of unbelieving self-complacency on its countenance, says, "Here is law, but where is God?" There may have been fanaticism in the Covenanters, but their fanaticism is at least better than the godlessness by which it is now so flippantly rebuked.

Right or wrong in this belief, it is manifest that men who entertained it could not be easily vanquished. Such convictions, whether well or ill founded, tend to make men invincible. If earthly power was on the side of their oppressors, Omnipotence was on their side. If their enemies, having sold themselves to the devil, might expect his help, holy angels without number kept watch over them. If perils beset them on every hand, from every quarter might come the most unexpected

deliverances. The earth would help them ; the clouds would become their pavilion ; the winds would warn them of coming danger ; and the stars in their courses would fight against their foes. Why should they dread the wrath of the king, when there was one who said, " Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further !" and without whose permission not a hair of their heads could fall ? Thus they scorned compromise, and boldly took a step from which there could be no retreat. Grand was it, partaking of the morally sublime, when on the morning of June 22nd, 1680, twenty horsemen, headed by Richard Cameron, one of the most popular ministers, whose name they afterwards bore, entered the town of Sanquhar, and read, and nailed to the market-cross, a declaration setting forth that the king had forfeited his right to the crown, and declaring war against him. You call it a rash act, but it was, at least, courageous. It was nailing their colours to the mast. And the men who could thus throw down the gage of battle to a king and his armies, whatever may be thought of their wisdom, have, by their heroism, established some claim to admiration. " A rash act !" you say. But not so rash after all. It was an anticipation of what the whole kingdom did before long. Scotland, and England too, endorsed the deed at the glorious Revolution. The best sons of Italy are copying it now. And grateful for the results which have followed in our own case, we can but say God speed them in their gallant struggle ! " Rash," you say, " for how could they cope with the armies of the king ?" Ay, how could they ? Why, they never expected to do so. They knew that their material forces were not equal to his. But then, they had faith in the principle which they promulgated. They knew that that principle, once boldly affirmed, would lay hold of men's minds until it wrought the downfall of what they called " the bloody house." They had counted the cost. They knew that they

had forfeited life. But they were prepared to sacrifice that for their country's good. Not rash, then. No. Let us gratefully acknowledge it. It was the right thing to do. England, for centuries past, has reaped—you and I this night are reaping—communities of free Englishmen in all parts of the world are reaping—ay, and successive generations will yet rise up to reap, the benefits of that act of heroism.

One would almost wish to bury in oblivion the cruelties which followed. The heart sickens at the bare recital of the harrowing tale. In accordance with a measure which Sharp had concocted, and was busily pushing forward at the time of his death, the country was placed under martial law. Any officer, down to the sergeant, was empowered to execute summarily those who refused to take the oaths which he proffered. "Trial had long been abandoned. Accusation, even, had now ceased. If a countryman were descried running or walking quickly across the moors, or found reading in the fields, it was enough—he must be a Bible-reading fanatic, and was shot." Blood flowed freely. With an ingenuity which would have done credit to an Inquisitor, superfluous cruelties were heaped upon the dying, and all manner of indignities offered to the dead. Victims were struck with canes as they ascended the scaffold. Old Donald Cargill, taken prisoner at Ayr, was brought to Edinburgh for execution, his feet tied beneath the horse's belly, so tightly, that the blood sprang, and afterwards put to death in the act of prayer. Cameron fell in a skirmish at Aird's Moss; after praying, "Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!" and saying to his brother by his side, "This is the day I have longed for, and the death I have prayed for; this is the day I shall get the crown!" His head and hands were cut off to grace the victor's triumph; his body buried where it fell. Sad as his fate was, it was thought almost an enviable one, by some who sur-

vived him. Old Peden—sitting on his lonely grave at the scene of the skirmish, where the wild winds sighed his requiem, and the moor-fowls chanted his dirge,—raised his streaming eyes to heaven and exclaimed, “O, to be wi’ Richie!”—so terribly had the persecution worn the saints of the Most High. Hackston was wounded and taken prisoner in the same engagement, brought to Edinburgh on a horse with his face backward; Cameron’s head, and hands elevated as if in prayer, borne on a halbert before him. At his execution, his arms were cut out of their sockets. He was drawn by a pulley to the top of the scaffold, and let fall three times with all his weight on its lower part. His heart was cut out while he was yet alive, held upon the point of a spear as the heart of a traitor, and then cast into the fire.

“They were Christians;—and they cut the heart from out the living man,

And waved it as a flag is waved upon the battle’s van;
 And burned it as a beast is burned, some idol to appease;
 And cast the human ashes round, like incense on the breeze:
 And they did it in the name of God!
 Where were His lightnings then,
 That came not with consuming fire—
 To light the everlasting pyre,
 Of these blaspheming men?

“Look round on Scotland’s ruined fanes—on shattered arch and wall,
 On roofless aisle and broken font—on column, tomb, and stall,
 Laid waste within the sunniest spots of this our happy land,—
 As waste as lieth Nineveh, upon the desert strand.
 The lightning of a nation’s wrath has smote them with decay;
 The faith their reeking alters fed,
 With life-blood of the saints, is fled.
 In heaven the martyrs have their bed—
 The Covenant lives for aye.”

Amid these terrible tragedies, scenes of the most touching

pathos and heroism were constantly occurring, on some of which, did your time permit, I should like to linger for a little.

The story of John Brown's martyrdom has been often told, but will bear repeating. It is one which covers with glory the Covenanting cause, and the name of Claverhouse with indelible disgrace. They must blot it out of Scotland's history, who would alter the verdict which the nation has pronounced on that bold, bad man. John Brown was chargeable with no crime, save that of non-attendance at the parish church, and occasionally meeting for prayer and fellowship with some friends of kindred spirit. Early in the morning, after conducting their family devotions, he had gone to cut peat at a moss, a little distance off, and was there found by Claverhouse and his dragoons. They brought him down to his own door—he walking before them, it is said, more like a conqueror than a captive. As they approached the house, his wife, Isabel Weir—leading one child by the hand, carrying another in her arms, and soon to give birth to a third,—came out to take her part in the tragedy of the day. Refusing to take the oaths and pray for the king, he was told to go to his knees and prepare for death. He was a stammerer, but he prayed with such fervour and fluency for his wife and children, born and unborn, that the stout hearts of the dragoons were melted, and their eyes suffused with tears. Fearful of the consequences, it may be, Claverhouse three times interrupted him with blasphemous exclamations. Rising from his knees, he reminded his wife how, when he first proposed marriage, he had told her that this day would come, and asked, if she were willing to part with him. "Heartily willing," said she. "This is all I desire," he said; "I have nothing more now to do, but to die." He kissed her and the children, and said, "May all purchased and

promised blessings be multiplied unto you." "No more of that," shouted the ruffian, and ordered his dragoons to fire. Their arms remained motionless by their side; when, fearing a mutiny, perhaps, he hastily snatched his pistol from his belt, placed it close to the good man's head, and, firing, shattered his skull. His wife gathered the fragments in her lap; and to the brutal taunt of the murderer, "What think you of your husband now, my woman?" meekly, nobly replied, "I aye thocht meikle o' him, but never sae meikle as I do this day." She composed his remains, wrapped his head in a napkin, spread her plaid over him; and then—not till then—sat down by his side, with her children around her, and gave vent to the mighty torrent of her grief. Do you wonder that curses rest on the man who could do a deed so foul, or that Scotland is proud of the sons and daughters who could act their part so well?

The case of David Steel, of Lesmahagow, was very much similar. I give it to you almost in the words of the historian; it needs no embellishment. Lieutenant Crichton, after promise of quarter had been given, ordered his dragoons to shoot him. Affected by the man's appearance, or, it may be, shocked with the breach of faith, they replied that "they would neither shoot him nor see him shot;" and, mounting their horses, immediately rode off. A second command was given to the foot-soldiers, all Highlanders, who instantly obeyed. A number of balls passed through his head, which was literally shattered. His youthful wife, Mary Weir, who cherished an uncommon attachment for her husband, gazing, in the amazement of her grief, on his manly and honest countenance, now pale in death, said in a sweet and heavenly tone, as if whispering in the dull cold ear of death, "The archers have shot at thee, my husband, but they could not reach thy soul; it has escaped like a dove far away, and is at rest."

Bending over his mangled corpse, she gently pressed down the eyelids yet warm with life. Then folding her hands, and looking up with eyes that pierced the heavens, exclaimed, "Lord, give strength unto thine handmaid, that will prove she has waited for thee in the way of thy judgments." When the neighbours came to the spot, they found her gathering up his fair hair and the shattered fragments of his skull. Thus passed away another of those noble men. John Brown and he had often taken sweet fellowship together. They were intimate and lovely in their lives; strangely alike, too, in the tragic circumstances and heroic manner of their death. They lived quietly in the comparative solitude in which their lot was cast—far apart from the great world, little thinking that *their* names would ever become widely known. But their faithfulness has raised them to an honour of which they never dreamed. The persecution which sought to crush had no power to harm them. It only "dragged them into fame and chased them up to heaven."

I ought almost to apologize for occupying your attention with these details; and yet there is another case illustrative not only of the cruelty of the persecution, but of the heroic spirit of the women of the Covenant, which I must venture to relate. A young woman, only eighteen years of age, named Margaret Wilson, was taken with another, an aged woman, and tied to a stake, on the western coast. As the flowing tide surrounded and gradually rose upon them, the dragoons sat and watched them from the shore. It must have been a fearfully trying position thus to look on death so long before it came. But Margaret was undaunted. When almost at the drowning point, she was brought out and offered her life, on condition of renouncing her principles. Declining, she was again led into the sea, and bound as before. She stood with death at her lips, when a word

might have saved her. No cry of terror or of weakness escaped her. Her songs of praise or of triumph were borne upon the flowing tide far across the waters. And she stood there till the rising waves drowned her voice, and wafted her soul to where it could present its protest against man's tyranny at the footstool of God's throne. As the sexton who showed her grave in Wigtown churchyard used to say—"She was but a lassie, and yet she died for the Covenant."

While such events were occurring in the moors of Scotland, under the reign of a king who was styled Defender of the Faith, death paid an unbidden visit to a far different scene, and to one who received the summons in a far different spirit. Charles died in February, 1685, the circumstances of his death proving that he had been a hypocrite as well as a libertine—a Protestant in name, but a Papist at heart. His conscience awoke as he stood face to face with death, and by a miserable expedient he sought to silence its accusations. The Popish priest was sent for, that by the help of a wafer he might float the poor little worthless, polluted soul which was about to leave the bloated body, safely into eternity. Having received the communion and the ghostly benediction, he died; and we cannot say worse of him than that he went, as all must go, "to his own place."

The persecution had now reached its climax. In the short reign of James, which succeeded, its fierceness was considerably abated. An act of indulgence was passed, similar to that of 1669, of which the Cameronians, as the strict Covenanters were now called, faithful as ever, refused to avail themselves. Young James Renwick, the inspired boy, who was converted to the Covenant by witnessing Cargill's execution, and since the death of Cameron had become their leader, kept alive in them the spirit of liberty

That spirit was growing in both the Scotch and English people, who were now prepared to act out the principle for which the Cameronians had struggled so long. Tired of the grinding despotism of James, the English sought help from Holland. The landing of the Dutch led to James's ignominious flight. His ministers in Scotland speedily followed the example of their master; and the kingdom rose at one bound to welcome the Prince of Orange, and to commence that career of liberty and progress which has made Britain, with all her faults, the fairest, happiest, noblest, and best of the nations of the earth.

So ended the Covenanting struggle. For fifty years, with more or less of vigour, and with occasional pauses, it had been gallantly maintained. And now, after varying success, and when it seemed almost extinguished, it became suddenly triumphant. Its essential object was gained. The supremacy of Christ as Lord of the conscience was recognised by the rulers of the nation—never more to be challenged. If the parchment of the Covenant might be said to have been consumed, the spirit which it enshrined had risen gloriously from its ashes. Not in vain had those noble men suffered and died. Their unconquerable resistance rung the knell of the Stuart dynasty. Their blood became the seed of our liberties. "That red rain did make the harvest grow" which in happier times we are privileged to reap. And while the testimony, borne in such tragic and impressive manner, is fresh in the minds of men—while Britain retains the memory of that struggle, so long shall neither king nor kaiser dare to touch with sacrilegious hand the conscience of her people; so long shall she continue the home of the brave and free.

"First gem of the ocean,
First isle of the sea."

I need not say that liberties which have been so dearly

bought should be highly prized and sacredly guarded. Through much struggling—at a vast expenditure of life—have they been handed down to us; through the same or severer struggles, at the same or a vaster expenditure, if need be, must we hand them down intact to the generations which are to come. Cowards are we, unworthy of the name of Britons, degenerate sons of noble sires, if we suffer pope or despot to lay rifling hand on our goodly heritage. Fools are we, if, under any pretence, we trust the promises or suffer the encroachments of that system which, under the disguise of Erastianism, pressed so heavily on our fathers. It may suit its purpose now to assume a tone of meekness, and an air of injured innocence; for it can coo like a dove as well as roar like a bear. It can so glove its iron talons as to make them appear soft and delicate as an infant's fingers; but despite its fair pretensions, its character is unchanged: it glories in its unchangeableness. We know how, wherever it has reigned with unbridled sway, it has converted nations of freemen into herds of grovelling slaves, and that it is only waiting its opportunity to serve us as it has served others—to crush out with iron grasp all that is noble in man. We know, too, what they would like to see who labour to introduce Popish forms into our Protestant churches, who speak with maudlin affection of that blessed martyr Charles, and the Puritan-whipping Laud, and vent their spleen against Cromwell and his Puritans. We know what they wish to see who can thus eulogize the ignoble, and vilify the illustrious, dead. And whether it be to the Romanist proper, or to his Puseyite bastard cousin, what we have to say is,—“There can only be war—eternal war, between us and you. Your purpose is to make us slaves; and rather than live your slaves, God's freemen we will die.” We may not deny to them the rights which we claim for ourselves. We may not interfere with their freedom of opinion. But when they

begin to assail our liberties, then should Britain, with unanimous voice, thunder, "Hands off! Tempt us not too far, lest ye rouse the spirit of our Covenanting fathers; and amid the execrations of an indignant people ye be ignominiously driven from the land which ye seek to curse!"

Happily, our fathers not only bequeathed to us our liberties—they taught us how to defend them. And I am glad to see that in these times there is a disposition so to do. I have seen not the gathering of the clans for mutual and exterminating warfare, but a nobler gathering far—a gathering which meant the protection alike of the cottage and the throne. I have seen highland chief and lowland laird mingling in amicable rivalry—their one thought the defence of their common country. I have seen the kilted Celt march on Saxon ground, cheered by his Saxon brother, their ancient animosities forgotten in the loyal and patriotic determination which fired their breasts, to guard with their mingling blood, if need be, and to hand down intact to their children and children's children the rights and liberties which their fathers bequeathed. I have seen peer and peasant meet—I have seen the artist from his studio, and the lawyer from his chamber, and the scholar from academical halls, the tiller of the soil and the salesman from the shop, the operative from the factory, and the mechanic from his bench,—all ranks and classes meet to testify to the best of Scotland's or England's Queens, their loyalty to her person and her throne. And as I looked on that noble gathering in Hyde Park, when the roads were lined, and the house-tops crowded, and "the very trees bore men"—and as I looked on what you will excuse me for calling that still nobler gathering in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh—as I looked on that hillside, covered with its living mass in holiday attire and temper, gazing with honest pride, and with glistening eyes on the fathers,

brothers, sons, marshalled on the plain below,—as I looked on that army, composed of the flower of Scotland's youth, which, without compulsion, had sprung into existence at the mere whispers of invasion,—as I looked on their stalwart forms, giving assurance of bodily strength, and their strongly-marked countenances, no less expressive of strength of will,—as I saw the precision of their movements, and the flashing of their arms, and heard that cheer which rent the air, and almost shook the surrounding hills, when they marched up in a mass to pay homage to the virtues which grace the British throne;—as I saw that, Scotland's flag meanwhile waving over the summit of the hill, the Firth of Forth gleaming in the distance, the city beautiful for situation, reposing on her rocky seat, while the sun poured down upon her a flood of splendour, and the very air around kept holiday;—when I saw that, the blood tingled in my veins, and—I am not ashamed to say it—tears moistened the eye and trickled down the cheek—tears of gratitude and pride, for I went back to the olden times—the times of our Covenanting fathers—the times of Cromwell and his Ironsides; and I said, “No fear for my country. In the death-grapple of the nations, should it come, she will play her part right nobly. The sons will prove themselves worthy of their sires.

“The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, methinks, are breathing still.”

And such a spirit makes men invincible. The nation that breathes it is possessed of a charmed life—it drives death into the ranks of the foe. Britain, animated by such a spirit, might defy the world in arms. Come the wave of invasion whence it may, she'll drive it back; and if perchance invader's foot should touch her soil, it will only be that he may find in her soil a grave.

“ Oh ! warriors of Old England,
You'll hurry to the call ;
And her good ships shall brave the storm,
With their merry mariners, all.
In words she wasteth not her breath,
But, be the trumpet blown ;
And in the battle's dance of death,
She'll dance the bravest down.

* * * * *

God strike with our dear England,
And long may the old land be
The guiding glory of the world,
The home of the fair and free !
Old Ocean on his silver shield
Shall lift our little isle,
Unvanquished still by flood or field,
While the heavens in blessing smile.
Let Despot, Death, or Devil come,
United here we stand ;
We'll safely guard our island home,
Or die for the dear old land !”

Individuality.

A LECTURE

BY

REV. THEOPHILUS PEARSON.

INDIVIDUALITY.

A VERY high authority is reported to have recently stated, that "when a lecturer is invited to choose his own topic, there is a great temptation to show off himself more than his subject." Whether we are to receive this statement as the confession of experience, or the mere expression of opinion, does not clearly appear. Such statement has, however, supplied me with a curious and complimentary solution of your Committee's conduct towards myself. Believing, I suppose, with the individual referred to, that "a lecturer is under great temptation" to obtrusive egotism, when left to select his own topic, they have spared me this risk by bespeaking my subject as well as myself.

That subject is Individuality. I will not complain of my brief. Some "ideas" have their day; their influence may be brilliant, but, of necessity, brief. Others, however, may be said to possess all time and place. "Individuality" belongs to mankind; and a topic so vital and germinant is never out of date. Nevertheless, I will hope for it an especial worth and welcome amongst the young men of this Christian brotherhood. Your studies and occupations differ—your posts of action are wide apart,—but you are, I trust, one in chivalrous desire and effort to qualify yourselves for the duties that may best befit your Christian manhood. Such desire is the very pivot on which your

Association vibrates—the orbit in which your activities revolve.

Moreover, our topic harmonizes with the spirit of modern thought and the tendency of those wide-sweeping and majestic events which give marvel and momentousness to our times. The age, as we read it, is intensely practical. Raglan wrote home from the Crimea—"War demands men—not lads." Our age wants men—not speculative and visionary triflers, but good, earnest, transparent men,—practical in bent, pure in purpose, with principles wisely selected, and gifted with courage to maintain them. Such and such *only* can help to a successful settlement of the social and religious problems that now *press* for solution. It scarcely admits of argument, that one real fact transpiring now-a-days is of more living and practical import than the entire of mythical and fabulous history. Modern poetry has grown no fairer or more fragrant flower than the "Idylls of the King;" but we could not read it without thinking, that more happiness or misery hinge upon one hour of the social and religious struggle that chafes and surges within the sound of Bow-bells, than depend upon the existence and deeds of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. We value the past, but common sense demands that we train and address ourselves to those substantial realities that touch and encircle us. The ratio of practical purpose which a man discovers is his real value to God and his generation; by how much he diverges hence, by so much is his existence proved to be a grim anachronism, and a reflection upon the Providence who has cast him on these days.

It is idle for Churches, Dynasties, Corporations, or individuals, to take their stand upon the traditions and glories of a famous past. The foremost facts of our times illustrate this. Some short years ago Louis Philippe wrote sage counsels to

Ferdinand II. of Naples, advising more constitutional policy than Bourbon traditions could inspire. The infamous Bomba replied in these words: "Liberty is fatal to the Bourbons. We are not of this century. For us to adopt modern fashions were ridiculous. We will imitate the Hapsburgs." The miserable monarch wrote the death-warrant of his own dynasty when he penned that note. The disavowed century has now made reply:—"Liberty is fatal to the Bourbons. You are not of this century! You belong not to us! Agreed.—Pack up your ducats and begone! The nineteenth century can do without the Bourbons, but not without Liberty!" And so the Hapsburgh at Villafranca, and the Naples Bourbon, shut up at Gaeta, but illustrate the sentiment, that the age "proves all things, and holds fast that which is good." His Grace of Canterbury rebuked the sticklers for professional etiquette, and devotees of rubrical proprieties, when, in the Upper House, he justified the use of this hall on Sabbath evenings for the religious instruction of the working classes, in these memorable words—"The Church could pronounce no fitter reason for her own extinction than to declare herself incapable of adapting herself to the altered circumstances of our age." True, your Grace—true of all Churches, and true of the men who go to make them. The order of Nature is secured by making atom and planet obey one common law; and the progress of humanity is maintained by a rigid subjection of men and systems to one ordeal,—the test of practical usefulness. "The true wealth of a man," says a modern writer, "is the number of things which he loves and blesses." If a name was submitted to Napoleon for promotion, the inevitable query of this practical man was, "What has he *done*?" 'Tis the test of our times, and the age is thus insured from petrifying into fossil or withering into mummy.

If the age be so practical, no wonder that, thinking no less of organizations, we begin to think more of *men*; that Individuality has made its way to the forefront of modern thought. A fire burns brightest where the circle is enlarging: so, where men cease to be dealt with as sheep to be fleeced, or cattle to be driven—as in Italy, for example—this thought is held close to men's hearts. At home, if we mistake not, it is an ever-augmenting idea. The stand-points may be antipodal, but most earnest thinkers converge to this centre. Poetry pleads for it in the pages of Tennyson. Philosophy has couched lance for it in the muscular prose of Stuart Mill. The plucky idea has audaciously carried the Horse Guards; recruits are no longer drilled into machines, but educated, armed, and built up into intelligent men. Our modern education has espoused it. Formerly children were brought together *en masse*, like a promiscuous gathering of empty bottles. Buckets full of very doubtful liquor were poured upon them. If drops of information dribbled into the boy-mind, it was more "good luck than good management." But 'tis the aim and, in no small degree, success of modern teaching, that the individual pupil-mind shall come into contact with that of the master; and in our model day-school all who will may get knowledge, and so get it as to keep it.

Again, we may observe a silent revolution in the workings of our philanthropic and religious organizations. With clearer vision men show more practical faith in the axiom, that your whole is but the aggregate of *its parts*—that, improve your machinery as you may, you cannot make "silk purses out of sows' ears," and therefore must attend to the quality of your raw material. Houses built never so correctly in size, shape, and arrangement, are not rain-proof nor wind-tight if you have failed to get good bricks. Gun-boats made never so quickly and expensively, *must rot*, if built of green timber

and with villanously short bolts. Make your Association omnipotent—on paper: its *real* strength is the individual worth of those who form it.

Modern legislation does homage to *Individuality*. Men of all parties, with that political novelty, “a man of no party,” tell us now, that the true end of government is not, as the Genoese say, “to straighten the legs of the grasshoppers”—not in mistaken sympathy to interfere with individuals,—but to secure the utmost possible self-culture, self-help, self-action, compatible with the welfare of the whole. The State has too much approached the subject as did Alexander Diogenes, “What can I do for you?” and ’tis a hopeful omen that the self-reliance of modern Englishmen replies, “Nothing, save that you stand out of my way.” Civilization herself is now rated more or less imperfect according to the power, freedom, knowledge, and goodness which lodge in the single individual. Whatever insulates the man encircles him with barriers of just and honourable respect, gives him *his* world, confesses sovereignty in it: so that man shall commerce with man in that sense of independence and self-respect with which king holds intercourse with king, is, in these days, held to be the *citizen’s* right and *the commonwealth’s* defence.

The worth of the Individual gains, also, in the sphere of modern religionism. Man has gone for too little—not seldom for cypher—in the teachings of some of our modern pulpits. The distinction between moral inability and natural inability has been overlooked, till moral helplessness has sounded very much like absolute worthlessness. Truth sent to *humble* has thus been travestied into aimless humiliation of human nature; as if man, fallen, had ceased to be man. “God in Christ,” and the Spirit through Christ, are always and absolutely necessary to real soul-help; but Saviour-help accrues only where there is individual determined self-help.

Wilderness manna was not rained into the mouth of the indolent Israelite. The putrid taint of this diseased method of teaching shows itself in the resolute habit of *self*-depreciation which some people discover. Their morbid consciousness is a chamber of horrors. Like Charles V., they have determined to howl their own requiem and assist at their own obsequies. Self-conceit is sin, but self-contempt no less so. Turn right or left, and go far enough, you will reach the ocean, and may plunge into its waters. Self-conceit and self-contempt are opposite paths, but both end in self-ruin. Man cannot pass beyond his own hopes; and deeming himself worthless, 'tis as easy to dodge gravitation as escape his doom. Realize the worth of the individual to himself: convince him that, while sin has spoiled the soul of disposition towards God and goodness, capacity for both survives the ravage, and having persuaded him he is recoverable, you have more than begun his rescue.

Once more. The individual is not separable from the social condition and social purpose. Made *good in himself*, the result is producible in all his relations. "The worth of a State in the long run," says one, "is the worth of the individuals composing it." The evangelist energy of a Church is but the sum total of individual conditions. The earth's polarity is secured through the polarization of the atom. You will crane up this Association to its great mission, as you lodge earnest, simple, transparent godliness in your individual member. The dial-points of a watch *may* be wrong when the mainspring is good; but if your watch is feeble at the centre, will it *ever* be right? We hence infer the transcendent importance to the State, Church, society, world, of healthy, active Individuality.

But what does this seven-syllabled word signify?

Dictionary-men define it as "separateness of being." Its conventional use is more comprehensive. The adage says,

"Interpreters of law half make the law," and the meaning of words is much determined by the arbitrary will of those who use them. And within certain limits this seems desirable; for it almost inevitably occurs that in the usual acceptance of terms most in vogue, there is more value than in the more rigorous and apparently more precise definitions of etymology. Common sense gives their common signification to words, and common sense is the good genius who guides and governs humanity.

To speak botanically—this word Individuality is biflorous, and the two ideas we gather from this stem are one-ness and own-ness. A man is individual in his separateness from all others. A man is individual in his distinctiveness from *each* of every other,—individual, as containing in himself all essential to a man,—individual, as containing in himself something which constitutes *the* man.

Man is individual in his separateness from all others; complete in himself. His corporate nature is a man's own castle. No eye save his scans this interior; no will save his lords it within. Insulated and impenetrable by others, he is gifted with the Godlike faculty of self-comprehension. "For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him." This gift of introspection, his most valuable endowment, is too little understood and too seldom used. With no companionship so honourable or productive, none is less sought or valued than the companionship of self. We realize our existence in outward things which constitute the *interests* of self, rather than in that interior being thus acted upon. "When dial-points are true," says John Foster, "we seldom open our watches; if outward things be as we wish them, we seldom look within." Not seldom, man presents this paradox: wise abroad, he is ignorant at home. In the proud might of his intellect he subdues the outer world—scales its mountains, sounds

its seas ; counts, weighs, and names the stars ; groups and analyses its products, takes captive its elements ; but the *one* being who achieves this—HIMSELF—he knows not, and cares least to know. Hour by hour, as life's phenomena troop past with the ceaseless tramp and changing hues of an old-time pageant, the being called *I*, or *myself*, sits throned in imperial state, perceptive of all, perceived by none, immutable amidst unending change, immortal amidst perpetual death. The notion of self is the battle-ground on which the spears of political strife have often gathered ; and well-nigh every chieftain who has conquered fame, as a mental philosopher, has his own mode of realizing it.

Let us now rest in the assertion, that amid or behind all phenomena, moral and mental, there exists a dominating energy, directive of the whole—something separate from and superior to the faculty—the vital essence or life which operates in and through the faculties ; and we clutch this essence in the word *I*, or *myself*. The faculties have no life in themselves. For purposes of instruction we are used to say, this faculty perceives, and that understands, but the vital energy is in that self who, present through every part, is the bond and unity of the whole. Looking upon a machine, you may mentally divide its parts—observe wheels moving upon wheels with various velocities and different directions ; but you combine with such perception a sense of unity which proves, amid all this diversity, the essential oneness. So you may mentally divide the human mind into faculties and properties ; you may trace the relations which mutually subsist, but you must combine the whole to conceive of life or action. The truth is, no mental operation is possible which shall not involve the whole mind—a joint action under the government of the central personality. Ordinary modes of experience will illustrate my meaning. Who designed St. Paul's ? Sir Christopher

Wren's imagination? Sir Christopher Wren. Who presides in the Lower House?—Mr. Speaker's judgment? We say, Mr. Speaker. This sovereign personality, I or myself, is the *living* soul which distinguishes the *personal* life of a man from the impersonal existence of a shrub. Man, then, is a compound of many faculties and properties subject to this living sovereignty, and is, in himself, an indivisible entity.

Considered physically, man is insulated. Self-dependent, no other bodily energy can substitute his own. His lungs never lay up in ordinary, and he cannot bespeak the help of another man's legs. Appetite and sensation he divides with no one. His stomach is a self-feeding boiler, in which he generates his vital power; and if he mismanage his mechanism, it comes to a stop—perhaps a smash. We stay not here; for though the oddities and queerities that wear human shape are legion, the fool is surely unborn who would try to eat, drink, sleep, or walk by proxy. It is audacity made absolute to affirm what men, now-a-days, will *not* do; but we venture the assertion, that they are not likely to deny or ignore their physical individualism.

Man is intellectually insulated. No truth can penetrate the human intellect without the intellect itself be accessory to its admission. In an age of calculating-machines and ready-reckoners, we must not forget that there is no successful wrestling with facts, or their principles, except by the help of a man's own brains. Placed amid the piled-up treasures of human thought, which our country's thrift has secreted in the British Museum, the individual realizes nothing save what he passes through his own "reasoning mill." The determined exercise of our personal mind upon objects which are without is the very condition of mental growth. We thus accumulate mind-force. That judgment or sagacity which acts successfully in great emergencies,

helping its possessor to do the right thing at the right time, is no supernatural bestowment, nor can it be put into a man by pedagogue, however skilled. It springs from broad-visioned personal observation of a multitude of facts, the mutual relations of which have been perceived, and which, having been mentally assimilated, are taken up into the very fabric of the mind. Observation and experience are thus transmuted into intelligence. But all this must be done in the independent exercise of a man's own powers.

Man is complete in his moral and religious nature. The Bible has not created the moral sense, though divinely adapted and authorized to evoke and perfect its healthy exercise. Human responsibility hinges on no external conditions. These dwarf or heighten the degree, but responsibility is a constituent of our mental and moral constitution. It is inseparable from man—the invisible but real energy which binds satellite to the sun—man to his Maker. Hence God's appeals and admonitions are to the individual: "My son, give me thine heart." Ministers are finger-posts to guide man: but, were the Saviour Himself my spiritual guide, I myself must tread the way, until, from amid all the sorrows of individual repentance, I am uplifted by a personal faith in Christ into the abounding joy of consciously received salvation. The very circulation of the Gospel is pivoted on the integrity of the individual. "Ye shall be gathered *one* by *one*." The surpassing worth of the unit-man is a *Divine* revelation, witnessed with especial force in the fact, that no energy of redemption lies dormant, but the whole magnificence and power of this sublime appliance moves with concentrate energy to the salvation of *one* soul. Christianity is God's portraiture of Himself, done in the order of highest art; for, were all men at one moment gathered to adore that face, each of the whole would see

and feel the Divine eye and the Divine smile settled on *himself*. The Gospel therefore deals with man as an integral and indissoluble unit, declaring that, in the individuality of his guilt, he needs all, is worth all, and by God's word and "oath" is made welcome to all that has been obtained by the Saviour's mediation.

Mark the contrast between human and Divine legislation. State polity deals with man in bulk or in classes. The Gospel individualizes him. The one groups men in classes by a standard of external accidents, such as birth, property, occupation; the other deals with persons, and confesses no distinction among them save that of greater or less individual knowledge, goodness, action. Coleridge has hence remarked that "a church is in idea the only pure democracy, because in it persons are alone considered, and one person, *à priori*, is equal to another person."

Permit me here some straight-speaking respecting the dogma of mediate belief—that fungous growth of days more recent than the age of apostolic inspiration. This dogma is destructive of individuality in every sense of the word. The surpassing importance of those interests and issues that are perilled by a man's surrender of his moral and religious self to the will of a priest, cannot be over-rated. Reason, conscience, the future,—all considerations most strictly inward, personal, and lasting, are hereby jeopardized. We pity the man who, by fraud or force, has submitted his *material* interests to some visible human authority; but body-bondage, always a man's misfortune, is seldom his crime. But when conscience, thought, the inward moral being, are at stake, submission to foreign dominion is an actual moral suicide; and he judges himself unworthy of his manhood who thus abdicates the CROWN RIGHTS of his immortal soul. While there are herrings to be swallowed, we shall never hear the last of sharks. While men will bend

their neck to the yoke of the confessional, we shall never want priests who can relieve them of their silver, but not of their sins. Certainly no usurpation can be more flagrant, and no conceit more damnable, than for a priesthood among men to promise for guineas and pistoles to save men's souls. The scoundrelism of Antichrist can no farther go. And yet to uphold this system, so subversive of individual rights, so perilous to individual well-being, we have found men, our fellow-subjects, prepared to sell blood, muscle, and brains. That monstrous compound of folly and cowardice, the Irish brigade, has received its apotheosis at the hands of Dr. Cullen. No Roman Catholic of mark has protested, so far as we know, against the prostitution of his faith at this shrine of infamy. The inevitable inferences are, that the Popery of our century cannot understand or appreciate political freedom; that there is essential and undying hostility between the domination of the Papal hierarchy and "the liberty of the subject;" that freedom, Italian, British, or wherever found, would be put down and trampled out, could Popery recover her opportunity: that equality, on the lip of her priests, is but the stalking-horse behind which she stealthily advances to the assassination of thought, conscience, liberty; and that the real end of her political agitation across the Channel and elsewhere is ascendancy, which, once recovered, would enable her to take fearful revenge for centuries of defeat and humiliation. Let those who will, lament the downfall of such ascendancy in our fatherland. I too well remember the epitaph recorded on the brigand's tomb: "Traveller, mourn me not; had I been living, you would have been dead."

But I beg to remind the Association that *our* danger in England is not the *avowed* Popery, which we can reach and countervail, but a Popery of modern Protestantism—not so assailable. Entomologists tell of insects who strike into the

bodies of others, there depositing eggs whose vivification is dependent upon the animal heat supplied by the unfortunates whose individuality has been thus invaded. Popery has struck into the Anglicanism of this century, depositing the dogmas of priestism in the fabric of the Establishment, and hoping to secure life and progress for these by the help of Protestant churches and Protestant revenues. This pseudo-Protestantism is wholly subversive of that vivid individuality essential to the vitality and progress of a Christian church. Its advocates invest our blessed Redeemer with attributes which, not theoretically but practically, are transferred to men. In their histrionic ceremonialism, Christ is removed to the background; a convenience, a last resort, producible on demand, and barely then. To all practical purposes, the Saviour is invisible to the believer,—superseded, sunk in the pretentious overshadowing of their Church ritualism. Let the pseudo-priest persuade his victim that *he* has inherent right to absolve from sin, and determine conduct, and this visible man will naturally, and almost inevitably, intercept the worship, faith, and obedience due to none “save Jesus only.” The case of the more vigorous intellects may prove exceptional, but the effect upon the multitude must be utter self-surrender to the mischievous despotism of unprofitable forms; and the miserable *caput mortuum* will be the depreciation and degeneracy of the individual who is subject to the dogma. Recollect, this teaching resolves all into *authority*—*the authority of the priesthood*. Then, by slow but sure, unceasing but silent growth, such as it is the instinct of power to accomplish, these “lords over God’s heritage” proceed to consolidate what they have usurped, ever enlarging their invasion and conquest of the inheritance of the common flock of Christ, till usage endorses the sacrilege, time covers up its criminality under the hoary sanction of

antiquity, and nothing short of Church revolution can dispossess this despotic sacerdotalism. But wherever and so long as this dynasty abides, it makes impossible that individuality of thought and conduct which, while quite consistent with order and a rational discipline, is essential to the Church's life and progress—as essential as the corporate feeling to purge and exalt the more selfish impulses. It appears to be the fate of some churches, as of some states, to be afflicted with an *imperium in imperio*, called “the party of order and union,” who, in the spiritual as in the secular, seek to accomplish a despotic centralization which, by quenching the play of all healthy individuality, leaves nothing to the teacher but irresponsible authority, and nothing to the taught but blind, stupid, and impotent obedience. In opposition to this we espouse the Scripture truth, “Let every man be fully persuaded in *his own mind*.” Religion is, and must ever remain, a purely personal matter between man and God; and wherever it ceases to be this, and an external human authority is interposed, religion becomes impure, society is endangered, and the design of God is violated. Any human priesthood, except the priesthood of converted humanity, is a deliberate plot against the estate of Christ and the individuality of man; “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”

Every man, then, is one single individual agent; complicated in structure, yet a complicated unity. Neither solitude nor society can impair the integrity of his individualism. To himself, his future, his God, he is distinct; no matter whether he lives in that deepest of all solitudes—the million-peopled city—or, in literal loneliness, treads his adventurous path amid the eternal silence of unknown and unpeopled lands. He is related to the aggregate of being, not as a branch to its tree, but as a tree to the forest; not as the atom to its planet, but as the orb to its

brotherhood of stars. Such is man, pivoted on the consciousness of his own personal responsibility, and sweeping on around his centre, God.

Nor are we to suppose our individuality limited to this life—perishable at the threshold of eternity. A popular school of modern Pantheism maintains that the human soul “is part and particle of God,” and returns to Him, not as a responsible unit, whose future condition will be determined by His judicial decree, in an eternal individuality of weal or woe, but that we shall return to God by absorption, and be thenceforth contained in Him, as the drop is resolved into ocean whence it came, or the atom, disturbed for a moment by the breeze, descends and merges in kindred dust. It is insisted that, confessing my own nothingness, I shall cheerfully welcome my own extinction by this process of absorption into God—the infinite Chronos, who will hereafter feed on His own offspring. And when nature shrinks from such dogma, impelled thereto by an intuitive antipathy to non-existence, (which is itself an absurdity, except it has been lodged in humanity as prophet and pledge of future individual being,)—when we declare unwillingness to be thus “unclothed” of personality, these teachers teem forth bitterness and bile at our “unreason and unphilosophic stupidity.” “This people, who know not our law, are cursed.” A condemned felon was once told to decide whether he would be drowned, hanged, or flogged to death, and it is said he found it difficult to make up his mind. Surely, when the delicious prospect of being snuffed out of being is thus offered us, we should not be expected to kindle into enthusiasm. It is not every man who could help to make his own coffin, or dig his own grave. My experience does not help me to a comprehension of the man who can offer jubilant pæans in the hope of his own extinction, and yearn for a good time coming, when “all

shall be in God, and nothing but God be." I submit that such deliberate efforts to heap contempt on human personality is the *ne plus ultra* of irrational absurdity. One might suppose some supernatural vigour had suddenly upheaved the hideous creations of a former epoch, unearthing, from some far-down stratum of the dead past, the fossil organisms of a species long extinct, and so revived, they have become vital and active in our days. Or, has Providence judicially visited us by giving spurious philosophy authority to effect gaol delivery of all her ancient paradoxes and grotesque absurdities, which the sense and conscience of former ages had imprisoned in just oblivion, so that the condemned convicts of a former epoch have got "tickets of leave," and prowl once more amongst honest men, the curse and canker of modern society?

This notion of "the absorption of the human soul into the Divine Essence" may be new to our ears, but it is not new to Christianity. She met and vanquished this foe as far back as the third century. Plotinus made this a "leading article" in his business. Like a Cheap John at our modern fairs, he went about shouting—"Ecstasy!" "Absorption!" but humanity would neither believe nor buy, and both he and his philosophy were failures. To argue against such things is like seeking to chop into small pieces the already slashed and slain. "Sirs, we would see Jesus." "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called: which some professing have erred concerning the faith." How vague, illusive, vain-glorious these teachings, compared with the simple, transparent, authoritative word of Jesus! Of many arguments which might be offered in behalf of the personality of being in a future world, that which to a Christian mind is most valuable and assuring, is the argument deducible from the reve-

lation of Christ. Capable and commissioned to this very purpose, Jesus brings home to "our business and our bosoms" a sense of personal responsibility, and the assurance of glorified personal life. Inhabiting a solitude of authority and ability, which none other human teacher can pretend to share, He pledges His resurrection of our body and soul to His great assize. He comforts His own by declaring there are *many mansions* in His Father's house, to which His elect shall finally be gathered. As our Redeemer, He re-affirms and re-pledges that personality of being in which as Creator He originally formed us; and giving abundant scope for the inquiring soul in what He has said, has, by the self-imposed severity of restraint which limits His teaching, cautioned us against unhallowed speculation upon what He has left unsaid; so that while "*it doth not yet appear* what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Resemblance and companionship are happily distinct from absorption and annihilation.

Man is, and *for ever must* be, an individual self-acting agent; and we wish to enforce one practical use of this truth.

There is in the present life an authoritative relation of individual agency to individual well-being. Mr. Disraeli says, "We are the trustees of posterity;" but man is the trustee of *his own* future. "Man is master of his own fate," says one, "but some men are their own evil genius." Not that he is absolute disposer of his own future, but that it is more in his own grasp than is generally supposed. Who that has crowned the summit of success, but can recal the occasion when *one* false step would have proved fatal? Who so inevitably miserable that he cannot see the possibility of a brighter and better future if he had but laid hold of it? Every man has his Rubicon, but only few have wit to see it, and courage to cross it. We are not tied hand and foot by Destiny, but are

creatures of Opportunity. As we use or abuse this, we rise and fall. No doubt the frequent and popular misuse of this word destiny, which cannot be legitimately appropriated in human experience, has tended to discourage self-effort after self-improvement.

Right action involves two things: right knowledge of the laws whereby future well-being is made to hinge upon present conduct, and habitual subjection to those laws. Most people, however, are either ignorant of the conditions upon which man's well-being depends, or refuse to recognise them. Success is a growth, and like all growths—mental, moral, physical—reducible to law. When we say man is the creator and guardian of his own well-being, we do not exclude the agency of Providence. A ship is controlled by her crew; but their control is within conceivable limits, and self-control has its limit. The vessel may perish, despite her crew; but self-help begun, continued, and ended in God, never fails its goal. Granted, that certain conditions, external and adventitious, are not guaranteed by God to any amount of self-help; wealth and health are not to be absolutely predicated of any conduct, but prudent and persistent assertion of our personal agency, amid all experiences, is the surest road to these we can ever hope to travel. A man's condition to-day is the sheer product of many causes or influences, among which personal agency has been the directive or presiding reason. The better educated the man—that is, the more mind, power, or culture—the more palpably *that* man can control and enlarge his own well-being; the less his moral and mental training, the *less* his resistance to external influences: circumstances will the more despotise both soul and body. Without a miracle, *he must* pass through life a feather, the toy of every wind—a log, the drifting and unresisting victim of ever-contending tides.

Some declare this subjection to external influences the

normal and unescapable condition of humanity. In their *positive* teaching man is the creature of circumstance. In general these writers study opaqueness of style, as it nervously afraid plain speaking would swamp their theory. In their "orations" and "essays," thought glimmers, but seldom shines. Blow the froth from their syllabub, and the left liquor amounts to this:—Man is the creature of necessity. Disposition and conduct are made for him, not by him. All mental, moral, and physical phenomena are of predetermined necessary development; the inevitable sequence of fixed constitutional laws. Hence the idea of moral evil is "not to be entertained in a rational agent; it is atheism, the last profanation;" and the Arch Tempter of this modern apostasy unblushingly binds this blaspheming phylactery about his brazen brows: "Man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."*

The fair sequence of all this teaching would be, that we proceed to dissolve the police; pull down the Old Bailey; abolish Parliament; extinguish judicial administration, from Lord Chancellor down to the parish constable; and resolve society into anarchy, pervaded by no law, but "each for himself, and devil take the hindmost." Where there is no *evil*, let there be no penalty. If it be moral profanation to conceive of *moral evil*, how can it be socially right to inflict *punishment*? Suppose your butler, whom you ordered to carry your plate to your banker's for security, were to call at the sign of the Golden Balls, and deposit it there on the usual terms; is it credible that you would refuse to prosecute the rogue, in the belief that man cannot act but as he is made to act, and that when pledging your silver "he was on *his* way to all that is good and true?" There was once a philosopher

* My difficulty in presence of such statement is, what business has any man in gaol or on gibbets, if his conduct deserves such verdict, that "he is on his way to all that is good and true!"

who held all men were phantoms, and report hath it, that when he met his foes he put his creed in force, and held no converse, *for* men were *phantoms*; but when he met his *friends*, he put his creed on the shelf—held out his right hand, and was “Hail fellow, well met.” And unless these prophets of human irresponsibility, or necessitarianism, do practically abjure the protection of *law*, they stand self-convicted by such inconsistency, as ethical “smashers” who circulate an unauthorized coinage, knowing it to be base counterfeit.

This dogma of irresponsibility respecting belief and conduct, attained unusual importance some years ago. *Stat magni nominis umbra*. “It stands the shadow of a mighty name.”

It has not seldom happened that the most gigantic minds have demonstrated the peccability of the human intellect by few and far between expression of sentiments greatly below the character and calibre of their average thinkings. And whenever a people consecrate intellect before goodness, and worship genius before truth, it is ordained of God that their cherished idols be sometimes betrayed into temporary aberrations from common sense and common prudence. The ancient prophet denounced the sins of his fatherland thus: “The Lord said, Forasmuch as this people have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precepts of men, therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people, even a marvellous work, and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.” “And,” says good old Matthew Poole, when commenting on this paragraph, “this was, indeed, a wonderful thing for their wise men to be made fools.” Is not this tragic prediction fulfilled in the ominous fact, that many of our most popular thinkers have espoused the objectionable sentiment to which we now refer? But another solution

is at hand: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*. No man is in constant possession of his wits. Every house has a tile off now and then. Truly the genius of self-contradiction never showed bolder licence over educated intellect than when that *αὐτὸς ἀνδρῶν*, the venerable "king of men," Lord Brougham, uttered his notorious apophthegm: "Man shall no more render account to man for his belief, over which *he has himself no control*, and nothing shall prevail upon us to blame or praise any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature." For a lawyer, of all others, to declare man's irresponsibility, was something midway between a joke and an anachronism!! For a baker to open shop in a churchyard, or for the London brewers to combine in advocacy of the Maine Liquor Law, would be as appropriate as for a lawyer to declare man irresponsible. It was a showy ingenuity whereby a celebrated mental acrobat, ordinarily standing upon his feet, suddenly exhibits on his head. It is impossible to conceive a sentiment more contradictory of Henry Brougham at the bar—more opposed to those principles of right, justice, truth, which inspired his classic efforts in the forum; which gave weight and truth to his winged words in the senate,—ay, warmed into white-heat his fervid oratory *ad populum*. What! man "irresponsible for his belief, as for the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature! Then statute-books, silk gowns, Nisi Prius, and woolsack are a costly mistake—a magnificent impertinence." I share with my fellow-countrymen the pride and admiration with which this "old man eloquent" is everywhere regarded. Long may he be spared to science, philosophy, philanthropy; but I trust that ere his active intellect and intensely human heart shall be gathered to the Abbey, he will, as the matured fruit of his life-long husbandry, and the best legacy he can

bequeath to future ages, publicly revoke this noxious sentiment.

It cannot be doubted, however, that where the fact of individual agency and its relation to personal well-being are theoretically received, these truths are practically ignored. Hundreds of young men dream, desire, idealize a future they never try to *make*. Floating on the current of circumstances, they exhibit no rational befitting assertion of their personal agency. Do such men live? *No*. Do such vegetate? Barely that; for plants convert surrounding circumstances to their own purpose, and if hostile circumstances overcome them they die game—trying to live. Of course sickly and diseased organisms have no *future*. On the other hand, we know some bold, brave working men whose kingship over inferior existences is proved, not by pedantic reference to the terms in which the title runs, but by such earnest and continued forth-putting of brain, muscle, soul, as ensures and manifests progress of the whole man.

The Saviour's method sends men to "lilies of the field" and "fowls of the air" to gather precious argument and impulse to quiet rest in God. Let us go down into the animal world, and see even there the capability of self-help. From rudest and most uncouth organizations upwards, you may observe how individual well-being is made and maintained by wise use of circumstance; and it would appear, even here, no small degree of self-education is secured by experience.

Take first our valued friend, the oyster. He believes in the voluntary principle. Self-help in him is feeble, and, like most feeble things, he sticks tenaciously to mud; but when the flowing tide shall bring his food, he knows his opportunity, "opens his mouth and takes what Providence sends him."

The wild duck, at daybreak, seeks the ocean as a good

opening for individual agency—draws out, however, at night-fall, and invests in the running streams of inland meadows, whose banquets of green food reward his patient toil.

Ask the sportsman why the birds fly "*wild*" in January, as compared with September. Past danger makes them wary. The fox who survives a dozen runs, develops into an artful dodger, and whenever he baffles the hounds, "adds a wrinkle," and thereby diminishes the likelihood of ultimate capture. The dog, the elephant, would also illustrate our proposition, and with greater force; for 'tis observable that the more complicate the living organism, the more manifest the assertion and value of that law of individual agency, by means of which individual well-being is realized. If, then, through every gradation of animal life you may trace the perpetual relation of individual agency to individual well-being, and if the operation and value of this law be more or less palpable and resultful according to individual position in the scale of being, are we to be told that man is the reversal of this law, and that *he* is the creature and victim of circumstance? It is God's prerogative and habit to be over-ruling evil for good; making the wrath of man to praise Him, "according to the working, whereby He is able to *subdue all things* unto himself." And is it not this very image and likeness of God in which man was made, that he should have dominion over "himself," his own "condition," his own "future?" Is it not of the very essence of soul to subdue the hostility of circumstance—to pluck from the nettle of Danger the flower of Safety, and dig out of the fields of defeat the germ of approaching victory?

What! Man the creature of circumstance, and can no more control his belief than the colour of his hair, or the height of his stature! Man, gifted with mighty and majestic will—the fount and centre of self-action—with conscience, which determines right from wrong; with intelligence, which dis-

tinguishes the nature and proper relations of things; and with every chamber of his soul lighted up with the consciousness of immortality! Has the sceptre of individual agency been withheld or broken in his grasp, and has the law which makes well-being the sheer product of previous conditions upon which individual agency has been exercised, broken down in utter feebleness just where the necessity is most apparent? Are the hills stored with iron *only* to attract the fiery bolt of lightning? Is power conferred upon the viewless wind or mighty ocean only that, roused up in angry wrath, they may *ravage* and *destroy*? Has man been enriched with vast and varied powers *only* that his misery may be more thorough—his failure more complete? and that angels may be the more appalled by the horrid spectacle of his utter overthrow. Is man's condition irresponsibility—his prospect annihilation?—his symbol the dark thunder-cloud that nourishes in its own bosom the means and pledge of its own destruction, and liable any moment to be rent, dispersed, and lost in the wild fury of those elements which *itself* concealed?

Do I, to-night, speak to one down-hearted warrior of the huge life-battle—well-nigh resolved to fling away hope, effort, all? Say you, temperament, circumstances, occupation, social surroundings—all these things are against me, and who can hold ground against such odds as these?—Who? *You!* if you go but the right way about it. Have you calmly and defendably settled the fundamental questions—What *is* success? In what consists the true nobleness of life? Surely, for every man there is some nobleness, more than what the tailor, hair-dresser, jeweller, and clear-starching laundress can do for him? Surely, “the image of God” is something else and higher than a “mass of money-making clay,” or an animated clothes-peg. Surely, a thriving trade, a snug and well-furnished house, a well-

stocked larder, and a handsome balance at our city banker's, are not *the* end for which we have come into this world. "Man shall not *live* by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Your "chief good" is in a meek, manly, intelligent, and active devotion of yourselves to the glory and purpose of Almighty God. "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole of man"—his first duty, his true dignity, his sole happiness. Any pursuit that tends not to earnest piety and sincere obedience will end in sad and bitter sorrow. Realize then your true centre. Your first necessity is a right aim, and you are "commanded" to find this in God. Having adopted this, act towards it wisely and unceasingly. Essay the conquest of indolence, impurity, ignorance, evil temper, evil habits in your own strength, and effort will only multiply defeat. A good, brave, earnest soul of olden time said, "The good that I would I do not; the evil that I would not, that I do." Is yours Paul's ailment?—be yours his cure. Seek your Saviour; nay, *find* Him. Gather the rich harvest; ay, and glean up every fragment of moral truth which grows within sight of your Redeemer's cross. "Take Christ's yoke upon you, and learn of Him;" and when placed in His school, *grow* in all knowledge, faith, and obedience. Kindle your lamp of self-examination at the shrine of Holy Writ. "Cleanse your way, by taking heed thereto; according to God's word."

And now, having your heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, your spirit in devout subjection to God's will, and your intellect bending in homage to the Book-revelation, essay true progress in outward circumstance; desire, resolve, endeavour to improve your moral, social, and intellectual status. To be born in a given social grade is no reason you should *die* in it. All men cannot rise to wealth, honour, fame: a multitude will

always underlie and hold up the social pyramid. "The poor ye have always with you." But the man's soul is very scraggy, and he is dishonest to himself, who infers that the lot of the many must therefore be *his*. Be resolved to *rise*. The man who does not, never will. Show your sturdy sense and manly piety by cheerful consent, and practical recognition of the conditions assigned by God to success in life. The laurel is a hardy plant, and does not like the hothouse. Moral out-growth, and social up-growth, cannot be *forced* by artificial means. None conquer who, through pride or fear, refuse to fight. Many sit on the banks of life's rolling stream, hoping the current of events will take the turn adapted to their wishes. They lisp a modern cant, about "being resigned to one's circumstances," which mental condition becomes no one, except the man who, trusting in God, tries to improve his circumstances. Baptizing idleness, they call it resignation. "They light the fire of fancy without hanging over it the porridge-pot of practice." They drop the substance-morsel of present opportunity, in hope of the shadowy-more that gleams in the reflecting mirror of desire. "The bird in your hand is worth two in your neighbour's bush." In hope and faith cultivate the plot that is around you. If you would enrich the future with much treasure of gift, deed, opportunity, be careful—almost to avarice—of the moments, helps, occasions, that belong to to-day.

Becloud not your future by vain regrets at the graveside of a dead past. Begin bravely, *where you are*. Be prepared for a few knock-down blows from without. He only knows no failure who makes no effort. Never snivel over disappointments; there is a kernel-moral at the core of each: break through the husk and seize it. Your true man wrests the very elements of soul-growth out of dis-

appointment, as an Æolian harp gathers music from the breeze. In mechanics you try, and fail. What then?—You try again. So in morals; and none deserve to win save those who have never despaired of victory. The shell carries in it the roar of ocean, when farthest removed from its native bed. The soul strong in pure purpose, and loyal to God's truth, retains hope of self and faith in God, when farthest driven from the goal of cherished desires. "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me;" that is—

"All things that do become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

We hasten now to consider the other aspect of our subject; individuality—as implying a distinctiveness of endowment and conduct, whereby a man shall be discriminated from each and every other.

Every man is designed to have a character of his own; to be, in an important sense, what no other being is; and do, in an important degree, what no other being can. Gathering counsel from many and wisest sources, there yet remain to him occasions for the assertion of his personal judgment, in cases where foreign counsel may aid, but must never *determine* his conduct. As children, we are but passive recipients of what others impart to us; but are we to perpetuate our infancy even to the grave?

It is justly complained that the influences of society are in excess—that from early youth society "swaddles the human will, in order that throughout life it may preserve happy and salutary suppleness;" and that under this treatment individuality of character—the absence of which from the body corporate no other presence can compensate—is being neutralized and destroyed. Undeniably, *most* people are content to be fashioned on the conventional

model—to melt themselves down into one or other of the moulds which society has made for their use ; or, like racing-jockeys, to sweat themselves down to the weight prescribed for that arena in which they are to exhibit. Dip your hand into the social bag, and the first dozen men you pull out are as like each other as would be so many marbles, bricks, or bullets. Distinctive crystallization of character there is none. Society has licked them into the orthodox shape,—got them up after the regulation pattern. The registrar of their births may tell you who's who, but society has well-nigh swindled these men out of their own identity. They carry their names upon their cards, or they would, ere this, have forgotten *them*. Why are men so easy to commit this suicide upon their mental and moral selves ? That it is a difficult question how far we are to profit from society without doing violence to our individuality, we most readily allow. To gather its advantages without being enslaved to it,—to winnow its maxims, motives, judgments, and, rejecting the chaff, retain the wheat,—to accept its better teachings, so as to maintain unweakened the sceptre of personal mind,—to seize the advantages of corporate action, which are legion, and yet preserve a maiden assize in *foro conscientia*,—this is no mean difficulty ; but it is open to solution by all who have wit to value it, courage to endeavour it, and in faith rely upon inspired teaching. We fear that life, with too many, is but the effort of an actor who plays his part before the foot-lights ; his only aims that “ he may please his patrons,” and “ make it pay.”

Recollect no man is a faultless model to his fellow-man. Another man's clothes will not fit me. The very peculiarity which enriches him, and is *his* as the result of his gift or experience, but impoverishes the slavish copyist. In him it is a healthy outburst of hidden but real power,—in him it agrees with the general style of the building ; but on the copyist it

shows as an unsightly excrescence, and, like other excrescences, it is fatal to growth. I am aware there is an individuality much to be dreaded; you may scent it in our social circles as you do unwholesome meat in June. Some make their oddities their test of greatness, and peer about to catch the general eye. Clowns of the social arena, they cannot forget the crowded benches before which they play their part. Seemingly, they start life on the principle of wounding as many susceptibilities as possible. Society, say they, is altogether wrong, and we are the men to right it. Of course people are more anxious to write their epitaph than confess their wisdom. This extreme assertion of oneself is a fool's policy, but something may be surely said against the ceaseless accommodation of oneself to "what other people do," for "fear of what other people may say," or against unresisting submission to customs and usages from no higher reason than "Such are expected of us in good society." Alloy your gold, it works the better, but you have debased it; and, doubtless, a blind subservience to conventional dogma helps to quiet life, easy life, and short-witted eulogy on good breeding; but it debases the mental and moral man. Now, no violation of the moral sense is so slight, no trickery so small, but its frequent repetition insures most dangerous consequences. "*Gutta cavat lapidem.*" A tree in the primeval forest, though severed from root by woodman's axe, still stands erect, held up by surrounding fellows; but it is *now* only a sapless, leafless trunk, and gives no beauty nor vigour to the forest commonwealth. *So* the man who has abdicated his individuality is neither ornament nor defence, but drag and deduction upon the body politic.

The Heroism our age most needs is resolute loyalty to deliberately-formed convictions. Men should, at all hazards, do right more and more from the teachings of their own enlightened minds; less from sympathy with the multi-

tude, since numbers are no index of truth, and singularity is preferable to sin. We readily believe this real nonconformity gathers daily to its noble ranks. There are men, and such multiply amongst us, who have set their faces, like flint, against the humbugs and unrealities of social, commercial, and religious life,—to whom a seat in Parliament is no temptation, if they *must* debauch their fellow-men with bribes before they enter there; men to whom Basinghall-street and the *Gazette* would be welcome rather than false weights, short lengths, adulterations, puffing advertisements, and other modern trade tricks,—men who resolve to be unknown rather than dodge, stand cap in hand, and flunkeyise at the heels of this man or the door of that committee,—men, in short, whose love to God “abounds in all knowledge and in all judgment;” and who will retort upon such usage and edict as society upholds and the Bible forbids, as did ancient nonconformists upon the Babylonian despot: “Be it known to thee, O World, that we will not fall down and worship the golden image which thou hast set up.” Such men, thank God, there *are*, who, in all their method, show the clear stamp of individual mind, and move to all duty under the high sanctions of enlightened individual conscience. Such Pre-Raphaelites in conduct are the life and glory of our Christian churches,—the bulwark and hope of our temporizing age. Such men are, however, the exception: they should be the rule.

Nature everywhere maintains an individuality in her products. Grass-blades, leaves, flowers, all animal existences, up to “the human face divine,” are each distinct the one from every other. Nor can it be reasonably doubted but human minds are as individual as human bodies. All men are alike responsible, but the mind-force, through which responsibility operates, and the circumstances which make its sphere of action, vary in every case. The parable of the talents teaches this. *Each* man receives “according to his several

ability." On this Dean Trench remarks, "The natural is the ground upon which the spiritual is superinduced, and grace does not dissolve the groundwork of the individual character, nor abolish all its peculiarities, nor bring all that are subject to it to a common standard."

The ethics of the New Testament leave scope for the play of this individuality. St. Paul asks, "Why is my liberty judged by another's conscience?" Another's conscience is not the standard of mine, nor another's persuasion the measure of my liberty.

Moreover, why is there such studied absence from the New Testament of sharply-defined teaching respecting the ceremonial and discipline of a Christian church, but that with individuality of temperament, gift, condition, it would be unnatural to adopt one standard for all? Theologic controversies and church divisions are inevitable, where the sanctities of human intellect and conscience are duly guaranteed. Let not the executive mind of our Christian churches deem it either wisdom or safety to seek a maximum of legislation. *De minimis non curat lex*. Legislation about trifles is apt to make all legislation appear trifling, and provokes into action a rebel energy which is apt to go beyond the annulling of the pettifogging statutes that roused it into life.

It may be that those who hobble to conclusions on the crutches that other people have made to their order, may see their way to acceptance of all that is held in the standards of their communion; but who that plies his own pickaxe in the Bible quarry, or has grasped the faith in the energy of his own plodding, praying individuality, will be at *one* on every point with the standard of the church to which he belongs? The men who have reached Christianity on *lies themselves laid down*, and have been guided ever in their investigation of the Bible by "power from on

high," are just the men to hold fast by truth when all others fail. Troubles which shake off from Christianity loose and laggard particles, drive these honest atoms into closer bond and union. It appears to us a great want of the times, that the maintained essentials of a church should be more rigidly mustered at the bar of individual judgment. The living orthodoxy of one generation may be dead, in-operative dogma in the hands, but wanting from the hearts of its successor ; while the true strength of a church is the amount of living individual conviction respecting doctrines and discipline to be found within its pale—and *no more* than that.

Is it necessary to add, that when the complicated business of this worn-out world shall be "wound up," the judgment which shall try *every man's* work shall be set upon the principle of individuality, and in every case the Great Proprietor will vary His demand according to the distinctiveness of stewardship which He shall estimate who "knoweth us" altogether? And if the "hereafter" is to be fixed by reference to this, why do men persist in ignoring it now?

This sinking of oneself is common with brute natures, but it is excusable in them. Sheep "follow their leader," and monkeys sit mimicking each other; but *they* relish it. Man perseveres with *his* copyism, though this ingenuity be found to be hateful. We lampoon the usage of China, which crushes ladies' feet; but are the modern fashions of our own fair countrywomen safe against criticism? One man is wroth with Government for dressing the Guards in bearskin shakos, but he himself wears a huge black hat which he intensely hates—simply "because other people do." Nor does this self-contradiction create surprise: we are trained to it. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Scarcely is a child born than society, with its

patent mind and body-squeezer, drives away every vestige of naturalness. The child apes the man. Paterfamilias sees himself repeated in his precocious boy; and so the little mocking-bird continues through life to echo every note which makes vocal the grove, but with all its chatter produces no note of its own. The result of all this social action upon the individual is bald uniformity—a melancholy stereotype.

You will not misunderstand my object in these remarks. Conformity to custom is not *necessarily* wrong, but unreasoning conformity is most unreasonable. Patient scrutiny of what is submitted for our adoption will neither damage society nor us. Most conventionalisms are founded in common sense; the rest on the sand of stupid and reasonless ceremony. It is the duty of a wise man to distinguish these;—uphold the one, and “throw the other to the dogs.”

We have little doubt that the foolish and irksome regulations respecting dress, etiquette, and social hospitalities now in vogue, go far to compel strong minds to a solitude they do not covet, and a reticence they do not enjoy. Let such an one be found in the circle of select society, he is *endured*, while polite and perfumed boobies declare, with air and tone of patronizing pity, that for *him* it may be permitted to suspend society’s usually inflexible law.

Young man, quarrel not with society, but be upon your guard against its despotism. Transfer not your allegiance to the many, nor make any one man your idolized ideal. Find your example in the Saviour, and, as respects inferior matters of daily life, use your own judgment; act more freely on your own honest instincts; learn from all who have anything good to impart; plagiarize no one; *be yourself*; appear to all men only as you are. Cromwell sat to Lely for his portrait. Sir Peter knew better how to paint a

king than a *man*. His palette had never committed high treason against the royal self-complacence; and when Cromwell was his study, Lely began to soften down the rugged lines which seamed the Protector's face. Cromwell believed in truth, both on canvas and elsewhere, and stopping Lely suddenly, said, "No, man, no! paint me as I am, wrinkles and all." In that same spirit accomplish daily life. Tell the truth to yourself about yourself, and seek not to appear other than you are. Horace Bushnell says:—"To strain after something new and peculiar is fantastic and weak; to be a copyist, working at the reproduction of a human model, is to have no faith in one's significance—to judge that God means nothing in his particular life, but only in the life of some other man. Submitting himself in this manner, to the fixed opinion that his life means nothing, and that nothing is left for him but to borrow or beg a life-plan from some other man, what can the copyist become but an affectation or a dull imposture?"*

Are you, then, falling into the plan of God by trying this real and vigorous expression of yourselves? To be well formed you must be self-formed. External helps cannot substitute the energy to be invoked from within. Mechanical genius has contributed largely to swell our material comforts, but this cannot be brought to bear *in rebus mentis* without enervating the intellect. What are encyclopædias, dictionaries of dates, ready-reckoners, concordances, but intellectual machines, whereby stores of information are gathered chopped up into bits, and arranged alphabetically. Doubtless they have their value, are good for reference; but cramming facts, phrases, sentiments, from these, helps not to sound knowledge. Such *disjecta membra* but sprinkle the mind's surface like "bones in the valley of vision, and lo, they are very dry." Knowledge is the perceived relation of things;—

* "The New Life," p. 9.

a heap of links is not a chain. A congeries of scraps is not mind-force. Do not strain too much after originality, but remember we should *produce* as well as *acquire*. We are all in turn the vehicles of sentiments we do not originate. It is our privilege to roam at will in the intellectual vineyard that others have planted, gathering rich clusters which hang heavy from the drooping boughs; yet surely every man should sow and plant for succeeding generations. Add something to the thinking capital of the great dialectic world. To do this worthily you must be careful that in the study of others you do not extinguish yourselves. The test and triumph of a healthy individuality is in this, that many shall aid, but no one subdue you. Pass the thoughts of others into your mind, but *never* your mind into their thoughts. You will probably have a favourite author, but do not become his echo, or lay the invaluable prerogative of self-direction in tribute at *his* feet. Only God's own Book can warp you out of your own selfishness; but the Bible was never intended to obliterate or subdue your distinctive self. Mentally enthralled by any foreign dominion, you are but the liveried flunkey who wears the garb and does the will of his master. And when the backbone of your intellect is thus broken, you may still be tolerated, but will never be cordially valued. Never succumb, then, either to the force of passion, the dull round of occupation the Orphean melody of some favourite writer, or the despotic behest of society; for neither mind nor heart will worthily survive the death of your will.

I must here urge upon you that your *mental and moral individuality will be most and best unfolded under the power of experimental religion*.

The Gospel, when heart-controlling, sublimely elicits the whole man. Identifying its subject with those highest purposes that command the sympathies and efforts of all

orders of spiritual existence, it supplies motives to self-effort more potent than man can gather elsewhere. The inspiration of business, literature, science, philanthropy, and patriotism, is but a refined and captivating selfishness. "All men," says a Book which shows up the human heart as can no other, "seek their own." The Gospel recovers man to God, and thus secures harmony between the soul's capacity and the soul's condition. Conversion is the transplant of a drooping exotic to its coveted home—to flourish henceforth in congenial soil, bask under kindest sky, and breathe abundantly its native air. Your mechanism discovers its greatest power when used for that end for which you formed it, and to which you altogether adapted it. Coming to Jesus, we come into our "right mind." "By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

Christianity is no "cramping system." Many *say* it is, and we fear more think it is. The Gospel met and answered this impudent objection at the threshold of her Evangel. Then, as now, men doubted whether intellectual progress could be compatible with faith in the Carpenter's Son. Started in cold-blooded satire by Jewish scepticism, this problem was not "done in a corner." Seizing hold of the disciple of their Gamaliel—a man in whom all the stores of philosophy and poetry were combined, with extensive culture and most determined individualism—Christianity showed in Saul of Tarsus, that intellectualism, however great, gathers occasion of more extensive development by contact with "the Cross." Religion does not merge or diminish our individuality. Has nature given genius? She sustains and sanctifies its peculiarities. Is the philosophic faculty there? Its range is widened, its vigour increased. Is the poet in the man? The Gospel brings both spark and fuel to the poetic flame. Far from antagonizing

our idiosyncrasy, it operates on some men as did Moses' rod on Horeb's rock, unfolding energies that slumbered within, unknown to themselves, unthought by others.

Most cheerfully do we concede that the student of philosophy and nature may, amid such pursuits, put forth a splendid strength of intellect, may train his soul to vivid appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, and while limiting his study to the sphere of the seen and temporal, may cherish warm and earnest soul-affinities with much that can touch and thrill the selectest sympathies of his nature. But bear in mind, that soul throbs with the dread pulsation of *immortality*, and to limit it to the human and temporal violates its deepest intuitions. Cabined, cribbed, confined to one world of knowledge, hope, emotion, and action, and that a comparatively low and unworthy one, you no more meet its nature than you satisfy an eagle's soaring instinct with the length of its tethering-chain. Man has capacity and craving for knowledge of God, but nothing strictly divine tells upon the conscience and intellect of an unaided and unawakened soul. Such an one, at best, is but partially developed, an organism, one part of which has absorbed the energy which should have acted for the whole—and the result is malformation. What Columbus did for Europe, grace does for man: opens up a new and richer world—world of exhaustless wealth—world of unfading glory. What Rosse's telescope has done for science, Revelation does for those who lovingly receive it. It converts hazy conjecture into immovable certainty—interprets the nebulous hopes and dreams which glimmer in the eye of reason into demonstrated and well-defined truths. The Christian can go as far as any other man in the pursuit of science. He may geologize with Lyell—analyse with Liebig—philosophize with Faraday—astronomize with Adams—economize with Adam Smith—philan-

thropise with Brougham ; but the Gospel, admitting and impelling to these studies, capacitates and calls him to yet nobler and more inspiring themes, introducing him into a world *he* only amongst men is able to explore. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Contact with great minds is one leverage power, by which we are lifted up to greatness. Contact—real, living contact with God, makes men Godlike.

I pass on to another and concluding sentiment,—the consecration of our individuality in earnest, enlightened personal Evangelism.

This is an age of organization. Action by joint forces is, perhaps, its most prominent fact. By the principle of combination we have spanned the St. Lawrence—tunnelled the hills—covered England with iron roads and electric telegraphs—thrown the largess of England's purse and pity over the temporal woes of the Indian Mutiny—effected a thorough revolution in our commercial policy—abolished the Slave-trade,—and last, but not least, secured on the platform of this Hall no doubtful fulcrum from which, by the leverage of foreign missions, to uplift our fallen world into the possession of living Christianity. Organization is, indeed, the glory of this age and the hope of the future. I take up no parable against it. To do so *here* were to "beard the lion in his den—the Douglas in his hall." But organization which has reached the sublime *may* reach the ridiculous. It is too much relied on, too frequently adopted. Extremes beget opposites. There are symptoms of reaction. A witty and subtile writer has suggested, "A society should be formed for the defence of society against needless societies;" and the whole country

has laughed at a recent effort to organize "a Home for Wandering Dogs." All this proves to us the value of this principle of combination. Ripest fruit decays the soonest. The brighter the surface-burnish, the more liable to rust. The better your principle, the more open to abuse. *Corruptio optimi est pessima*. Organization has too much usurped the individual effort it has sought to conserve. It ought to exist for the individual, not the individual for it.

We have now to complain that most Christian professors lose themselves in the mass. They escape from conscience, duty, action, as a rogue from a policeman, by plunging into a crowd. They look to societies, associations, churches, as a man does to a public servant, paid to do badly for him what he could do best for himself. They compound their personal responsibility by compliance with an outward and written Church rule. Thus organization has, in thousands of cases, become a refuge for indolence—a premium upon cheap religion—a scabbard in which to sheathe the sword of a disturbed conscience—an opiate to lull into profoundest slumber individual mind and individual soul. But the guinea payment, the public meeting, the Sabbath sermon, and an occasional spasm of personal effort, do not discharge the quitrent of Christian duty which every man owes to God, and his generation. Men must take the trouble to ascertain their individual relation to corporate action and corporate results, to feel individual activity the means of Church progress, individual unfaithfulness the cause of corporate decay. Recent events in commerce and trade show that men will perpetuate wrongdoing in their corporate functions, which as individuals they would never attempt; as if responsibility became infinitesimal by division, or where criminality was spread over the many, no one need be ashamed of the moiety which

belonged to himself. Doubtless, many modern Christians soothe their consciences with the assurance that, at least, they are "as good as their neighbours," and in their activities attain the average of surrounding professors.

Contrasting what some Christians say, on speaking of the Church and *her* duty, with what they themselves do, compels the inference, that they think of the Christian Church as *in no other way* to be accounted of except in its collective capacity, acting by a visible executive, to which belongs the burden of effort and the sum total of responsibility; as if both *Church* effort and *Church* responsibility were altogether foreign to the will, effort, and responsibility of the person individually considered; as if the duty of the whole dwindled into the invisible and inconceivable, when broken down into the portion which belongs to each. The difficulty is not arithmetical, but *moral*. When Bank dividends are paid every fundholder is forthcoming, and every man believes in himself, who is invited to a Lord Mayor's dinner; but ask for energetic individual action to the help and rescue of perishing fellow-men, and these men look up to the Church and impiously say, "In *thee* we live, and move, and have our being." And what makes such conduct nauseating is, that such people, brought face to face with the evil consequences of their own wrong-doing, or non-doing, open their eyes with amazement, and say, "Who would have thought it?"

Upon this question I feel strongly, and therefore would speak plainly. We want a more intelligent conscientiousness among Christians, in relation to great public questions, as well as in their more private affairs. The man who should mourn the Indian Mutiny as a Divine judgment, without seeking more active assertion of his Christian citizenship, both by vote and influence, burlesques repentance, and sins against his soul, his country, and his God.

The man who laments the immoralities of the social life of our lower classes, while reaping income from wretched houses so crowded with occupants that morality is impossible,—or who greedily clutches his dividends from railways which notoriously desecrate the Sabbath,—or who fills his coffers from a trade into the minute details of which he dares not inquire, is, to our thinking, an organized hypocrisy—a living lie. It is sometimes said, the age of martyrdom is past; but does the *spirit* of martyrdom tarry in our midst? We “build the tombs of the prophets” and the martyrs, while we are slow to exhibit the costly conscientiousness which made their lives so memorable, and their memories dear.

Is not the prime necessity of our times a great and general awakening of those individual consciences which have slumbered so long within our Christian churches? Recent revivalisms have had their rise in the individual conscience. Men have broken away from the red tape and routine of ordinary religious life, and the “effectual fervent prayers of a half-dozen righteous men have availed much.” Your own Association sprang thus into being; and to you who are the fruit of such method, I now make my final appeal. Statistics, not to be tabooed or gainsaid, have recently placed before us a chaos which admits of no description. Before the moral, or rather immoral state of our densely-populated cities we stand appalled—conscious of something uncouth, ignorant, wretched, depraved, ever dwarfing humanity to the lowest proportions consistent with human nature,—twisting immorality into the most hideous and diabolic contortions—destroying every trace of moral goodness, yea, everything which separates the responsible from the irrational, and man from the brute. Given, then, this gangrene at the heart of the community—what’s to be done? Cut it out with the sharp knife of severe penal enactments?

No ! The gibbet is dead, and the gallows reserved *only* for "the vindictive shedder of human blood." Government may do something. Education may do something. The infusion of a more Christian spirit into trade and our social relations, may do something. City-missions, Home-missions, Ragged-schools, are doing much, and shall yet do more. Christianity has long contended against this Home Heathenism with her OFFICIAL voice—the *pulpit*. This is God's ordinance. Give it due precedence and perpetuation among the remedial agencies of our day. But the time has come for Christianity to speak plainly, perseveringly, and scripturally in the *individual* voice, not merely in the great congregation, but in the street, the shop, the cottage, and to the *unit-man*. "Let him that heareth say, *Come*." How otherwise can we reach the masses ? When the mountain did not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. The most necessitous of our fellow-countrymen "will not come" to the Gospel ordinance. Then the Gospel must go to them, by means of individual evangelism.

Young men of this Association ! let me entreat every one of you to be up and doing. Consecrate yourselves afresh and wholly to the Saviour. Perhaps, in your own world, God has committed to you the stewardship of solitary witness. You live, move, toil among those unilluminated by the light, uncheered by the warmth of godliness, save as they are shed forth by your own unostentatious personal piety. Your brain and heart may be the only HUMAN channel through which the light and love of God can reach that little world. Be faithful : Satan will "devise mischief" against you. He dreads your presence among his own, as despotism *must* dread the presence and aspirations of liberty ; or crime, which loveth night, must dread the rising sun. But over and above this faithful witness where you live,—*your first*

duty, and to which you are plighted by your Association vows, —feel it your duty and your privilege to go out into highways and hedges, and “win souls to Christ.”

Do not remain inactive, lest zeal should be supposed presumption, or charity suspected as selfishness. There are, and will continue to be people, unhappily not a few, to whom it is intolerable to be made to believe in exalted virtue, or disinterested charity. You must be content to be misunderstood. “*There never was a noble man, but made ignoble talk.*” Make no bugbear of Church authority. Declare yourselves among the outcast and degraded, not as the representatives of any sect, but as the messengers of Jesus. Evangelism is the privilege and obligation of all who are “in Christ Jesus;” and your highest authority is in the talents conveyed, and the desire which burns within you.

Remember, we are not permitted to choose the *moral* material on which to develop our evangelical energy. Every man is my neighbour, whom I have power to help. The splendour of your trained intellect, and the classic symmetry of your culture, may pass for little among the ignorant and depraved *poor*; but despite their bluntness and ignorance, they will do homage to the disinterestedness of your purpose, and the heroic *abandon* of your pity. The precept and practice of our blessed Lord point to the invasion of the *houses* and *dens* of squalid misery, where life is a misnomer, and virtue all but impossible, from the long-established presence of social vice and misrule. I remind you, that greatness is not always associated with deeds which impress by their notoriety, or awe by their visible magnitude. Self-devotion in such is sometimes devotion to self. “Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.” Unconsciousness is power. It is easy to be great on great occasions; to be the hero before the gazing throng. But if you are a Christian, you will

believe and feel that the grand and the noble dwell not in the outward circumstance, but in the inward motive.

Build up within your soul that *Christian* ideal of life which associates nobleness with all things. Educate your heart into that moral alchemy which, "doing all to the glory of God," transmutes weakness into strength, and the vile into that which is imperishable and divine. You will thus escape the curse and folly of those who seek greatness out of their natural sphere, and in deviations from ordinary rules of conduct.

Hear, to-night, the Saviour's summons: "Follow thou me, and I will make you fishers of men." His finger points—*No*. He is *there* before you. His finger beckons you to the noisome alleys and crowded houses of dying and sinful fellow-men. Stoop to the moral mire; and let yours be the holy hand which shall pick up the gem, and set it in your Saviour's crown. Jewels are jewels, whether wrapt in rags or glittering in golden casket; soul is soul, whether steeped in poverty and crime, or *set* amidst the graces of intellect and morality. Ponder your gifts, consider your opportunities, weigh well your Christian obligations. Lay your REDEEMED selves upon the altar, and having known, according to your capacity, the fellowship of His sufferings, you shall share throughout eternity the power, dignity, and wealth of His heavenly exaltation.

"Awake, awake! and for the strife
Of onward, upward Christian life,
In earnest faith prepare;
Where the fight rages fierce and high
Goes forth the Church's chivalry;
And thou, too, must be there.

"Thy Lord awaits thee in the field;
Bring forth the spear, essay the shield,
And bind thine armour on;

Low though thou art, for thee there's fame,
By thee a high and honoured name
And glory may be won.

“ No knights of old, in fête or fight,
Have ever won a name so bright
As thou may'st win and wear ;
If, like the valiant ones of old,
Thy faith be high, thy heart be bold
To do, as well as dare.

“ Not with a sword by bloodshed stained,
Nor for a wreath that, soon as gained,
Shall fade upon thy brow ;
But, with the sword of God's good Word,
And for the ' Well done ' of thy Lord,
Go forth and conquer now.”

Glimpses of the Olden Time;

OR,

England in the Fourteenth Century.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, M.A.

GLIMPSES OF THE OLDEN TIME;

OR,

ENGLAND IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

It is *but* glimpses that we can get. How little of all that History records gives us a picture of the real life of English men and women, as they were before Printing was discovered;—when our monarchs were half Frenchmen,—when victories were won by English cross-bows, and the main part of London stretched from St. Paul's to Tower-hill. Battles and Treaties and Revolutions and Court Intrigues fill many pages. The Scotch wars, with the disastrous defeat at Bannockburn,—the French wars, with their marvellous successes,—the degradation of the monarchy by the Second Edward, with the terrible retribution of his end, and its rise to new power and splendour under the sway of his successor,—how Wat Tyler headed an insurgent army, and paid the forfeit of his life,—how the wily Bolingbroke intrigued for the crown, and won it by a vote of Parliament;—all these things are recorded at length: we read them in our childhood, and remember them in our age. But when we have perused the story all through, chapter by chapter, how little do we really know of the homes and manners of our ancestors! We should like to hear, if we might, how they set out their feasts, and went upon their travels,—what was the style of their weddings and their funerals,—how the peasant fared in his mean hovel, and the noble in his strong

castle,—in what respects men's in-door life and out-door business resembled what we see about us, and in what respects the two eras are contrasted. These things are gone, never to return. Another world, so to speak, has grown over the buried past, and only scraps of information reach us, at the end of five centuries, to shew us the form and fashion of English life when Wiclif was growing up to manhood, and his country, unwarned as yet by his voice, was no unfruitful portion of the Pope's kingdom. These scraps, which have floated down the stream of time, are precious morsels, and we gladly seize them as they come within our reach; but when we have made the best collection of them that we can, they are all too few.

I make these introductory remarks, because I wish that you should understand, at the onset of my lecture, what I mean when I speak of *England in the older time*. I shall have very little to say about the politics of the period; *nothing* about the gross mis-government of the second Edward, and the second Richard, ending in the deposition and murder of both; and *hardly more* about the "honourable enterprizes, noble adventures, and deeds of arms, performed in the wars between France and England," as old Froissart describes the matter of his History, during the intermediate reign. We will turn to more homely matters, glancing here and there at public events which have borne fruit in after-times, but occupying ourselves mainly with scenes which may help us to compare ourselves, who are neither warriors nor courtiers, neither rebels nor intriguers—our own sober, honest selves, plain citizens of this English Commonwealth,—with others of the like condition in a bygone age.

I shall like, however, before I leave the old familiar ground, just to give you one specimen of a battle-piece,—it reads so curiously, as contrasted with modern feats of arms,

and looks more like mimic war than fighting in good earnest for some great stake. Thus runs a chapter in Froissart's first book, describing an encounter between the armies of England and France. The English are in position, and the French are advancing, when the narrative begins; and, after reconnoitring the enemy, a French noble has advised his Sovereign to postpone the attack till the following day, as the troops were tired with their march, and the day was far spent.

The King commanded that it should be so done, and the two marshals rode, one towards the front and the other towards the rear, crying out, *Halt, banners, in the name of God and St. Denis!* Those that were in the front halted; but those behind said they would not halt, until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and neither the King nor the marshals could stop them; but they marched on without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw them, they fell back at once in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. There was then space and room enough for them to have passed forward, had they been willing so to do: some did so, but others remained shy. All the roads between Abbeville and Crecy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, *Kill! kill!* and with them were many great lords that were eager to make show of their courage. There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine or describe truly the confusion of that day,—especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, who had well observed the confusion they were in, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of

the King of France. The English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the Prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist and succour the Prince, if necessary. You must know that these Kings, Earls, Barons, and lords of France did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the King of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, *Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis.* There were about fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bow men, but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their cross-bows. They told the Constable they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon hearing this said, *This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them.* During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder, and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air, over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their cross-bows presented,

and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their cross-bows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The King of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, *Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason.* You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways. The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before. Some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again.

Thus, I say, runs a chapter in Froissart; an excellent witness, as he knew persons in both armies. And what do you think is the heading of the chapter? "THE BATTLE OF CRECY, BETWEEN THE KINGS OF FRANCE AND OF ENGLAND." So strangely unlike modern encounters between the two nations was the battle which, though not developing much of military science, nor deserving to rank like the later ones among *the battles of the giants*, greatly exalted the fame of our country, and, followed soon afterwards by the more decisive victory of Poitiers, made the third Edward the most powerful monarch that England had seen.

Having said thus much, I shall leave the camp, being by profession, as well as inclination, a man of peace, and shal turn to matters of which Froissart says nothing, but which

modern Englishmen like to hear about,—I mean the *History of Parliaments* in those days. War was costly then, as now; and as Edward III., whose reign occupied just half the century, reaching from 1327 to 1377, was of a warlike turn, and wanted to be King of France as well as King of England, his purse was often empty, and needed replenishing with fresh taxes. Like a politic prince, as his people (those of them who knew anything about public affairs) entered heartily into his quarrel, and rejoiced in the fame of his victories, he preferred the popular mode of raising money to violent and arbitrary ones; and the frequency of his applications to Parliament familiarized men with the notion that their money was their own, and only belonged to the King when certain legal forms had been complied with. Parliaments were held at odd times; sometimes two in a year, or more. They met at different places: we read of one summoned to York, one to Northampton, a third to Salisbury, in the first year of the king's reign. Sometimes they sat for a fortnight, and did a good deal of business in the time. The King paid them the compliment of consulting them about his wars; and in their replies we find them professing sometimes, with becoming humility, that they were "so simple and ignorant that they knew not how to advise their most dreaded Lord." But still the appeal, coming from a king who was respected at home and abroad, made Parliament more thought of; and, during a reign of brilliant successes and advancing prosperity, the *Great Council of the nation* grew in political importance. Its powers, to be sure, were undefined enough. Sometimes the King wanted more money than was granted, and levied taxes at his pleasure; then Parliament remonstrated, and the King said there was a state necessity. When he got old, the Reformers waxed bold, and went so far as to impeach some of his ministers.

They prayed His Majesty, too, at one time, that the great officers of state might be chosen in open Parliament; and the king was compliant because he was poor. But presently, when the Commons were dispersed, proclamation was made to the Sheriffs that the statute was annulled, the reason being frankly given, that the king "had dissembled, as it then behoved him," but now he was "bound by the bond of his oath to revoke what had been improvidently done." Still the expanding process went on; the infant grew and stretched its limbs; and though men knew not it would grow to be a giant, and check and conquer kings, it was preparing for future action.

The Constitution of Parliament was as undefined, at present, as its jurisdiction. The principle of representation was recognised: but the King and his officers had almost as much to do with the making of a House of Commons as the people. Writs were issued to the sheriffs, commanding them to send up fitting persons to represent the several counties and boroughs. The places selected were not always the same. Many, to which the privilege was granted, prayed to be excused, as members then received wages for their services, and the smaller towns, in their prudence or their poverty, thought them hardly worth the cost. Generally, there were two knights for each county, and two burgesses for each borough; but sometimes it happened that a county had but one knight, and a borough but one burgess. At the beginning of Edward III.'s reign, the representatives of the people sat in the same chamber with the barons,—the whole body sometimes acting together,—at others, divided into two sections; and, as Mr. Hallam thinks, always voting separately; but during this transition period, the Commons, it seems, took up a new position, and got a *room*, or,

in modern parlance, a *House*, of their own, with a dumb president, called a Speaker, to give order and dignity to their proceedings.

I will give you a sample of a King's Speech in those days. In the year 1377, the last year of Edward's life, the session of Parliament was opened by Commission. The Bishop of St. David's was Chancellor. *That* sounds rather odd to us; but the opening sentence is, at least, as strange to our ears. It runs thus:—not, “My Lords and Gentlemen, We are commanded to inform you that His Majesty continues to receive the most friendly assurances from Foreign Powers,”—*that*, perhaps, was hardly to be expected in Edward's reign,—but something more professional, as follows;—“*Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise*, as the Scripture saith; in your wisdom, therefore, you will hear me, who do but speak according to my folly. Welcome should be the messenger of joyful tidings; and no less than joyful are those which I bring,—namely, the King's happy recovery from a dangerous sickness. Herein it appeareth that God hath a favour to this realm, and to our Sovereign Lord; for ‘whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;’ and, moreover, the Psalmist hath said of such, ‘Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;’ and again, ‘Thou shalt see thy children's children;’ which things, verily, have come to pass; and since this is the fiftieth year since our sovereign began to reign, and these things have happened to us besides, we may well call it a year of jubilee. Yet, remember, I pray you, that when the head is sound, and some member of the body is diseased, the weak part receiveth no virtue or benefit from the head; so, now, the king is well in body and will to show all grace and favour to his loving subjects; but, for your part, you must prove yourselves sound and uncorrupt, by loyalty towards your prince, and loving charity among yourselves;

for St. Paul hath taught us that without charity nothing will avail. My Lords, to you I say that the King hath been very gracious; for your request is heard, and the Lord Richard, here present, is advanced to be Prince of Wales.” [The Black Prince was dead; and there the little gentleman, then ten years old, sat, right royally, in his grandfather’s chair of state.] “Therefore, as now your eyes see that which your hearts have longed for, even as Simeon embraced in his arms the Lord of Life, so now, you ought to embrace your Prince with loyal and loving hearts; and bring gifts, moreover, at such a time as this, even as the wise men brought to the feet of Jesus their gold and myrrh.” So much by way of compliment: then in a single sentence the Bishop dismisses the business part of the speech, telling Parliament that the King of France was gathering an army and munitions of war, to “blot out the English name and tongue from under heaven;” so, it was time for them to consult together, and advise the King for the public safety.*

There was another feature in the history of this reign, quite as remarkable as the growing power of Parliament, namely, our *expanding trade*. Edward III.’s wife, Philippa, has a good name among the Queens of England; but few, perhaps, understand how much England owes to her. The Princesses of France, when they intermarried with our Kings, sometimes brought us fierce wars, growing out of disputed titles. Philippa came from Flanders, and, on her invitation or encouragement, there came a colony of weavers, who settled at Norwich, and became the founders of a flourishing trade. Others followed in their track, settled in the towns of England, and not only plied their useful craft, but taught the natives too. “Before this time,” says quaint old Fuller, “the English knew no more

* Cobbett’s *Parliamentary History*, i., 143-4.

what to do with their own wool than the sheep that wears it, as to any artificial and curious drapery." The King, he tells us, sent over emissaries to the Duke of Burgundy's country, to persuade the skilled artificers, who abounded there, to come and try there fortune here. They found the workmen used "more like heathens than Christians,—more like horses than men," with long days of toil, and short nights for rest, and herrings and mouldy cheese for dinner and supper; so liberal promises were given of lighter labour and better fare, "fat beef and mutton," and plenty of it. Hints were added about the beauty of English lasses, and the possible advantages of emigration in the matrimonial line. "And now," the pleasant chronicler adds, "happy the yeoman's house into which any of these Dutchmen did enter, bringing industry and wealth along with them. Such, who came strangers, went out bridegrooms, and returned sons-in-law, having married the daughters of the landlords who first entertained them." So the courting and the weaving went on, and the manufacture grew, neither Dutchmen nor Englishmen having any guess in those days what it would become in the course of five hundred years. Certainly, Yorkshire knows pretty well, nowadays, *what to do* with the *wool* of a thousand flocks; and we have no need to bribe Dutchmen to wed our daughters because our sheepish countrymen have no skill to weave.

The King and Parliament meant very well by trade, and passed many Statutes which they meant to be of a fostering kind. But they were unskilful nurses; and had not the bantling been of a hardy nature, it could never have escaped the fate of over-dosed infants. For the convenience of collecting Customs, for instance, all the wool in the country, intended for exportation, had to be brought sometimes to one spot, sometimes to a few specified places, where the

King's Staple was held, that is, where it was weighed by the proper officers, and the legal duties were levied. *Fore-stallers*, as they were called,—that is, dealers in provisions, who stood between the grower, or importer, and the consumer, making a reasonable profit for their trouble,—were looked upon as public enemies, and the wit of legislators was busy in contriving expedients to proscribe a race whom public convenience was forbidding to die out. There is an old ordinance on this subject which reads so very like a good-humoured satire upon the legislation which was then common that I cannot forbear quoting it. Four years before, it had been ordered that herrings should not be sold at a higher price than forty shillings the last. But lo! says the later decree, “the sale of herrings is much decayed, and the people greatly endamaged; that is to say, many merchants coming to the fair, labourers, servants and other, do bargain for herring, and every of them, by malice and envy, increase upon other, and if one proffer forty shillings, another will proffer ten shillings more, and the third sixty shillings, and so every one surmounteth other in the bargain, and such proffers extend to more than the price of the herring upon which the fishers proffered to sell it at the beginning. Wherefore,” say the Law-makers most graciously, “we, perceiving the mischief and grievances aforesaid, will and grant that it shall be lawful to every man, of what condition that he may be, merchant or other, to buy herring openly and not privily, at such price as may be agreed betwixt him and the seller of the same herring.”

Restrictions on the home trade were rather arbitrary; but foreign merchants fared still worse. One Act of Parliament forbade them to carry bullion out of the country, and another required them to invest at least half the proceeds of their sales in articles of English manufacture. Till the middle of the century, if a Frenchman turned rogue,

any other Frenchman, whom the creditors could seize, might be made responsible for his debts; and the same of other foreigners; but the sponsorship was all on one side; the poor foreigners might not retort, when defrauded, and claim payment of some honest Englishman. The marvel is that traders came on such terms; but doubtless they came faster, and stayed longer, when the iniquitous custom was abolished by Act of Parliament.

And what of England's *ships* meanwhile. A word or two must be spent on the wooden walls, and the flag that has

“Braved for a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.”

Italy has gone back since those days, and our country has outstripped her in the race for maritime ascendancy; since Genoa and Venice were then contending for the mastery, while an English vessel was seldom seen in the Mediterranean. Still, at the memorable 'siege of Calais, which followed the victory of Crecy, Edward's fleet numbered *seven hundred* vessels. These were most of them merchant vessels, sent from different ports; and the crews averaged only a little more than twenty men for each ship. Edward III. had a taste for fighting in both kinds, and Froissart has a notable Chapter, describing the great naval victory which he gained in the year 1340. The King, accompanied with many noble ladies, Countesses, Baronesses, and Knights' and gentlemen's wives, was on his way to join his Queen at Ghent, and had almost got to land when, off Sluys, near the mouth of the Scheldt, he spied so many masts before him “that they looked like a wood.” Being told that this was the French fleet which had lately burnt Southampton, his courage was fired, and, without counting the odds (for the enemy were four to one), he gave orders for the attack. The tactics were very simple, much like Nelson's at the Nile.

Each ship sought out one to fight with, and held it fast with grappling-irons ; then “ the archers and cross-bow-men shot with all their might at each other, and the men-at-arms engaged hand to hand.” The issue, after half a day’s hard fighting, was decisive : the enemy’s fleet was not only scattered, but well-nigh destroyed ; and English Commerce was safe for a century afterwards in the Channel and the North Sea. We are not told how the ladies liked the sight. The king, who was an accomplished knight for courtesy as for gallantry, appointed three hundred archers and five hundred men-at-arms, a large portion of his scanty force, for a body-guard ; and happily we do not hear of any of the daughters of England among the killed and wounded.

COMMERCE and FREEDOM have made England a Queen among the nations. Our Commerce, we see, was growing in this century. What of the freedom of those who lived under Edward III. ? Villeinage, remember, was not extinct. The peasantry were bound to the soil, and liable to severe penalties if they attempted to change masters. Their scanty earnings were not at their own disposal, but must be carried to the market of the lordship to which they belonged. Purveyors robbed the poor in the King’s name, and gave them tallies in pledge, which were never redeemed with money. The taxes, too, were fearfully oppressive,—not only the hated poll-tax, with the insolence and brutality of collectors, but others levied on the moveable goods of those who had much or little. A *fifteenth*, for instance, granted to the King, meant *that proportion* of the property of all kinds found in the meanest house in the land ; and we actually read of a poor woman at Colchester, one Alice Maynard by name, whose possessions were a brass pot, value tenpence, and a towel,

value fivepence; and out of her little store she had to contribute one penny sterling to the necessities of the state. How villeinage died out, without being proscribed and put down by law, is a very curious, and, Mr. Hallam confesses, "a very obscure, inquiry." I think, therefore, we had better not take it in hand to-night. We should like to know, certainly; for even the Habeas Corpus Act, which secures us against wrongful imprisonment by king or subject, and the Revolution Settlement, which brought the conflicting powers of the state into working order, and single incidents, however famous, which mark the great epochs of our constitutional history, must be deemed second in importance to the mighty change which passed upon society when the peasant rose up from the dust, both arms unshackled, and became free as the noble and the squire, to use his limbs, and spend his money, as he pleased.

Knowing what villeinage was in those days, we are not at all inclined to accept Froissart's account of Wat Tyler's insurrection. He lived with knights, and breathed the atmosphere of the tournament and the tented field, and had small sympathy with the woes and wrongs of ploughmen, and tillers of the soil. Thus runs the opening sentence of his narrative:—"There happened then in England great commotions among the lower ranks of the people, by which England was near ruined without resource. Never was a country in such jeopardy as this was at that period, *and all through the too great comfort of the commonalty*. It is marvellous from what a trifle this pestilence raged in England. In order that it may serve as an example to mankind, I will speak of all that was done, from the information I had at the time on the subject." And then he tells us of the gathering and bursting of the storm,—of the army that marched up from Kent and Essex, and poured

through the streets of London,—of bloody vengeance taken on hated courtiers,—of charters given in haste and fear,—of the King who did bravely, and the people who trusted loyally, when the Lord Mayor had struck down the rebel chief. One fact we must supply, of which the Chronicler of the feats of chivalry says nothing, that the King presently broke his plighted faith. In three weeks the charters were revoked; the peasants of England had their chains riveted once again; and men, thus cheated of their new-found treasure, were gravely exhorted by a royal proclamation to “render to their masters all their accustomed dues and services, without contradiction, difficulty, or murmuring.” Parliament, in those days, was no champion of the people; the great landholders had no sympathy with a movement which would turn their serfs into peasants. The King consulted the Peers and Commons on the subject at their next meeting, and their answer was very peremptory. The villeins, they said, were their bondsmen, and they would never consent to their enfranchisement,—no, “not to save themselves from perishing all in one day.”

Still, without the aid of legislative enactments, the liberating process went on. New customs adapted themselves to new wants. The man grew, and the fetters fell off from his swelling limbs. When masters were oppressive, run-aways became bolder, and were not easily traced. They found shelter and friends and employers within the walls of towns, and, by an old law of William the Conqueror, residence *there* for a year and a day barred the lord's claim. As a rule, too, in all doubtful cases, the judges favoured the weaker side. Wat Tyler's men hunted for lawyers when they were masters of London, and Simon of Sudbury was beheaded for the double offence of being Archbishop and Chancellor; but they mistook friends for enemies,—the decisions of the courts, in that age of tran-

sition, inclining to the side of liberty, and greatly assisting the progress of emancipation.

One of the many things which we wish to know about our ancestors is, *how they talked*. What sort of English was current in those days? Of the *written* language we have some specimens marking an era of transition; in fact, the age we speak of may well be deemed the birth-time of that noble tongue into which poets and orators and philosophers and divines have since poured such treasures of thought and fancy, and which is destined soon to be spoken by a hundred millions of men on both sides the Atlantic. Before this time, the English people had not the uniting bond of common speech. *Latin* was employed by scholars and churchmen; *Norman* French mainly by the court and nobility; the old *Anglo-Saxon* lingered in the homes of those who were neither learned nor well-born, and made a separating-line between them and the ruling classes. By degrees the *three* were fused into a *fourth*; each borrowed of its neighbour, and lent something in return; and by the middle of this century the new tongue was received into good society, and began to be countenanced by gentlemen and authors.

During Edward III.'s reign, for the first time, the language of our Norman conquerors was expelled from legal documents; and the Courts became familiar with phrases which have been multiplied since by ten thousand suitors, and echoed and re-echoed, amid the strife of tongues, beneath the old roof of Westminster Hall. Sir John Maundeville, the earliest English Prose Writer whose works have come down to us, was born in the year 1300, lived abroad for thirty years, visited Tartary, and a great many other strange places, and wrote a book, when he came back,

containing a great many strange things. He heard, for instance, of one country where the people had no heads, but an eye in each shoulder,—and another, where the women had precious stones in their eyes, which had a killing power in them, *zif thei beholden ony man with wratthe*;—and another, where snails were found with shells so large that men might lodge in them,—and another, peopled with a race of giants, *fifty feet*, “or as some say, *fifty cubits*,” high, who sometimes plucked navigators out of their ships, and brought them to land, two in each hand, eating the poor unhappy men as they walked along, *alle rawe and alle qwyk*. The book is adorned with very rude cuts, added, no doubt, by some of the very earliest printers (a most extraordinary contrast to our illustrated editions of popular works); and one of them is of a man seated on the ground as no living man ever sat, or could sit, with a foot as big as his body, held higher than his head; and the story goes, the knight tells us, that in Ethiopia there were men with only one foot, and yet they could run marvellously fast, and, when they were tired, they could put up their monster foot, and, parasol-like, make it a shelter from the sun. (*In that contree ben folk that han but o foot; and thei gon so fast that it is marvaylle; and the foot is so large that it schadewethe alle the body azen the Sonne whan thei wole lie and reste hem.*) The strange thing is, that all this seems to have been written in perfect honesty and good faith. He never saw any of these marvels; they were always farther off,—in a country to the North, or an isle of the Ocean; but one cannot read the story without a full conviction that what he tells he believes; and then, besides being a curiosity for early English, the book is specially interesting as giving us a glimpse of the fourteenth century in one particular aspect,—namely, its ignorant credulity, and large appetite for lying wonders.

There was another Knight, however, more famous in that day, who wrote tales of fiction that were truer to the life than our traveller's descriptions; CHAUCER, the Father, as he is styled, of English Poetry, adorned this century. Perhaps no man ever did so much for a language; and if we love English as we love England—the one a grand interpreter of human thought, the other a chosen witness to prophesy among the nations for God's truth and man's liberty,—we may well give honour to the writer who, more than any other perhaps, helped to make it what it is. He lived through the *last seventy* years of our century, as his brother-knight lived through the *first seventy*; but the poet's English is the hardest of the two, and a glossary is a needful accompaniment for any but a learned reader.

It is difficult to select a few stanzas without a puzzling word here and there, and these rather spoil quotations. But I shall like to give you a specimen from his poem of THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE; *wherein he dreameth that he heareth the Cuckoo and the Nightingale contend for excellency in singing*. He had special delight in sylvan scenes and the song of birds; the feathered warblers he looked on as congenial friends, and describes their habits like one who had watched them, and drunk in their music, in many a dreamy mood, beneath leafy bowers:—

“ But as I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among hem it was a commune tale,
That it were good to here the nightingale
Rather than the leud (*loud*) cuckow sing.

“ And than I thought anon as it was day,
I would go some where to assay
If that I might a nightingale here;
For yet had I none heard of all that yere,
And it was tho the third night of May.

“ And anone as I the day aspidē,
No lenger would I in my bed abide,
But vnto a wood that was fast by,
I went forth alone boldely,
And held the way downe by a brooke side.

“ Till I came to a laund of white and green,
So faire one had I never in been ;
The ground was green, ypoudred with daisie,
The floures and the greues (*groves*) like hy,
All greene and white, was nothing els seene.

“ Therē sate I downe among the faire flours,
And saw the birds trip out of hir bours,
There as they rested hem all the nigt,
They were so joyfull of the dayes light,
They began of May for to done honours.

“ They coud that seruice all by rote ;
There was many a louely note ;
Some song loud as they had plained,
And some in other manner voice yfained,
And some all out as with the full throte.

“ They proyned hem, and made hem right gay,
And daunceden and lepton on the spray,
And euermore two and two in fere (*pair*),
Right so as they had chosen hem to yere (*this year*),
In Feuerere (*February*) upon Saint Valentine’s day.

“ And the riuer that I sate vpon,
It made such a noise as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birds armony,
Me thought it was the best melody
That might been yheard of any mon.”

By his marriage with the sister of John of Gaunt’s mistress, and third wife, Chaucer was nigh to royalty, and held offices about the Court in the reign of Richard II. He was no mere rhymers, however, for lords and ladies, but a man of large observation and popular sympathies, one

who surveyed the broad surface of English society, and became, in fact, the chronicler of the manners of his times. The *Canterbury Tales* are not only a monument of his genius, but a study for the antiquary, as containing the fullest record of the manners, dress, habits of life, and modes of thought, prevalent among the English people, in that distant age, than are to be found in all that History has supplied to us elsewhere. The groundwork of the poem is very simple, yet admirably calculated for its purpose. I remember, when I was a boy, and walked sometimes along the Borough, on the gateway of an inn called the *Talbot*, just opposite the Town Hall, there was this inscription,—*This is the Inn where Sir Jeffry Chaucer, and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, Anno 1383.* The Town Hall is gone now—so old London disappears; and the inscription, I grieve to say, is gone, too. We are told that *Talbot* is a corruption of *Tabard*, which anciently meant a herald's coat; and there, as it was conveniently situated for the great highway from the heart of London to Kent, pilgrims used to muster who meant to travel in company to the tomb of Thomas à Beckett, or Saint Thomas, as he was called, at Canterbury. A more thoroughly national custom it would have been impossible to find. More than two centuries had elapsed since the martyrdom, as Englishmen were taught to style it; and still, year by year, a fresh stream poured out Eastward from the metropolis, to see the shrine which was a wonder for its wealth, or to do honour to the man. A more motley crew, made up of those who could afford to travel on horseback, and yet deemed it not beneath their condition to join company with chance companions journeying on the same errand, it would be impossible to conceive. The poet is supposed to be of the party. Mine host of the Tabard is their guide,—a lover of mirth and

good stories, who proposes that they shall tell tales by the way, going and returning, and that the prize for the best story shall be a supper for the winner at the common cost, when they come safe back again. The Tales vary in character and merit: some are romantic, some satirical, and some offensively coarse. Considering that a Prioress and a Nun are of the party, the recital of these last is a curious fact in the history; and manners, we must say, are much mended since they could be told or tolerated in such company. Before the pilgrims start, each has his likeness taken; and the prologue to the poem, containing six hundred lines, is a gallery of portraits, in which the characteristic features of the several classes into which English society was then divided are vividly and minutely described.

There is the KNIGHT who had seen fifteen mortal battles, and borne himself well in all of them,—a Crusader who helped to win Alexandria from the Infidel,—a gentleman all over,—

“In all his port, as meke as is a mayde;
He never yet ne villanie had sayde
In alle his lyf, unto no manere (*meaner*) Night;
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.”

There is his son, the SQUIRE, “as fresh as May,” “embroidered” like a flowery meadow, accomplished in dance and song, and well-skilled in the sports of chivalry, wakeful, for very love, as the tuneful nightingale,—

“Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable;”

bred up in the best school of chivalry.

There is the YEOMAN, or Forester, a representative of no unimportant class of Englishmen, who hunted with the knight and squire,—went with them to the wars, and

brought home as good a report of their valour,—clad in coat and hood of green, armed with sword and buckler, and a gay dagger to boot ;

“ And in his hand he bare a mighty bow,”

evidently one who might have fought at Crecy, and shot some of his “ peacock arrows bright and keen ” against the cowardly Genoese.

There is the PRIORESS, with neatest, trimmest dress, and stately manners, a model of propriety in the etiquette of the table, with a special love to a pet dog or two that were delicately fed, and with pity to spare for a dead mouse. Her tale, not unnaturally for one nursed in the prejudices of the age, and fed with the literature of the cloister, runs upon the wickedness of Jews, and the foul murder of a Christian child by some of the hated race.

There is the MONK, goodly enough for an Abbot, well mounted, with jingling bells at his bridle rein, his hood fastened with a love-knot and a curious gold pin, his tunic edged with fur—“ the finest in the land,” known as a mighty hunter, with “ dainty horses ” in his stable, and greyhounds fleet as birds.

There is the FRIAR, “ a wanton and a merry,”—a great rogue, in fact, noted as the best beggar in his convent, who farmed a district for his rounds in the way of business, and warned off intruders,—who would have a farthing from a widow, though she had nothing left but a shoe,—very lenient at Confession times to generous sinners, yet “ rage he could,” and give himself airs, when men were uncompliant, “ like a master or a Pope.”

There is the PARDONER, a well-known character in those days, and likely to find customers among a company of pilgrims ; whose

“ Wallet lay before him in his lap,
Bret-full of pardons come from Rome, all het (*hot*).”

Pigs' bones were to pass for relics; and he had treasures in his trunk to gladden Christian eyes, namely,—a veil of the Virgin Mary's, and a bit of sail-cloth which had been Peter's once, when he plied his fisherman's craft on the sea of Galilee.

In happy contrast with this vendor of lies and the begging Friar, there is the "POOR PARSON of a Town," the settled minister and pastor of those days, who "preached Christ's Gospel truly," and was "rich of holy thought and work," one who would not curse defaulters for his tithes, but rather pinched himself at home, that he might have alms to spare;—

"Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient ;

* * * * *

And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful man not dispiteous ;

* * * * *

To drawn folk to Heaven with fairèness,
By good example was his business."

Never doubt that there were many such in bad times, and that, like their less worthy neighbours, they went sometimes on pilgrimage to Canterbury.

There is the DOCTOR, with a tight hand for the fees which he "won in the pestilence," well skilled, moreover,

"To speak of Physic and of Surgery,
For he was grounded in astronomy :"

a description which seems at first sight to point to a comprehensive range of study for that noble profession; but *astronomy* we moderns must translate into *astrology*.

There is the FRANKLIN, or country gentleman, who had been a Knight of the Shire, with white beard and ruddy countenance; Epicurus's own son, who kept a covered

table all day long in his dining-hall, and always had good store of baked-meats, both fish and flesh, ready for chance guests;—and the **SERJEANT-AT-LAW**, “discreet and great reverence,” a busy, bustling man about the courts;—and a **CLERK OF OXFORD**, “not right fat,” with a steed yet leaner;—and a **PLOUGHMAN**, or small farmer, who knew the good parson, and loved God and his neighbour;—and the **MERCHANT**, whose talk was about guarding the seas between Orwell and Middleburgh;—and the **HABERDASHER**, fit for an alderman;—and the **MILLER**, a coarse, bad man, unfit for honest company;—and the **SHIPMAN**, who knew all the harbours from the Baltic to Cape Finisterre, and had little conscience about robbery in port or on the high seas,—

“If that he fought and had the higher hand.”

What a mixed assemblage! How strangely compounded of the various elements which then entered into English life! In this respect we may suppose the group to be historical; and a journey, religious in its professed purpose, whatever might be the accompaniments and the talk by the way, seems to have broken down the separating barriers as nothing does in our age of punctilio and reserve. A railway train may carry as heterogeneous a company from the London Bridge Station to Canterbury many times in a week, but they travel first, second, and third-class, and there is no story-telling in common.

WICLIFF's other merits are of such a transcendent kind that we hardly think of the share which he had in moulding our mother English to its present shape; yet surely it must have been a share second only, if second, to Chaucer's. We know that he was a most prolific writer, and that all that came from his pen was eagerly caught up, and diligently read, by men who were not merely students in the

cloister, but preachers in the market-place, the active stirring spirits of a generation that was making up to life. Not only so, but as the earliest translator of the Scriptures, the interpreter of God's message to all Englishmen who knew not Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, he must have had a mighty power over the unformed language which he found current among his countrymen. His subject concerned universal man; his disciples, athirst for heavenly knowledge, not only read the Holy Book, but laid up its sentences in their memories; and the very words in which the good news were first brought to their homes would surely sound the grandest and the sweetest for all time to come.

Indeed, what we might expect and conjecture beforehand, seems to me to be proved to demonstration by half-an-hour's perusal of Wiclif's version. It is easier to understand than any other book of that period. For *one* word at which a common reader would stumble in the New Testament, I think you would find *three* in the *Canterbury Tales*. Take, for instance, the parable of the ten virgins: "Thanne the kingdom of hevenes schal be like to ten virgyns whiche token her lampis and wenten out agen the housbonde and the wiif; and fyve of hem weren folis, and fyve prudent. But the fyve folis token her lampis, and token not oile with hem; but the prudent token oile in her vessels with her lampis. And while the housbonde taried, alle nappiden and slepten, but at myd'nygt a crie was made, Lo, the spouse cometh; go ye out to meet with hym. Then all the virgynes risen up, and araieden her lampis. And the folis seiden to the wise, Give ye to us of youre oile; for oure lampis ben quenched. The prudent answereden and seiden, Leest peraventure it suffice not to us and to you, go ye rather to men that sellen, and bien to you."

Take another specimen, *The visit of the wise men to*

Jerusalem and Bethlehem: "Therefor, whanne Jhesus was bornn in Bethleem of Juda, in the days of King Eroude, lo! astromyens camen fro the Eest to Jerusalem and seiden, Where is that is bornn King of iewis? for we han seen his sterre in the Eest, and we comen for to worschip hym. But King Eroude herde and was troublid, and al Ierusalem with hym. And he gaderid to gidre al the princis of prestis and scribis of the puple, and enquerid of hem where Crist should de bornn; and thei seiden to him, In Bethleem of Juda; for so it is written bi a profete, And thou Bethleem of Juda are not the leest among the princis of Juda, for of thee a duyk schal go out that shall governe my puple Israel. Thein Eroude clepid pryvyli the astromyenes, and lerned of hem bisili the tyme of the starre that apperid to hem; and he sent hem in to Bethleem, and seide, Go ze and axe ze bisili of the child; and whanne ze han founden, tel ze it to me, that I also come and worschip him. And whanne thei hadde herd the King, thei wenten forth; and lo! the sterre that they saien in the Eest went bifor hem, til it came and stood above wher the child was. And thei sizen the sterre, and joieden with a ful grete joye. And thei entriden in to the hous, and founden the child with Marie, his modir; and thei fillen doun, and worschipiden him, and whanne thei hadden opened her tresouris, thei offriden to hym zifts, gold, encence, and myrre."

Wiclif's name naturally carries us on to the RELIGION of those days. The relations between the Church of Rome and the State of England were like those of a very ill-assorted couple, who have a common theory as to the obligations of domestic life, but through infirmity of temper on one side or both, have a good many little quarrels. We shall greatly mistake if we suppose that Wiclif and his followers stood alone in their protest against the encroach-

ments and corruptions of Rome. Kings and Parliaments were quite as plain-spoken, and there is nothing more curious than the absolute submission of modern Romanists, and the tone of servility which pervades all documents addressed to the Holy Father, as compared with the good scolding which he got sometimes from his own subjects long before Luther was ever heard of. The fact is, that our poor land was being plundered without mercy; and men, who had no doubts about the Supremacy, and who prayed and confessed as they were taught, had scruples about letting foreigners come and eat up their substance. The Pope, whenever it pleased him, levied a *tenth*, sometimes a *fifth*, of the goods of the Clergy, for some object which, in his judgment, concerned the safety or honour of Christendom. His Italian counsellors were billeted, so to speak, on Englishmen; so that sometimes a demand came for a thousand marks from the province of Canterbury, to support one cardinal, and a thousand marks from York for another. Knyghton, a most orthodox Churchman, and a vehement hater of Lollards and Lollardism, speaks out boldly in recording these extravagant demands, and calls them most injurious and oppressive. Some Bishops came one day, he tells us, from Rome, in the Pope's name, *asking for more*: but King and Parliament "gave them a very short answer, and sent them about their business;" and the Chronicler, Archdeacon of Leicester though he was, makes no secret of his opinion that King and Parliament were right, and the Pope was wrong.

Among the petitions of the Commons to Edward III., at the end of one of his Parliaments, it is humbly prayed that alien monks, holding livings here, but being nothing better than shoemakers, tailors, or cardinals' chamberlains in their own country, may depart the realm, and their benefices be bestowed on poor scholars. What should have fed the poor

at home was sent to pamper luxurious churchmen abroad ; so that old Fuller says, in his quaint fashion, " what betwixt Italian hospitality which none could ever see, and the Latin service which none could understand, the English were ill fed and worse taught."

There was an ugly custom too, called *Provision*, which the Pope clung to as long as he could, and the English Crown and patrons groaned under for many a long year. He would cast his eye upon Bishopricks, Abbots' places, and valuable preferments of other kinds, and anticipate a vacancy, by nominating some one to step in without a moment's delay, when death should take place, so as to preclude the choice of the lawful patrons. By the middle of the century the grievance had become intolerable, and King and Parliament began to remonstrate, in language which makes us wonder that the English Reformation did not come two centuries sooner. Thus runs the famous Petition of 1343. The beginning is courtly enough :—" To the most Holy Father, the Lord Clement, by Divine Providence, of the Holy Roman and Catholic Church the Chief Bishop ; his humble and devout children, the princes, dukes, earls, barons, knights, citizens, burgesses, and all the commonalty of the realm of England, assembled in Parliament at Westminster, devoutly kiss his holy feet ;" but they fall into a strain, before they have done, which certainly partakes more of the *hard slap* than the *soft kiss*. Bishopricks, cathedrals, colleges, and livings, they say, were anciently endowed by Kings of England, that " the service of God, and the faith of Christ, might be honoured and had in reverence. the people taught, and the poor relieved ;" but these ends were all defeated by divers reservations, provisions, and collations, illegally granted from Rome, causing multiplied evils, unknown, doubtless, to the Holy Father, because he lived a long way off. Having full knowledge, therefore, of these

abuses, they felt bound to expose them, which they proceed to do in the following terms :—" Hereby a great many souls are in peril ; the service of God is neglected ; the hospitals are brought to decay ; the churches, with their appurtenances, are ruined and dilapidated ; charity waxeth cold ; the good and honest natives of our own country are unadvanced ; the charge of souls is unregarded ; the pious zeal of the people restrained ; and the treasure of the realm exported, against the mind and intention of the founders. All which errors, abuses, and slanders, most Holy Father, we neither can nor ought any longer to suffer or endure."* The Pope, about the same time, complained to the King that, when two of his Cardinals, with Latin titles, had sent their proctors to England, to gather the fruits of livings bestowed upon them, according to ancient custom, to support their dignities, the said proctors had been roughly handled, and sent home again. Upon this the King backed up his Parliament, and wrote a spirited reply, wherein, layman though he was, he ventured to quote Scripture to His Holiness, likening the exactions of foreigners to *the vine devoured by the wild boar out of the wood*. And then the Pope mended his ways for a time, but soon got as grasping as ever, till he was restrained by a strong hand—the *Statute of Provisors*,—forbidding English subjects to accept grants from the Pope, which derogated from the rights of patrons ; and the later *Statute of Præmunire*, passed in Richard II.'s time (*some* good fruit of a bad reign), inflicting severe penalties on those who should come from Rome to enforce the Pope's claim. " Now," says the wittiest of Church historians, " came the Parliament which mauled the Papal Power in England. Some former laws had pared the Pope's nails to the quick ; but this cut off his finger, in effect ; so that hereafter his hands could not hold and grasp such vast

* Cobbett's *Parliamentary History*, i. 108-9.

sums of money as before. The occasion thereof is notoriously known,—from the Papal encroachments on the Crown. No Bishoprick, Abbacy, dignity, or rectory of value, in England, was likely to fall but a successor in reversion was by the Pope's *Provisions* foreappointed for the same. This was imputed to the Pope's abundance, yea, superfluity, of care, *ne detur vacuum* in the Church; and rather than a widow-benefice should mourn itself to death, a second husband had his license for marriage before the former was deceased. But great parishes, where small the profit and numerous the people, and where, indeed, greatest care ought to be had of their souls, were passed by in the Pope's Bulls,—His Holiness making no *Provisions* for those livings which livings had no *provisions* for His Holiness."*

The Pope, however, was not the only spoiler. The old Monastic Orders had lost much of their reputation for sanctity; and the *Mendicant Friars* had succeeded them. The Church's wealth, and the luxurious habits of its superior officers, made a vow of poverty quite startling, from its novelty; and the men who were pledged to own nothing, and live upon alms, going barefoot from house to house, carrying neither scrip nor purse, were supposed to be saints of no common virtue, and priests after God's own heart. Whatever of honest zeal may have mingled with their earliest efforts, they seem rapidly to have degenerated into mere traders on popular credulity, pretending to a life of mortification, while their morals were debased, and the convent-pantry was not ill-stored with creature comforts. They gathered audiences at fairs and markets, and bribed them to generosity with coarse wit, and a not burdensome morality. They carried about with them portable altars, and administered the Holy Communion, after a short shrift, to men of all sorts, making gifts to the friars a set-off

* Fuller's *Church History*, Book IV., sec. i., chap. 34.

against many sins. They descended, in fact, to all the vulgar arts by which the fanatic wins on the ignorant and the devout. Matthew Paris tells us, writing in the preceding century, that they had so covered the land, and so captivated the people, that the churches were deserted. No wonder that our starved countrymen preferred a sermon, eloquent perhaps, or witty,—*in English*, at any rate,—to a Latin Mass; and no wonder that, as the popularity of the preachers grew, and their vow of poverty became a mine of wealth, they were corrupted in their turn, and largely tainted with sensuality and hypocrisy.

We all know how Wiclif warred against the Friars. They aped and caricatured the virtues which he most honoured, covering proud, worldly hearts with the coarse garb of humility. Antagonistic, therefore, to his brave, honest, genial nature they were sure to be; but their numbers, and all-pervading influence, may be inferred from his frequent allusions to them, even in his practical writings. If he is preaching about *overcoming the world*, he is careful to say that he does not mean in the friars' way, who "differ nought from thieves but that they rob more sinfully." If he exhorts to *charity*, taking for his text the 13th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, he proves that the friars' charity will not stand the test, and that, St. Paul being judge, they are nothing; no better than "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." If he gives a large interpretation to the Eighth Commandment, and says that we steal God's goods when we withhold food from a starving brother, he throws in the caution that "pardoners and bold beggars" are not to have the benefit of this rule, for they deserve no pity. Now he was too earnest and too busy to assail imaginary evils. We are sure, from the frequency and the pungency of his exhortations on this subject, that the evil was a very serious one; and because the simple-minded were cajoled and plun-

dered to a great extent, he esteemed it a paramount duty to expose the cheat.

Pilgrimages were amongst the strangest features of the times. These expeditions were in great favour with the people and the priests; with the people, because they got an excuse for a holiday, and could have a week's merry-making under the pretence of religion, which put them in good humour with themselves; and with the priests, because the offerings, which increased the heaped-up wealth of a favourite shrine, overflowed to the holy men who were its appointed guardians. Erasmus, in one of the most amusing of his Dialogues, has described the prodigious accumulation of rich gifts which he saw under the altar of St. Thomas, at Canterbury. Next in reputation to the Martyr came our *Lady of Walsingham*, in Norfolk. There are frequent notices of this Chapel in the Paston Correspondence, a curious collection of family letters written in the *fifteenth* century; but we have no reason to presume that the grandfathers of the writers were wiser than the writers themselves. They belonged to a family of some consequence, and we find frequent allusions to distinguished persons, who were passing near them, to present some suit to the Virgin on this favoured spot, or hoping for a cure when physicians had done their utmost. We hear of the Duke of Buckingham, at one time; of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, travelling on foot by way of penance, at another. A lady writes to her husband, who was ill in London, that they are doing all they can to make him well; for she has sent four nobles to four Orders of Friars to pray for him; and she has vowed a pilgrimage to Walsingham herself, and her mother has sent an image of wax, just the weight of the sick man, as an offering to the same place.

We have seen something already of the Canterbury pilgrims from the pen of one who had a keen eye for

observation, and a marvellous gift for portraiture. But more strange than anything that Chaucer tells us, is the simple fact, that a company like that, so strangely assorted, so easily diverted, should have a fancy that they were doing anything else than taking a jaunt for pleasure. Flimsy, indeed, was the veil of religious observance that was thrown over the whole proceeding; and we have evidence, besides the poet's, precisely in the same strain. We find Thorpe, a disciple of Wiclif's, telling a plain tale about them before Archbishop Arundel. Some pilgrims, he says, have bagpipes with them for amusement; and others hire men and women to go with them who "can well sing wanton songs;" they go for a month on pilgrimage, and are full of idle gossip and lying tales when they come back; so that his judgment is that pilgrimages are much to be condemned, because they "wasted rich men's time, and poor men's goods, and did no good to either."

We hear some strange things about Bishops in those days. I do not quote them simply as curious, when compared with our notions of Episcopal decorum, but because we may test the religious feeling of an age partly by seeing what Christian teachers in high places dare to do, and are permitted to do. Burwash, Bishop of Lincoln, was a great hunter, so much so that, when a rumour became prevalent that he had appeared after his death to one of his friends, he was habited, not in rochet and mitre, but "all in green, like a forester with his bow and quiver of arrows, and his bugle-horn hanging by his side." "This Burwash," writes the Church historian, "was he who, by mere might, against all right and reason, took in the land of many poor people, without making the least reparation, therewith to complete his park at Tinghurst. These wronged persons, though seeing their

own bread and beef and mutton turned into the Bishop's venison, durst not contest with him who was Chancellor of England, (though neither Law nor Equity in this his action,) only they loaded him with curses and execrations." It seems that, while Bishops might rob poor men of their lands, others, whether mean or noble, were not allowed to be trespassers, even, on Bishops' lands; for we read, that when a great baron committed a trespass on the park of William Bateman, Bishop of Norwich, the Bishop "prosecuted him with so much vigour that, in spite of all his own power, and of the earnest interposition of the King in his favour, he was obliged to submit to the following ignominious penance,—to walk in his waistcoat bare-headed and barefoot, with a wax candle, weighing six pounds, lighted in his hand, through the streets of Norwich, to the cathedral; and there, in the presence of a prodigious concourse of people, to beg the bishop's pardon, in the most humble posture and language."* Another Bishop of Norwich, Henry Spencer, was yet more famous. What he did in the way of sermons and Visitation Charges we are not told; but he loved fighting dearly. At the time of Wat Tyler's rebellion, when a band of insurgents had gathered strength in Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, he donned helmet and breastplate, put himself at the head of a body of retainers, and scoured the country, sword in hand. The man raged like a wild boar, we are told, in the thick of the conflict, pursued the fugitives to churches and altars, gave no quarter, and then, in his holier character, confessed and absolved those in whom life still lingered. The same man had a taste of war abroad, under circumstances which make a strange commentary on the history of the times. There was a schism

* Henry's *History of Great Britain*, viii. 61.

in the Papacy, an awkward accident which did sometimes occur, and made strange confusion in Christendom. Urban VI. and Clement VII. were rival Popes, and each beat up for recruits. The English were zealous Urbanists, and the French, as might be expected, took the other side. So a crusade was proclaimed, and Pope Urban, as Knyghton tells us, sent over to England some "marvellously gracious indulgences," promising absolution to those who should join an expedition against the wicked Clementists, or contribute to the expense of the war. "An untold and incredible sum was collected," says our friend the Archdeacon,—money, plate, jewels, rings, and bracelets being poured into the common fund. Five thousand men crossed the Channel, with the Bishop for commander-in-chief; and, in some copies of Froissart, you will see him mounted on a grey horse, robed and mitred, heading a company of spearmen, his squire by his side carrying a banner emblazoned with the *Cross Keys*.

We quote these instances, not as average specimens of the morals and manners of the age, but as illustrating a social condition very different from our own, when rulers in Church and State were sometimes above the Law, and the controlling power of Public Opinion did not reach, as it now does, to the highest in the land. The great Churchmen of that day were strong in their prescriptive rights, strong in the possession of almost princely revenues, strong in the intellect and learning which raised them, often, from a mean condition to be the companions of kings. Some abused their power; others used it nobly, spoke brave words in Courts and Parliaments, and stood like towers of refuge for the defenceless people. The King's Courts were often inaccessible; the powerful Barons were apt to become petty tyrants in their own domains; and the occasions were not few when the interposition of some

grave man of God, revered for official pre-eminence and sanctity of life, whose only weapons were those of rebuke and spiritual censure, came to the aid of weak laws and timid magistrates.

Bradwardine, whom the monks of Canterbury *would have* for their Archbishop, (though Edward III. refused them once, because he did not choose to part with his Confessor,) was a man of Apostolic purity and simplicity of life,—learned as Anselm, pious as Augustine, his two great predecessors,—so loved and honoured, when he attended the King to the French wars, that some said his prayers did more for the English arms than the valour of knights and soldiers. Merks, Bishop of Carlisle, as Shakespeare has reminded us in his *Richard II.*, stood up alone in the House of Lords, when Henry IV. was stepping on the throne, and pleaded with noble earnestness for the poor uncrowned monarch. Instances of sturdy independence were not wanting in the disposal of patronage,—Kings and courtiers favouring some unworthy candidate, while Chapters looked out for men of piety and learning. Early in the century, when the Bishoprick of Durham was vacant, the Queen begged it of her husband, Edward II., for a kinsman of her own; and the monks, with whom the election rested, were plied with solicitations from the royal pair. They did their duty, however, fearlessly, and elected a man recommended only by his virtues. Then came an appeal to the Pope; and the rejected man claiming kindred with the King of France, both Monarchs made suit at Rome for his nomination. Such petitioners were seldom repulsed there, if no Church object interfered with their request; and the man of noble birth was preferred. The sequel of the story is curious, as illustrating another portion of the manners of the times. As the new Bishop was on his way to take possession of his See, accom-

panied by two Cardinals and a large retinue, he was taken prisoner by a marauding party, headed by a gentleman of Northumberland, carried sixty miles across the country, and ransomed, at much more than his value, by the loyal monks of his Chapter.

The bravest Churchman of that day, however, we must ever hold, was the man who assailed worldly-minded ambitious Prelates, and unveiled the corruptions which were rank by this time, and cried to heaven for some speedy redress. As Protestant Englishmen, when we turn our eyes to the fourteenth century, we think of it as the era, not so much of *Crecy and the Black Prince*, as of *Wiclif and the earliest translation of the Bible*. The spoils of conquest have been wrested from us; the fame of an almost bloodless triumph, gained in an unrighteous quarrel, we might well spare; but ever while we deem the lively oracles the treasure of all treasures—while the heavenly message is music in our ears, and food to our souls,—the man who claimed it as the people's heritage, and brought it out to them from the hiding-place of the cloister, will rank with those who have done the noblest work for England, and are entitled to the lasting gratitude of all her sons. To us, who read the open volume so freely, it seems strange, almost, that a man should earn an immortal name so easily; but, really and truly, for those days it was a daring enterprise. Churchmen said their privileges were invaded; and denounced the man who made the people more independent of their teaching as a dangerous innovation. "The Gospel pearl," writes Knyghton, indignantly, "is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine; and that which was precious, both to Clergy and Laity, is rendered, as it were, the common jest of both." Unmoved by taunts like these, watched and suspected by men in power, the brave good

man took his task in hand, and toiled on from year to year till it was finished.

King James's translators magnified their office, but did not over-praise it, when they wrote, "*Translation it is, that openeth the window to let in the light,—that breaketh the shell that we may eat the kernel,—that putteth aside the curtain, that we may look into the most Holy Place,—that removeth the cover of the well, that we may come by the water.*" Truly, the light is pleasant; the kernel is sweet to the taste; we look reverently into the Holy Place; waters from the well of life give us strength for our journey, and make our souls glad within us; and therefore we give honour to the man who discerned the true remedy for priestly tyranny, and led the way to the liberation of his countrymen. He never burnt a Pope's Bull, like Luther; he never saw a day like that on which the brave monk stood face to face with the Great Emperor at Worms; but on the great questions at issue between the Church's rule and the individual conscience,—as to priestly mediation on the one hand, and free access to the Mercy-Seat on the other,—the German Reformer did not deliver a truer testimony than the English one; while both alike proclaimed that the teaching of Holy Scripture, like the blessed sun-light which cheers and warms our homes, was meant for all men to live and walk by, and that what God had given in His rich bounty none might hide or darken without profaneness and cruelty. "Sacriligious robbers, worse than men who broke into Churches, and stole chalices from the altar," Wiclif styled such in his plain-spoken English; and to reclaim the plunder, and restore to the people what they could ill spare, seemed to him a work of piety and charity.

Still, be it remembered, books were but manuscripts in those days. The scribe, not the printer, multiplied copies; and we talk loosely, therefore, when we speak of the Scrip-

tures being *given to the people* in the fourteenth century. It was not with England as with Germany when Luther came from the Wartburg, with his German Testament in his hand, the fruit of his captivity, and presently *three thousand* copies went forth from the press at Wittemburg, followed by fifty editions more in the next twelve years. Far distant, as yet, was the day when the Bible, in his mother tongue, would be the Englishman's household book. We read that early in the fifteenth century, a MS. copy of Wiclif's New Testament sold for £2 13s. 4d. There is a record to that effect in the Register of the then Bishop of Norwich. Now at that period labourers' wages were about *a shilling a week*. So if a man worked steadily for a year, put by all his earnings, and spent nothing on food or clothing, at the end of the year he might have bought a Testament. *Think*; and now our Sunday School children can have one of the nice little Testaments bound in roan with gilt edges, if they have the virtue to hold out against *Goodies*, and will save up *fourpence*.

Wiclif died, but his doctrine lived. His writings, consisting of short treatises on the corruptions of the day, or popular expositions of Christian faith and practice,—*tracts*, in fact, of an early date,—were copied by a hundred scribes, and distributed by zealous disciples. The Friars, too, were met on their own ground, and foiled with their own weapons. Preachers went abroad, *poor Priests*, as they were called, simple in their habits, indefatigable in their labours, plain-spoken like their Master, who gave the people not a miserable caricature of Christianity, but the Gospel in its purity; and, before the end of the Century, their followers had become an army whom Archbishops denounced to Parliament as dangerous to the State. We hear of the *Lollards* mostly from their enemies. Knyghton tells us that, if all the earth were turned into parchment,

and every twig became a pen, and the sea were nothing but ink, and every living man were a scribe, all their wickedness could not be told; but, after this railing indictment, we search in vain for any overt acts of treason, any felonies or misdemeanours, to justify his description. He admits that they were a mightily persuasive people, who gained proselytes wherever they went; also that they all spoke one language, and seemed to be animated by one spirit, from which he infers that the Devil was their teacher; but unity and concord, we know, come more often from the Good Spirit. It was made a reproach to them that *God's Law* was for ever in their mouths, and that good preaching and godly living were exalted by them above Church ceremonies and the Pope's Masses. There were tares, doubtless, among the wheat; men who were half enlightened, with few to check and guide them wisely, might run into some wild excesses; a few noted men among them recanted, and brought discredit on the name. But among the despised sect were chosen witnesses of God, to whom Truth was dearer than life,—faithful Evangelists who sowed good seed in many an humble home,—worthy disciples of a Master, whose course was finished, but whose words, spoken and written, bore fruit in after ages. Soon, however, they were to be tested by suffering. The great Churchmen bestirred themselves, and received a Commission from Parliament to hunt down the innovators. The first year of Henry IV.'s reign, the last of the Century, was made memorable by the enactment of the Statute, which made burning the punishment for heretics, and the work of Persecution began in earnest. The preachers were silenced; the old abuses lived on; the time of Reformation was postponed; and the dreary *fifteenth* Century followed, with its tale of blood and crime,—its deposed and murdered Princes,—its nobles divided between warring factions,—its

twenty battle-fields on English soil,—and all the wide wasting desolation which History suggests, but cannot paint.

Much that was done by the men of the fourteenth Century, of course, has passed away, never to be recovered. We do not retain the lands they conquered ; our public Institutions have been completely remodelled ; old customs have perished, and new ones rule us in their turn. But we have some enduring monuments of their taste and skill. Our noblest Cathedrals belong to this Century. Winchester assumed a completely new aspect, the West Front being built by one Bishop, and then joined on to the Central Tower by the lofty nave, under the superintendence of his successor, the celebrated William of Wykeham. The Eastern end of Lincoln, with a grace and beauty of its own, and the upper storey of the majestic Tower which overlooks a whole County, were begun and finished during this period. The famous Octagon and Lantern of Ely are of the same date, unique in character, and unsurpassed for beauty. Salisbury I cannot claim, as the body was finished in the year 1258 ; but the spire which crowns it comes within our limits, and helps to enrich my list. York Minster was 250 years in building, and belongs, therefore, to *three* centuries ; but the glorious West Front was reared in Edward II.'s reign, showing that, in the very periods when Kings and Courtiers challenge alternately our contempt and pity, the Mediæval Church could command the services of men of lofty genius and large resources, who have bequeathed their works as a wonder and a study for later generations. The Decorated English style, as it is called, came into favour then, and beautiful specimens of it are seen, not only in our Cathedrals, but in our Churches. The towers and spires which adorn so many of the villages of Lincolnshire, and used to feast the eye of the traveller

in the good old times of four-horse coaches and post-chaises, were designed and built by the same wonder-working Artists.

Some of the munificent Churchmen of the Middle Ages seem as well entitled to notice as the Cathedrals which were built under their eye. We hear of wealth having corrupted the Clergy, and luxury having succeeded to the habits of primitive Christianity, till we forget to discriminate between the worthy and the vile, and almost lose sight of the noble and judicious charities which are recorded in the Ecclesiastical annals of that period. The greater Bishops lived like Princes with their broad lands and stately mansions and wide-flowing hospitality; but then the best among them gave like Princes to works of piety and charity. William of Wykeham, who began by being surveyor and architect to Edward the Third, and in that capacity superintended his splendid improvements at Windsor,—who went on to higher offices and became at last Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor,—besides what was done in beautiful style for his own Cathedral, founded and endowed Winchester School, and New College, Oxford, for the training of poor scholars. Richard Bury, Bishop of Durham from 1333 to 1345, collected a vast store of manuscripts, and left behind him a noble library. Men of letters flocked to him from every quarter, and found in him a fast friend and generous patron. His gates were daily opened to the poor, and his alms scattered ungrudgingly among the destitute of every class. The ample revenues of his See he looked upon as given in trust, to be expended for God; and when his executors came to search for his private store, they found that he had left nothing for them to dispense. Walter Stapleton, a man of “high birth and large bounty,” was barbarously murdered in Cheapside because he was Lord Treasurer to

Edward II., and the mutinous citizens sided with his shameless Queen; but he had first founded and endowed Exeter College, Oxford. Simon Islip, of Canterbury, one of Edward the Third's six Metropolitans, founded Canterbury College at Oxford, since swallowed up in Christ Church. The next Century, if we might look forward a little, would add to our list the splendid foundation of Magdalen College, Oxford, by Bishop Wainfleet, of Winchester, and Brasennose College, by Bishop Smith, of Lincoln,—“why so called,” says Fuller, in recording the deed, “I meet not with any satisfactory reason; but when such who cavil at the name build a College, it shall be left at their free liberty to call it according to their own pleasure.” The Bishops had ample revenues, and hoarding was not the vice of that age; living under the rule of celibacy, families they had none to advance or educate; and the best among them faithfully acted out the principle, that men thus situated, and liberally maintained in places of trust and honour, should look on their worldly goods as consecrated, in a special manner, to the service of God and the advancement of Religion.

Our picture of the manners of that age would be incomplete without some allusion to the laws of CHIVALRY, which then governed with absolute sway all the gentlemen in Europe who bore arms. Certainly we cannot echo the complaints of old Caxton, in the next age, who mourned over the decay of the ancient spirit of Knighthood, as if he had been a fierce warrior instead of an honoured printer. When martial exercises were in such repute, those who excelled in them longed for war in earnest; personal prowess became the passport to a privileged Order, and they who wore its badge were sometimes gentle as well as brave, but quite as often proud and selfish and cruel.

Edward III. trained up a band of gallant men whose names became famous throughout Europe; but with him it was policy, and not sport, to make the tilting-field a nursery of arms. When he sent word to France and Scotland, to Burgundy and Flanders, that on a given day he would hold a feast of the Round Table at Windsor, to be attended by Queen Philippa, and three hundred of her fairest ladies, "all of noble and honourable families, in their richest attire," he meant not merely to make a grand show, but to attract to his standard men who should do him good service in the French Wars. There was a famous gathering of this sort in the year 1344, thus described by Barnes:—"When this mighty Prince had formed in his head this most honourable design, and had begun to hold his Round Table at Windsor, upon New Year's day, he issued out his Royal Letters of Protection for the safe coming and return of foreign Knights, their servants, and what belonged to them, who being determined to try their valour should come to these solemn Justs. The time appointed being come, the King provided a Royal Supper to open the solemnity, and then first ordained that this festival should be annually held there at Whitsuntide. The next day, and during all this splendid Convention from before Candlemas unto Lent, the Lords of England and of other lands exercised themselves at all kinds of Knightly feats of arms, as Justs and Tournaments, and running at the Ring. The Queen and her ladies, that they might with more convenience behold this spectacle, were orderly seated upon a firm balustrade or scaffold, with rails before it, running all round the lists. And certainly their extraordinary beauties, set so advantageously forth with excessive finery and riches of apparel, did prove a sight as full of pleasant encouragement to the combatants as the fierce encounters of men and horses gallantly armed was a delightful terror to the femi-

nine beholders. During these martial sports, William Montagu, the great Earl of Salisbury, King of the Isle of Man, and Marshal of England, through his immoderate courage and labour for three or four days together, was at last so bruised and wounded with these boisterous encounters that, falling into a fever thereby, he died within eight days after, to the infinite regret of the King and all the Court, as well strangers as English. But the solemnity notwithstanding was continued to its appointed end; and all the while, as the men of war thus spent the days in sports more agreeable to their robust nature, so were a great part of the nights devoted to public Balls, Masquerades, and dancing with the ladies which attended the Queen thither.”*

Chivalry had its freaks and follies, as well as its more serious purposes, and much that was done by sane men in its palmy days is reflected faithfully in the history of the renowned Knight of La Mancha. The favoured Dulcinea was glorified to a goddess. The fame of her beauty was to travel wherever her devoted servant could find enemies to challenge. Life was cheap when set against her smile, and mortal quarrels passed for deeds of virtue if provoked by any disparagement of her surpassing excellence. We read of a company of Knights who, when starting for a campaign in France, put a patch over one eye, vowing, at the same time, to their mistresses, that it should never be removed till some notable feat of arms had been performed to their honour.

Under Richard II. the same spectacles were repeated; but they had degenerated in his day to mere Court Entertainments, and formed one of the many outlets of prodigal expenditure which made his rule oppressive and odious.

* Barnes's *History of that most Victorious Monarch, Edward III.*, pp. 295-6.

London streets, in the great thoroughfares, are not so quiet on the holy day as we should like to see them; and I, for one, wish success most heartily to the Cabmen's *Sunday Rest Association*; but stranger sights were seen in the olden time, when men went to Mass early, and got their religious observances over pretty soon. On the Sunday next after Michaelmas Day, in the year 1390, says Froissart, "about three o'clock, there paraded out from the Tower of London, sixty barded coursers ornamented for the tournament; on each was mounted a squire of honour that advanced only at a foot's pace; then came sixty ladies of rank, mounted on palfreys, most elegantly and richly dressed, following each other, every one holding a Knight with a silver chain completely armed for tilting; and in this procession they moved on through the streets of London, attended by numbers of minstrels and trumpets to Smithfield. The tiltings were well and long continued, until night forced them to break off." The day concluded with a banquet and a ball at the Bishop of London's Palace, near St. Paul's, where the Queen and her ladies were lodged.

Dress is another thing we cannot help having some curiosity about. I cannot tell you how the ploughman habited himself; neither the quality of his working garments, nor the cut of his Sunday coat, is anywhere recorded that I can find. But I think we may very safely assume that they were much more convenient and rational than the adornments of the Knight and Squire. An English beau of the Fourteenth Century wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains,—hose of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other,—short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs,—a coat one half white, and the other half black or blue,—a long beard,—a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered

with grotesque figures of animals and dancing men, and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. The dress of the ladies was no less fantastic; and the old miniatures are full of fair dames whose garments are exactly divided into two sides of different colours. Sometimes we find the family coat of arms embroidered on the petticoat, giving it much the appearance of a herald's coat. One of the most grotesque parts of the female apparel was the high cap, sometimes raised in the form of a cone three feet above the head, with streamers of silk flowing from the top to the ground. A gold or silver girdle, with an embroidered pouch, and a small dagger, completed the costume of a fashionable lady of Edward the Third's time.* One very interesting fact to half the human race I find recorded in a pleasant little volume called *Our English Home; its Early History and Progress*. That whereas hitherto "my lady arranged her toilet with skewers of bone, wood or silver, in the fourteenth century, the manufacture of pins of white or blanchéd wire superseded them. In 1347 twelve thousand pins were delivered from the royal wardrobe for the Princess Joan."

The title I have just quoted suggests a wide subject, which it would need much of antiquarian lore to investigate; and perhaps all that can be collected on the subject, would give us very imperfect notions of the dwellings of our ancestors. Glass was rare and costly. The houses of the wealthy had in them a strange mixture of profuse display with the lack of much that no shopkeeper, nowadays, could spare. Money was lavished on a gorgeous bedstead for the State Room, but feather beds were a novel luxury, and a single specimen enriched the noble's best apartment. Better still, blankets came into use, and the looms of England sent forth their first instalment

* James's *History of the Black Prince*, i., 292-4.

of the millions which have since covered her thankful sons and daughters, when the cold day has been succeeded by the colder night. A parlour within the common dining-hall, where the gentleman might have his meals apart from his dependants, was a refinement of these times, and much complained of for its unsocial tendency. Langland, in his popular poem, *Piers the Ploughman*, denounces the "privy parlours with chimneys,"—these last being a novel substitute for the old hole in the roof. Chairs and stools, too, in well-furnished houses, began to supersede the rude bench and the roomy locker.

Among the great events of this century was the *terrible Pestilence* which wasted England from end to end, just as its course was half run. The famous plague of Athens, described by Thucydides,—the plague of London, in Charles the Second's time, of which the horrors are portrayed with equal vividness by Defoe,—the fearful visitation of 1720, at Marseilles,—seem all to have been outdone by this wide-wasting scourge. It is not safe, perhaps, to rely implicitly upon reported numbers relating to a period when rumour would be very busy, when men's fears would dispose them to believe the worst, and when there was so little power of sifting evidence on the spot; but, putting together all the information which seems tolerably authentic, we have a scene of misery depicted which is perfectly appalling and heart-sickening. The churchyards of London proved quite inadequate for the armies of the dead which were poured into them. A large piece of ground, near the Charter-house, was bought by Sir Walter Manny, and dedicated to the use of the poor; a stone cross was afterwards erected on one part of it, bearing an inscription to the effect that more than fifty thousand persons had been buried there in the single year 1349. In some of the

provincial towns a still greater mortality is described :—at Yarmouth, seven thousand in the year ; at Norwich, the incredible number of fifty-one thousand. Markets were deserted. Men fled in terror to desert places, or shut themselves up where no infected person could approach them. Parliament suspended its sittings for two years. The Courts of Law were shut up. The inferior Clergy fled, or fell at their posts, so that churches were silent as the grave, without Matins or Vespers, Mass or Sacrament, and the dead were buried without a prayer. “And yet,” says the historian, “to all these evils there was added one more ; for there arose a certain rumour that there were many poisoners, and especially the Jews, who infected the waters and fountains, from whence the aforesaid pestilence began. Whereupon, in many places, thousands of Jews, and some Christians also, though innocent and blameless, were burnt, slain, and cruelly handled ; whereas, indeed, it was the hand of God which wrought all this for the sins of the world. To resist which unreasonable fury of the Christians against the Jews, Pope Clement twice wrote his *Encyclical Letters* to all Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates of the Church, to stop this fury of the people. But all his endeavours could not prevent the unjust persecution of this miserable nation ; and particularly in Germany, where the plague reigned, this false rumour made them so odious, that it is said, twelve thousand of them were put to death in the city of Mentz.”

Another sore evil was of more frequent occurrence. *Famine* pressed heavily sometimes on the poorer classes. When it was deemed a sin for a man to hoard corn, bad harvests, of course, were followed with scarcity, and the rapid alternations of prices show how much the regulating power of open markets and an unrestricted trade was

wanted. We read of the price of corn rising and falling so suddenly, that wheat would fetch *three* times as much at market in one week, as in the succeeding one. Every now and then, particular districts would be reduced almost to the condition of a besieged city. Horses and dogs were greedily devoured; parents, it was reported, did not spare the bodies of their dead children; and, at the worst, little ones were kidnapped and murdered to feed the savage appetite of those in whom Hunger had deadened pity and shame and conscience.*

Of course, a subject like this is not half exhausted with a single Lecture. One can but touch on some subjects of special interest, or seize a few particulars which illustrate rather strikingly the progress of events between two distant eras. Certainly the England we see differs very much from the England of Wiclif and Chaucer and Wat Tyler and the Black Prince. Politically, socially, religiously, there have been mighty changes; and step by step, and stage by stage, we may trace the march of events which have made us what we are. Marvellously has God's Providence sheltered our land, enriched it with Commerce, ennobled it by Freedom, made us witnesses to other nations for Christ's pure Gospel, and let us lead the van in the blessed work which the Apostles began, and eighteen centuries have left unfinished. We have a Roll of Worthies which we may read with honest pride, and challenge the world, ancient and modern, to produce the like. We have a History stored with precious lessons for the Statesman and the Philosopher, showing how the problem of Civil Government has been worked out with singular success, and presenting, in its later chapters, a

* Walsingham's *Historia Brevis*, p. 84.

specimen of well-balanced Powers and well-regulated Liberty which other nations are beginning to admire and envy. Best of all, we see no signs of decrepitude. The Throne was never more esteemed and loved and honoured; Parliament never sought the public good more faithfully; the ruling classes, more than ever, feel the responsibilities of stewardship; Legislation was never more habitually referred to the Supreme and only perfect Law; Christian Teachers, called by many names, never pervaded the country so thoroughly, and never, we believe, did their work so faithfully.

Shall we boast, therefore, of the past, or build our hopes on our own might and wisdom for the future? Shall mechanical skill, Commercial enterprise, popular Institutions, Anglo-Saxon nerve and pluck and hardihood of nature and love of toil, be our favourite themes, and shall self-vaunting phrases about all or any of them be the music that we love? *Here*, at least, I hope we are better taught. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name, be the praise." What we have is given, not earned; great and good men in past ages have left us a legacy which we are bound to put out to interest; He, by whom Kings reign, and who lifts up nations and casts them down at pleasure, has put us in trust with large opportunities of advancing His Kingdom of righteousness among men. Our faithfulness to this high calling will be our best security, and our truest greatness. The height already gained is a vantage ground for aggression on the Powers of Evil. Our national pre-eminence and social blessings will bring guilt upon our heads, if, like the commercial cities of old, we think only of turning them to profit, in a low vulgar sense, and cheapening or multiplying the means of luxurious enjoyment. Thank God! we do move more freely, speak more freely, read and write more freely, think more freely, than our ancestors. Our laws are more just,—our Courts more pure,—our homes

more convenient,—our fields more fruitful,—our temples hallowed with a more spiritual service, and filled with more intelligent worshippers. What a debt, then, do we owe to our own age, and to posterity! What large tribute ought the men who possess and rule England to be paying to the Great Lord of All! Side by side with all that we can sum up of good transmitted to us, or wrought by us, there is much of Evil to be corrected, much of suffering to be alleviated, much of ignorance to be enlightened, much of wilderness ground, all about us, to be sown with the incorruptible seed. Legislators and private citizens, the Ministers of Religion, men of wealth and leisure, employers of every name, from the mill-owner with his thousand hands to the householder and shopkeeper, all have their special duties, and should be doing their part to make our nation yet freer, yet happier, richer in God's blessing, more loyal to the King of Saints. We have been speaking of the day when the Bible came forth from its hiding-places, and shone into our English homes. O for the day when it shall leaven all hearts! May God speed it in His mercy! and as we tread our pilgrim's path, may we speak some words, and do some deeds, which shall bear fruit in the future time of harvest!

Lessons for Christian Labourers

FROM THE

Libes of the Jesuits.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. CHARLES VINCE.

LESSONS FOR CHRISTIAN LABOURERS

FROM THE

LIVES OF THE JESUITS.

THE Bible frequently sends us to very strange schools. If we may judge from its own example, the counsel of that divinely-wise book is clearly this—"Be ready to learn a useful lesson wherever you can find it, whether in friend or foe—in natures above you, or in natures beneath you." Honour to whom honour is due. The word of God had taught men that wisdom can be gleaned in every field centuries before the poet sang his much-bepraised lines about

"Tongues in trees, sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks, and good in every thing."

It brings its lessons from the extremes of creation, for in different passages it bids us learn obedience from the angels—lowliness from little children—and trustfulness in our Heavenly Father, from the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field. It enforces meekness by citing the conduct of Michael the Archangel, when he disputed with Satan about the dead body of Moses. It rebuked the fickleness of the Jewish people by the firmness many of the devotees of false gods displayed. It chides us for the unfruitfulness of our faith, by reminding us that the belief of the demons is strong enough to make them tremble. In one passage this

matchless book commands us to learn thankfulness from the beasts which perish.—“The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib, but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider.” In another passage the Bible sends us to learn a careful forethought, and a wise use of golden opportunities from the birds of passage—“Yea the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord. How do ye say, ‘We are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us?’” In a third passage indolent men, counting themselves to be the lords of creation, are commanded to learn diligence from a tiny creeping insect—“Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.”

These illustrations will suffice to show that it is not out of keeping with the word of God to endeavour to draw practical lessons for an essentially Protestant audience from the history of an essentially Popish confederacy. One might claim for this his purpose the sanction of the ancient proverb, “It is lawful to learn from our enemies”—but I prefer to plead the immeasurably higher authority of that book whose “Thus saith the Lord” is with all true protestants the end of controversy, and the sufficient reason for an unfaltering confidence, and an unfailing submissiveness. It is true that the men whose labours and sufferings and self-denial constitute my theme were so ultra-papistical as to be repudiated by many of their fellow-papists. They were deemed so dangerous as to be secretly dreaded, if not openly denounced by several of those alleged successors of St. Peter, whose spiritual despotism they did so much to conserve and extend. One of the greatest men that ever bowed in degrading submissiveness to the Romish yoke, after describing certain deeds of the Jesuits, thus addressed them—“Here, Fathers, is an imposture worthy of you—here is a crime

such as only God is capable of punishing, and only you are capable of committing. My simple desire is to make you abhor yourselves, and to shew the world that after this there is nothing of which you are not capable.”* Members of their own Church being judges, these men were “the extreme left” of Romanism. It may therefore seem strange to some that Protestants should think of rebuking and instructing themselves by studying the lives of the Jesuits. Possibly there may be those who censure the endeavour to shame Protestant coldness by Papistical fervour, and to chide Protestant indolence, rashness, impatience, and self-indulgence, by details of Papistical diligence, prudence, patience, and self-abnegation. To such censors our answer might be—“Go to, Sirs, we learn what we may do from the example of Him who pointed Jewish worshippers to Pagan lands, for illustrations of that religious stability in which the frequenters of the temple in Jerusalem were so mournfully lacking. “I will yet plead with you, saith the Lord; for pass over the isles of Chittim and see; and send unto Kedar, and consider diligently, and see if there be such a thing. Hath a nation changed their gods which are yet no gods? but my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit.”

The limits of this lecture do not allow, and its object does not demand, an attempt to give even the merest sketch of the history of the Society of Jesus. A brief recital of the leading facts will be sufficient to show its remarkable origin and its rapid growth, and to furnish materials for those practical lessons which it is my purpose to set before you. In tracing this strong and wide-spread stream back to its first shallow frontlets, we have not to go beyond the period of the Reformation. The year 1491 must be deemed a memorable year in the calendar of the Romish Church. It

* Pascal. Provincial Letters.

was the year in which the death of Pope Innocent the Eighth occasioned the vacancy in the Papal chair, which was filled by the appointment of the infamous Borgia, under the title of Alexander the Sixth. This man was not the worst that ever lived, for bad as he was, he was surpassed in wickedness by his own hideous son, whom he idolised and made an Archbishop and a Cardinal. It was asserted that Alexander purchased the Papacy by bribing the Holy College, with whom the appointment rested. It may be doubted whether he bought his power, but there can be no question that he sold it. It was in allusion to his double simony that the couplet was written—

“He sells the keys, the altar, Christ himself :
By right he sells what he has bought with pelf.”

The extent to which this Pope carried the crimes and corruptions of the Romish Church, did very much to prepare men's minds for those great changes from which the timid amongst them might have shrunk if the abuses of the Papacy had been less gross in their character; although they might have been equally detrimental to real religion in their consequences. The year in which the death of Innocent made way for Alexander, found Martin Luther a mere child, eight years old, living in the poor home of his pious parents. His mother was striving hard, as best she knew how in that season of her spiritual twilight, to train up her child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Her religious counsel was enforced by the example of her home, in frugality and contentment—in diligence and devoutness. To the end of his life the great Reformer had reason to gratefully acknowledge the wise teaching and the holy influence of his mother exercised in those days of his childhood and poverty. His history furnishes no exception to the rule, that you rarely find a man with great beauty of

Christ-like character, without also finding that a woman's plastic hand had much to do with the moulding of his nature into the image of Divine holiness. In that same year 1491, Ignatius Loyola, the future founder of the Jesuits, was born in an old baronial castle, in the province of Biscay, and under the shadow of the Pyrenees. These two boys, born within eight years of each other, grew up to be the two foremost men in the world, changing the current of its destinies, and proving to be, the one—the stoutest foe, and the other—the most successful defender the Church of Rome ever had. The comments made by different historians on the fact, that the birth of Loyola was so nearly coincident with that of Luther, afford another illustration of the strangely different way in which the same event is contemplated by different individuals. It is true, that beauty is rather in the eye which sees than in the object which is seen. Papal historians tell us, that the Founder of the Jesuits was born so soon after the first of the Reformers, in obedience to the law by which Nature provides an antidote to every poison, and grows in each climate medicinal herbs specially adapted to the pestilences most prevalent there. But we,—remembering how the Jesuit order turned the hosts of Antichrist from their early flight,—checked the course of the Reformation,—and made its chariot wheels drag heavily, are much more disposed to say, that the advent of Loyola so quickly followed the entrance of Luther into the world, in proof of the old saying, that—

“Wherever Christians have their house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.”

The Spanish boy, growing into manhood, became a courtly knight, full of the spirit of chivalry, and daring in

all soldierly deeds, but by no means free from all the vices most rife in the camp and on the battle-field. Presently, there came Affliction, that great wonder-worker, who has wrought some of the most thorough and momentous changes which have ever taken place in human character. Loyola was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and carried home to his father's castle. This was in 1521, a year as memorable in the history of Luther as it was in that of the founder of the Jesuits. About the time that Loyola was fighting so bravely against the French besiegers of the metropolis of Navarre, the great Reformer was displaying a more sanctified heroism in a far holier cause. He was invited to the Diet of Worms, through the Elector of Saxony, by the new Emperor, Charles the Fifth, on whose friendly interference the Court of Rome seems to have rested its last hopes for the suppression of the doctrines of the Reformation. It was then Luther uttered those oft-quoted words which have shamed so many soldiers of the cross out of their cowardice, and inspired so many threatened servants of Christ to face their duties and forget all dangers. Faint-hearted friends told him he would be burnt to powder at Worms, as surely as John Huss had been at Constance. "If," said he, "they were to kindle a fire that should reach to the sky between Wittemberg and Worms, I would still appear there in the name of the Lord." Little did Luther dream of the beneficial power that brave utterance would be in the world centuries after he had entered into his rest.

Very great is the blessing which many a good man has conferred upon the world by some brief saying which, being a wise word spoken in season, has remained amongst the treasures of successive generations—"an apple of gold in a picture of silver." What perpetual service to the cause of becoming humility, is rendered by Sir Isaac Newton's

lowly confession of the littleness of his knowledge when compared with the vastness of the undiscovered secrets of Nature! How much has fidelity to evangelical doctrine been helped by Paul's memorable avowal of the one great theme on which he insisted—"We preach Christ and Him crucified!" The influence exercised by these and similar sayings, illustrates and confirms the Scripture declaration, "The power of life and death is in the tongue." It shows us what force for good or for evil there is even in our words. Though our sphere be very narrow, and what we say seem of far less moment, yet we do well to set a watch over our lips, for the feeblest amongst us may utter words which will beget consequences that shall outlast Time itself. We do all of us under-rate the importance of what falls from our lips, for we forget the Lord has said,—“By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Experience fully warrants the apostle's warning, that a man's religion is vain if it do not teach him to use his tongue wisely.

The latter part of the year 1521, Luther spent in the castle of Wartburg, in almost perfect concealment, rendered necessary by the wrath of his adversaries. While he was in that solitude—battling with doubts—translating the Word of God into the language of his fatherland, and longing to be again amidst the scenes and struggles of the busy world, Loyola lay in the Pyrenean castle wasted and well-nigh worn out with pain, and deformed beyond all hopes of restoration. His broken leg had been ill-set, and was broken again that it might be re-set. Even now a piece of bone protruded near the knee, and rather than bear the unsightliness he would have it cut off. His attendants fainted at the bare sight of the excruciating surgery, but he who suffered it all mocked at the agony, and for the sake of a comely limb, went through it without a murmur. “This

frightful sacrifice at the shrine of Comeliness was offered in vain. Her votary was long confined to his couch, oppressed by the sad conviction that whether the lute should breathe a summons to the gaillard, or the trumpet ring out an alarm to the battle, the sound would be but a mockery to him.* Painful conjecture speedily ripened into still more painful certainty. The erewhile handsome soldier was incurably a cripple, and all the fond hopes inspired by the spirit of chivalry which had so smitten him, were doomed to utter disappointment. He tried to while away the weary hours of close confinement, and bodily pain and heart sickness, by reading. They brought him the "Lives of the Saints," and as he read fresh hopes dawned upon him, and a new ambition was enkindled in his breast. He got glimpses of work which even a deformed and disappointed warrior might do, and thereby make his life worth possessing. He would be a soldier of the Cross. He would emulate the holy men whose deeds he had been reading. He would give himself to the glory of God in the service of the Church, and exchange his sword of steel for that ethereal weapon wielded in the strife of opinions, and in the conflict with heresy and wickedness. Out of that resolve born of affliction, there ultimately sprung the order of the Jesuits, the stoutest champions of the Church of Rome, against the assaults of the Reformers—its most obedient bond-slaves and its most daring ambassadors to the very ends of the earth.

After many wanderings and discouragements, Loyola went to Paris in 1528. He laboured there for six long years, and at the end of that time could count six adherents. In August, 1534, he went with his few companions,—the sole fruit of six years' toil, into the Chapel of Montmartre,

* Sir James Stephen's Essays.

where, after the service of the mass, they bound themselves by solemn oath, to proceed to the Holy Land ; and failing that, to go wherever the Pope would send them. Having formed this purpose, they did not rush heedlessly and headlong to its accomplishment, for from the very first, the Jesuits "learned to labour and to wait." They separated with the understanding that, in the spring of 1537, they should again assemble together in the city of Venice. The January of that year found them all faithful to their word at the appointed meeting place, and some of their number were sent to Rome to obtain leave of the Pope to go in the service of the Church to Palestine. Permission was obtained, but the prevalence of war prevented the use of it. The time fixed upon for their departure had passed away, and at last Loyola said to his companions—"Heaven denies the Holy Land to our zeal, notwithstanding that zeal burns with greater fervour day by day ; should we not infer from this that God calls us to the conquest of all the countries of the world ?" They went again to Rome to get papal sanction for their wider project. Difficulties beset them, but with that determined spirit which has ever characterised their order they persevered until their prayer was granted, and they were constituted by decree of the Pope, a new order in the Church of Rome, to be called the Society of Jesus.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone. Already the great cause, so valiantly championed by Luther, had received some severe wounds. The religious frenzies of the Anabaptists and others had done much to bring disgrace upon the Reformation, and to make many men fear that this agitation for a free conscience and a purer faith, would end only in the wildest fanaticism and the most utter social disorganisation. It is sad to see how the interests of God's truth were thus imperiled by its professed friends. There were men like Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, who realised

the necessity for some reform, but were afraid of all change, when they saw to what excesses many of the so-called reformers were carried. They "would rather bear the ills they had, than fly to others that they knew not of." These lawless and fanatical proceedings, on the part of some of the seceders from the Church of Rome, were undoubtedly of great service to her waning power, and did not a little towards healing the wounds which she had received from the naked sword of the Spirit, wielded by Wickliffe and Luther and Latimer, and other princes of renown in God's ransomed family; but by all the laws of justice, these things ought to have hindered the Church of Rome, and proved a curse to her, for they were nothing but the natural consequences of her unrighteousness—the spawn of her own despotism. It is true the eggs were hatched in the sunshine of the new era, but she was the crocodile that had laid them and left them in the sand, and all the odium of the brood should attach to her, and all the ruin they wrought should be laid to her charge. For centuries she had wilfully and wickedly restrained human thought, and therefore she was fully responsible for all "the fantastic tricks it played before high heaven" when first it recovered its long-lost freedom. If you dam up a river and, against the laws of nature, prevent its free flow, divers disastrous results must follow. Below the barrier the drying up of the stream will deprive much life of its wonted nourishment, while above the barrier the checked waters will accumulate and stagnate, and breed all manner of corruption; and when, by and by, some strong hand comes and takes away the unrighteous restraint, the vast volume of long pent-up waters will break away with furious force, and for a season cover all the surrounding district with a desolating flood. Leave the stream free as God made it; subject only to the laws which He has imposed upon it, and you will neither

have stagnating waters at one time, nor destructive floods at another. It will flow on with fertilising power, and having fostered the flowers which grow near its source, its waters will haste away, making sweet music as they go; winding hither and thither through the valley, as if with an instinctive wisdom and kindness they were earnestly seeking for all languishing life, to kiss it into fresh vigour and beauty.

The history of the Reformation illustrates the proverb about troubles coming in troops. Having already received several heavy blows and sore discouragements by the excesses of foolishly extreme men, it sustained the severest wound of all in the year 1540, when the decree of Pope Paul the Third constituted Loyola and his followers a society devoted to poverty, purity, and labour, and designed to defeat the heretics, to teach little children the tenets of the faith, and to conquer all Pagan countries for the Catholic Church. The Order thus established after much difficulty and delay, speedily became the most successful human organisation the world has ever witnessed. It increased with a swiftness which had characterised no so-called religious movement since the days of Mahomet. The victories of the false prophet were achieved by swords that gave no quarter, and hearts that knew no pity. The methods of early Jesuitism were somewhat different, but its power grew well-nigh as rapidly. Who hath despised the day of small things? Let him glance again at the marvellous facts. A crippled soldier, clad in pilgrim rags, entered the city of Rome with a few companions, and obtained an audience of the Pope. He sought no other favour than that of being accepted as the willing servant of the imperilled Church. Would the Holy Father allow him and his fellow-labourers to lay down their wills at his feet, and would he send them wherever he thought they could do

work which needed to be done? The head of the Romish community graciously consented, and in sixty years, these ten men were multiplied into ten thousand, belonging to every European nation; scattered through all the accessible countries of the globe, speaking different languages, and engaged in most diverse occupations, but all obeying one law, and all toiling for the same end—the subjugation of the whole world to the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope. When the sixteenth century dawned, the founder of the Jesuits was but a mere child. Not till forty years of that century were gone, was the Society established. Before ten years of the seventeenth century had passed away, the Order numbered twenty thousand members, and scarcely a sluggard amongst them. It had a hundred colleges for head quarters, and literally its field was the world. India was visited, the walls of China were scaled, and entrance secured into the closely-barred empire of Japan. They lifted the crucifix under the shadows of the Pyramids, and conducted the ritual services of Rome amidst the dreary scenes of Thibet. Following the track of Columbus, they went to the New World, and ultimately planted their stations farther west than the wave of emigration has even yet reached. In the countries that lay around the city of their birth, they wrought more within the first half century of their existence, than the most hopeful could have ventured to anticipate. They helped to bring back the great Rhenish sees to the Papacy, and quickened that Rome-ward impulse to which all the dominions of Austria gradually submitted. One striking proof of their matchless zeal and marvellous success, is found in the fact that even Richard Baxter, contemplating their labours, felt ashamed of what he considered his own comparative lukewarmness and listlessness in a far higher and holier cause. By all Protestant Christendom, Baxter is esteemed to have been one of the

most illustrious examples of evangelical devotedness that ever adorned the Church of God, and toiled for the salvation of men; yet even he, writing to Eliot the apostle of the Indians, exclaims,—“These Jesuits shame us all but you.”

The lives of the Jesuits furnish Christian labourers with many lessons as to what they should avoid. It would be easy to cite a thousand facts which burn like beacon fires to warn us away from perilous places, where these men made shipwreck, if not of their Popish faith, yet of conscience and of character. Several attempts have been made to extenuate their crimes, and to whitewash their dark and stained reputation; but the vast majority of readers will still believe that there is too much truth in those statements, which have made men altogether forget the hallowed derivation, and the originally honourable significance of the term “Jesuit,” and to think of it only as a synonym for tortuous policy and remorseless ambition, for a shameless mendacity and a most immoral casuistry. Foremost amongst the warnings of their history must be placed the frequency with which *they sought to help what they deemed a righteous cause by what they knew to be unrighteous means*. One of the three great temptations wherewith the Son of man was assailed, was to win the kingdoms of the world by the worship of the devil. That iniquitous and diabolical suggestion he slew in a moment with the sword of the Spirit. Facts make one fear, that if some of the so-called Society of Jesus had been similarly tempted, they would have forgotten the example of Him whose holy name they had assumed, and would have been willing to bow the knee to Satan, even if less than half the sceptre of the world had been the promised reward of the demon-like idolatry. They told lies in the interests of truth; inflicted cruelties for the sake of charity; and committed many sins to advance

the interests of the Holy Church. The forgeries of Robert De Nobilibus constitute some of the most notorious of the Jesuit endeavours to extend the kingdom of God by the worship of the wicked one. This man, while labouring as a missionary in India, became very envious of the power of the Brahmins over the people of the land, and concluded that it ought to be transferred to the Romish priests. To secure an end so laudable, any means were lawful. He proclaimed the startling fact that the Jesuit missionaries were Roman Brahmins, very nearly related to, but in some sense the superiors of, the Brahmins of India. An old divine says that a single lie is always a cripple, and therefore he that tells one must of necessity tell a second, to serve as a crutch for the first. To enable his falsehood to walk, Robert De Nobilibus constructed a second with much artistic skill. He forged a deed, containing the pedigree of these Brahmins from Rome, and clearly proving that they were descended in a direct and honourable line from Brahma himself. Some Christian churches are said to be of very mushroom growth, and to have no great spiritual ancestry. "Where was your religion before the days of Luther?" is considered by most Papists to be an unanswerable question to propose to a Protestant. While denying that we have any ancient parentage of which to boast, the Jesuits claimed for themselves a double portion of the honour. At Rome they were the spiritual descendants of the Apostles, at Calcutta they were the lineal offspring of the great Hindu God. These falsehoods allured some Pagan priests to the Jesuit ranks. To what extent such conversions were possible cannot be told, as they were checked by order of the Pope. The worst of men will show a conscience on some matters. The Greek pirates, when plundering an English ship in the Mediterranean, left the beef-stores untouched because the robbery was committed on a fast-

day of their church. The Jewish rulers, with their hearts set on the foulest murder that was ever perpetrated, were too conscientious to defile themselves by going into the judgment hall of Pilate. So a Pope of Rome, with all his blasphemous assumptions, had great scruples about winning converts by claiming kinship with Brahma. A decree from the Vatican was sent to India, repudiating both the lie which Robert De Nobilibus had told, and the victories which that lie had achieved.

In the "Asiatic Researches" there is an account of a curious book, called "The Ezour Vedam." This also was the production of the above-mentioned missionary, who unblushingly pretended that it was an ancient Hindu work. He, of course, so wrote it that it contained many things in favour of the faith he had gone to India to propagate, and when the Hindoos were sceptical, he could cite them passages from this book, and show them that one of their own great men in bygone days had taught, in substance, the very things he now asked them to accept. Solomon says, "Whoso causeth his neighbour to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit." In confirmation of this, sacred history tells us how Haman's machinations ended in his being hung upon his own gallows. Somewhat similar was the fate of the Jesuit with his forgery. The book, being translated into one of the European languages, fell into the hands of Voltaire, by whom it was deemed to be a genuine production of undoubted antiquity and authority. The great infidel was delighted with his new treasure, and exulted over it as a Red Indian may be supposed to exult over the keen edge of the weapon with which he will presently scalp his enemies. Christians believe that their sacred books are peculiarly original, being written under the immediate inspiration of the Almighty; but by this ancient Hindu

work, Voltaire would be able to prove that all the distinguishing doctrines of the Scriptures were borrowed from a Pagan source. Thus it came to pass, that the lying weapon forged for the defence of Christianity in the East not only failed in its work there, but was turned into a weapon of attack in the West. They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. What fruit could men expect to gather, when, under pretence of working for God, they imitated the wicked one, and scattered tares where they ought to have sown nothing but the good seed of the kingdom?

The conduct of Voltaire in this matter is very suggestive, and proves once more the oft-attested fact, that men are not infidels for want of credulity. Some men seem to exhaust all the scepticism of their nature upon the Word of God, and then forthwith become of all men the most easily imposed upon. They go on questioning, quibbling, and denying, until all their powers, in that direction, are spent, and after that they embrace with a most unsuspecting confidence the first folly which presents itself. Does it not often appear as if no man has an unlimited supply of suspicion and scepticism, and if he will use all he possesses against the Bible he will have none left to exercise in other matters? How many men have we seen pertinaciously reject the Word of God, and then sink into a strong and strange delusion to believe a lie! Thus, Robert Owen, after years of utter scepticism in reference to that Book which the holiest men in the world have believed (and have most firmly believed when they were most holy), fell a victim to some of the grossest absurdities, and for believing foolish stories displayed a vast capacity which the most credulous monk of the Middle Ages might have envied.

While denouncing this great fault of the Jesuits, let us not forget that it is one to which our human nature is very

prone, and from which perhaps very few Christian societies are perfectly free. The maxim, "The end sanctifies the means," had power amongst men centuries before it found a local habitation and a name in Jesuitism. They carried to a very flagrant and fearful extreme a failing that is incident to fallen humanity. Setting our hearts on success, we are not always so careful as we ought to be concerning the methods whereby we secure it. In Christian labours the means employed are often sadly out of keeping with the moral dignity and purity of the end. Success hides a multitude of sins. How frequently we act as if we thought the wrath of man could work the righteousness of God, and our uncharitableness could render great service to the cause of truth! If immediate search were made amongst the sacramental hosts of God, how many soldiers would be found attempting to fight the battles of the Lord with other weapons than the sword of the Spirit, and other defences than the shield of faith and the breastplate of righteousness. Why did Christ suffer that strange temptation to which we have just referred, but to warn us of a common danger? and why did He achieve that victory, but to show us what we ought to do? To win the kingdoms of this world was the work which He had come hither to accomplish. In all their pomp and splendour they were made to pass before Him. "Bow the knee to me," said Satan, "and they are thine. One act of homage, and thou hast the sceptre without a conflict or a cross." "Nay," said the Holy One, "if I cannot win the world by love and holiness, I will never wear its crown." Two thousand years have well-nigh passed away since He spurned the throne as the recompense of iniquity, and still He patiently waits and perseveringly labours, expecting the time when His foes shall be made his footstool. Gradually He is winning the crowns of the earth by His meekness

and His mercy, and ultimately there must come the complete triumph unmarred by any blemish in the means which have achieved it. Then shall He see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied, and Heaven resound with the jubilant cry, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ." He hath left us an example, that we should follow in His steps, and as He would not advance His glorious cause by evil or the appearance of evil, let none of His followers think to serve Him or extend His kingdom by anything but holiness. The vessels of the sanctuary must be touched by clean hands only; and the ark of the Lord can be carried forward on the shoulders of none but consecrated men.

Young men, you will be often tempted to secure lawful ends by unlawful means! As surely as the Devil tempted the Son of man, so surely will he be sometimes at your side, promising you great worldly success as the reward of unrighteous deeds. You will see others perhaps prospering greatly by dishonourable transactions, and you may find that in the low earthly sense honesty is not the best policy. It may sometimes involve a severe struggle to abstain from the use of means whereby your rivals are outstripping you in the race, and you may be powerfully persuaded to do a little devil-worship to secure your portion of the world. But be assured of this: instead of a good end sanctifying bad means, bad means are far more likely to vitiate a good end. Success unrighteously secured is not worth having; it is a positive curse. Wealth obtained by fraud or falsehood will sooner or later become a torment to its possessor. The thirty pieces of silver which Judas got by selling his Master were like so many scorpions in his hands. Before they were his he thought of the happiness they would confer, but when he had filled his purse with them, the remembrance of the way in which he had obtained them

made them abhorrent to him. To keep them was impossible, for the sight of them was like the first kindling of the fire which will never be quenched. Do ye, then, determine to win your success lawfully! Strive to be upright as a plumb-line, straightforward as the flight of an arrow, open as the heavens, and truthful as God Himself! If you cannot get your crown by righteousness to-day, patiently wait for it till to-morrow! In all your conflicts with this class of temptations, be assured of the succour and sympathy of Jesus. Whoever else leaves you unpitied and unhelped, He will not. He was in this point tempted as you are, yet without sin. When He sees you thus tried, He will be prompt to feel for you and strong to help you, for He will remember the severity and bitterness of his own conflict, when in the wilderness he so triumphantly thrust aside the sceptre which was proffered Him as an inducement to wrong-doing.

There is no need to further pursue the unpleasant task of pointing out those Jesuit characteristics, which every right-minded man must severely reprobate. Let us give ourselves to the more grateful work of looking for those things which we may to some extent commend and imitate. *Their history illustrates the importance and power of having a definite aim.* Each soldier in their vast and widespread army could consistently take for his motto, "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air." They had such a clear perception of the goal for which they were striving that each could truthfully exclaim, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly." In this respect the Jesuits differed from and had an advantage over many of the Reformers. It was a sad necessity of the position the latter occupied, that they frequently fought somewhat in the dark. They saw clearly the evil they were seeking to destroy, but they were not always so certain as to the

exact character of the good wherewith the evil was to be supplanted. It was with them the early morning, and not the lustrous noontide of the great spiritual day. Some of them only had that grey and leaden light which creeps over the wilderness at the dawn, and is valuable chiefly for the promise it gives, that the sun is coming up the east, and will shine brighter and brighter until the day is perfect. Not many of the first Reformers foresaw that the English Protestantism of the nineteenth century would be the ultimate issue of their labours. If they had, probably some of them would have been half-disposed to stay their efforts. It is no condemnation of those heroic and holy men to affirm that the work they commenced was carried on to results which many of them did not contemplate, and from which a few of them might have shrunk. Like Abraham of old, they heard the voice of God calling them out of the idolatrous land in which they and their fathers had dwelt, and they went forth scarcely knowing whither they went. For many reasons, we may be thankful that all who strove in the great Reformation had not before them a complete map of the country whither they were journeying; but at the same time we can see that the indefiniteness of their aim often led to a waste of time and strength, to mistakes and disappointments, and, what was far worse, to disputes and divisions which marred the beauty of their cause and gave the enemy occasion to blaspheme. The Jesuits, on the contrary, thoroughly understood what they were striving after; each one knew his work, and scarcely an effort was flung away.

As the spirit of the founder was impressed upon the whole Order, we may safely take facts from his life as illustrating the characteristics of all his followers. Loyola's conquest of Xavier may serve as a picture of the way in which the Jesuits marked out their work, and kept to it.

The details of that victory cannot easily be forgotten by those who have read the story as Sir James Stephen tells it in his own fascinating manner.* When he was approaching the age of forty, Loyola put himself under training, in Paris, and to improve his education, took his place with the boys who were learning the first rudiments of Latin. In all that concerned qualification for his work, a Jesuit was never ashamed to learn, and never deemed it too late to learn. At that time Francis Xavier was also in Paris, filling the chair of philosophy in the University of that city. "His lecture-room was crowded by the studious, while his society was courted by the gay and the rich." Loyola was one of his admirers, and speedily perceived what a valuable victory it would be to win this noble Asturian, who was so handsome and accomplished, and withal, so learned, and covered with such academic honours. Having determined on making Xavier one of his allies in the service of the Church, Ignatius gave himself to the work like a man who clearly sees the goal and never takes his eye from off it. "Whether Xavier plunged into the amusements in which he delighted, or engaged in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forest which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand, ready to discuss with him the claims of society, of learning, or of nature; but, whatever had been the subject of their discourse, it was still closed by the same awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Xavier was in want of scholars, and Loyola went forth and gathered them. As he presented them, he looked into his friend's face, bright with thankfulness, and said, "What shall it profit a man?" Loyola eagerly listened to all the praises of Xavier's eloquence and genius, and then,

* Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography, Vol. 1, pp. 186—188.

with sympathising heart, repeated them in the hearing of the delighted teacher. But just as Xavier's face began to glow with exultation, Loyola would look up and solemnly repeat again that awful question. The youthful professor squandered his resources, and became poor. Loyola took his pilgrim's staff and went round the city soliciting alms. He brought the gifts of the charitable, and as he poured them into the lap of his grateful friend, he urged, with all the authority his kindness gave him that same unvarying question, "What shall it profit?" Success at last crowned these efforts so direct and determined. The Society of Jesus was enriched with one who surpassed all the rest in fervour of devotion and thoroughness of self-abnegation, and whose character and achievements have done so much to save the whole Order from unmodified disgrace and censure.

As Christian labourers, are we not deficient in this clear perception of the specific work we have to accomplish? Many a man prays for moral improvement, and after a fashion strives for it also; but, for want of self-knowledge, he has no distinct idea of the particular sins he has to mortify, and the particular virtues he has to cultivate. He does not know wherein his nature is weakest and most watchfulness is required. He has earnestness, but lacks intelligence to clearly discern the foe and aim straight at his heart; and therefore he wastes much well-meant effort, and makes but slow progress. This is applicable to our labour for others, as well as to labour for our own growth in goodness. Earnestness is frequently like the man who pulls the oars and has his back toward the spot he strives to reach. Intelligence should always be on board, with her hand on the rudder, and her eye fixed on the haven; then the bark will be guided in a direct line, and not a stroke of the rower will be lost.

Another element in the success of the Jesuits was their practical appreciation of the power of example. "How is it," said a would-be reformer, to his more successful friend, "that you do so much more than I?" "Because," replied the other, "you stand behind and say, 'Go on,' but I walk in front and say, 'Come on.'"
The Jesuits desired to restore Christian countries and to secure Pagan lands to the Roman Catholic Church. In Popery, implicit obedience to the Church is the condition of safety, the corner-stone of saintliness, and the prolific source of all the virtues. Augustine was asked, "What is the first thing in religion?" He replied, "Humility;" and when asked what was the second, and what the third thing, he gave the same answer. A Papist, on the contrary, is taught that unreasoning, unquestioning submissiveness to the authority of the Church is the Alpha and Omega of true piety. The individual will and conscience are nothing; the decree of the corporate community is everything. To anxious souls inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" Rome has but one answer—"Obey the Church, and thou shalt be saved." A celebrated Popish preacher gives us the following definitions: 'A heretic is one who has his own opinions, and follows his own judgment and sentiments, in matters of religion; while a Catholic on the other hand, receives without hesitation the opinions of the Church.' It is this assumption of infallible wisdom and unquestionable authority which constitutes the Romish apostacy such a deadly foe alike of God's truth and man's freedom. Popery may speak gently, and profess great liberality, and complain bitterly that Protestants think so harshly of it, but, until it foregoes its arrogant claims to supremacy over the oracles of God and the consciences of men it must be denounced and battled with, as nothing less than a standing blasphemy against the majesty of Heaven, and a permanent conspiracy against the liberties

of earth. That they dared to disobey was the head and front of the Reformers' offending: they said to this spiritual usurper, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who art thou?" It required no great discernment to perceive that this resistance, whatever influence it might have on the salvation of the disobedient ones, would be certain ruin to the interests of the Romish Church. The Jesuits arose to the rescue; their mission was to stay the plague-spot of rebellion, and not only fully restore, but even widely extend human subjection to the despotism of the Church—that is, of the Pope and the priests. They went forth to teach the world the duty and the blessedness of obedience, and to the credit of their consistency it must be acknowledged, they practised what they preached. They did not ask others to wear the yoke and refuse to submit their own necks to it. They did not attempt to *drive*, but to *lead* the people into the house of bondage. They wore the Roman fetters cheerfully; and instead of chafing under the tyranny, they gloried in their chains, and counted them to be ornaments of gold about their necks. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Men that went round the world chanting the praises of spiritual slavery could not possibly do better than jingle their own fetters to the same tune.

Strange facts can be told in proof of the extent to which the Jesuits carried the practice of blind obedience. Towards the close of his life, Loyola was frequently compelled to seek medical aid. On these occasions he always set an example of that absolute subjection upon which he insisted in his celebrated letter addressed to the Portuguese members of the Order. In that letter he says, "It is my wish to see all in this Society distinguish themselves by a true and perfect obedience, an abdication of will and judgment;—obedience is to be rendered to a superior, not on account

of his wisdom, goodness, or any other such-like quality with which he may be endowed, but solely because he is in God's place, and wields the authority of Him who says, 'They that hear you hear me.' Nor, on the other hand, is anything to be abated from this obedience on the ground that the superior may be wanting in prudence or discretion; for he claims it as *superior*, and as filling the place of Him whose wisdom can never be at fault, and who will make up whatever is wanting in His minister, whether he lack probity or any other virtue." This strange doctrine Loyola carried into practice most consistently, for even when he consulted any authorized medical officer of the Society, he put himself, body and judgment and feeling and conscience, into the hands of his physician, and doubtless would have knowingly taken any quantity of poison, if the other had prescribed it. On one occasion he was suffering severely from an internal inflammation. The medical officer at the house of the Order in which he was then staying was a young and inexperienced man, and, being unacquainted with Loyola's constitution, he totally mistook the nature of the disease, and applied means which only aggravated it. The founder knew that the treatment he was under was altogether wrong, and would soon terminate in a fatal result; still he continued to take the medicine, which was proving poison to his fevered frame. The physician was the appointed authority in these matters. It was his to prescribe, and the patient must calmly submit, though it cost him his life. The life of Loyola was being fast consumed on that altar of obedience; and the sacrifice would have speedily been completed, if some brethren of the Order had not rushed into his chamber, and insisted on putting him under a more skilful adviser. This was carrying subjection to a fanatical and sinful and suicidal excess; but let us be assured of this, that, apart from the power of personal example in obedience,

the Jesuits could never have been so successful in checking resistance to the Romish tyranny, and in bringing the people back again to their slavish submissiveness to Papal arrogance and assumption. They did much by their craftiness and unscrupulousness; but it may be fairly questioned if the consistency with which they practised the subjection they preached did not constitute the greater number of the seven Samsonic locks in which their strength lay.

When the Jesuits were so strenuously endeavouring to bring back the German provinces to the Papacy, they taught the Emperor Randolph the Second that he must aid them by his own example. He attended all religious ceremonies with a most fervent regularity, and, in the depth of winter he was frequently to be seen bare-headed and with a torch in his hand, taking lowly part in some solemn procession. This conduct had much to do with the re-kindling of the expiring devotedness of the nation to Romanism. Decrees from the king might have been powerless, and fires to consume the heretics might have been lighted in vain; but when the people saw their monarch put off his robes of royalty, and clothe himself in sackcloth, and take his place amongst the poorest and the guiltiest, this spirit was contagious, and they rushed with one accord to tread in his footsteps. This fact suggests the mention of the power which many of the great and noble are now exercising in this land, in favour of holiness, by their personal example. There was a time when the people in high places looked upon religion as something they should patronize, rather than as something which they should practise. They deemed it a good thing for the poor, to make them cheerful with their lot, and so they encouraged it, as a kind of spiritual police, which was worth all it cost, for the sake of the service it rendered to the cause of order

and contentment. Of late years a glorious change has come over the spirit of their dream. Not a few of them now think of piety as a personal possession. They accept the gospel for themselves, as well as proffer it to others. They cultivate godliness in their own palatial homes, and find it to be a wellspring of joy which never dries up, and a long summer-day whose sun never sets; and they can speak of religion as not only a wall of fire around the cottage of the poor man—his best defence,—but also as a crown of glory above the mansions of the noble—their highest honour and dignity. There is no longer cold and patronizing speech about Christianity, but a firm embrace and a full avowal and a consistent practice of its doctrines and precepts. Therein we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. Pagan Rome was never more corrupt than in that age in which her foremost men had lost all religious belief and reverence, and yet hypocritically engaged in temple services, and bowed before the deities because they thought such things were good and safe for the common people. Probably in our own land also the general standard of morality was never lower than when the noble and the great supported religion as a matter expedient for the welfare of the State, but never dreamt of giving it a place and power in their own hearts.

The success of the Jesuits adds one more to the many proofs that, so far as the majority of mankind are concerned, human nature cannot resist the power of example, continuously and perseveringly applied. Every Christian labourer would do well to realise the fact that the most successful organization the world ever saw was worked exclusively by men who said "Come on!" and not "Go on!" If we would succeed in our work, we must be like the Pastor of Auburn:—

“ And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

Closely associated with the characteristic to which we have just referred is the self-conquest in which the Jesuits were so remarkable. An ancient biographer gives an account of the feast of the Seven Sages. It appears that the wise men of the world met together, to test each other by perplexing questions. At this intellectual tournament the King of Egypt proposed seven questions to the King of Ethiopia, as to what was the most common, what the most ancient thing in the world, and so on. The Ethiopian monarch, having answered that Death was the most common, Time the most ancient, and Light the most beautiful thing in the world, was asked, as a crowning problem, “What is the easiest thing in the world?” “Alas,” he replied, “the easiest thing I have ever found is, just to follow out my own inclinations.” Thousands of years have passed away since the King of Egypt accepted that as the satisfactory answer to his question; but I presume human experience has not yet discovered anything more easy than to give ourselves up to our own devices and desires, and to be carried along by them, like an unresisting log on the bosom of a strong and smooth stream. One of the first features of character developed in us is a strong disposition to have things our own way; and one of the last graces to which we attain is that of conquering our own desires, and, if need be, cheerfully going against our own inclinations. This self-mastery the Jesuits aimed at, and, beyond most men, accomplished. The huge body had twenty thousand limbs, extending to all parts of the globe, but there was only one will. The founder was a soldier, and carried his military spirit into his new occupation. He taught his soldiers that they

must choose neither the battle-field nor the season of conflict; they must halt or march, fight or retreat, not as they pleased, but as another pleased:—

“Theirs not to ask the reason why;
Theirs but to do and die.”

What they did for an earthly master we ought to do for a heavenly. The scantiness of our piety, and the futility of our labours, are very much caused by our wilfulness. How is it that, when a soldier becomes a Christian, he so frequently becomes a most eminent Christian? Contrary to all antecedent expectation, some of the brightest saints have been found amongst military men. Is it because they have learned to conquer their own desires, and to lay their wills down at the feet of another? Is it because they carry into Christian service that supreme regard to a commander's wishes which they have learned in the camp and on the battle-field? Whether that be the explanation or not, I cannot certainly tell; but of this I am sure—the most illustrious saintliness which ever adorned the Church of God and blessed the world, began that day when, on the road to Damascus, a self-willed man was taught to give up his own inclinations, and to say, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

The stories that are told of the self-denial of the Jesuits would fill many volumes. They teach us a lesson by *the cheerfulness with which they suffered for the cause they had espoused*. No sacrifice was counted too costly to be laid on the altar of success. Their eight hundred martyrs prove that they feared not death itself, and would face any danger in the path of duty. “If,” writes Lord Macaulay, “the ministry of a Jesuit was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf—where it was a crime to harbour him—where the heads and quarters of his

brethren, fixed in public places, shewed him what he had to expect,—he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our own times, a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe—when, in some cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together—when the secular clergy had forsaken their flocks—when medical succour was not to be purchased by gold—when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life,—even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips, to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer.”*

The earnestness displayed in these deeds helped the Jesuit in attaining his vast success. Multitudes of men have great doubts as to the sincerity of all religious professions. They are strangers to much the religious man describes himself as feeling; and what they have no personal experience of, they too readily conclude is nothing but pretence. Hence exhortation and warning so often fall powerless. Anything which convinces the world that religious men are in earnest adds greatly to their power. The Jesuit suffered such things, and dared such dangers, that scepticism itself could not doubt that his heart was in the matter. Like begets like. A dead Church can have no quickening power. Only an earnest man can kindle enthusiasm in others. The prophet's staff was laid in vain upon the dead child; but when his own living body was stretched upon it the child's life came back again.

When the end they had in view demanded it, the Jesuits could not only suffer cheerfully, but also return kindness for cruelty. Father Vaz, a Portuguese Jesuit, was one of the

* History of England, chap. 6.

missionaries of the Society to Ceylon. Sailing from Goa, he was driven by a violent storm into the Island of the Martyrs, where he was left sick and without food for some days. Recovering his strength by the alms he begged, he proceeded to Jaffna, where a poor woman took pity on his forlorn condition and suffered him to lie under the humble verandah of her dwelling. For this kindness to a stranger, she was censured by her neighbours, who came and took the afflicted pilgrim and carried him to a desolate spot, where he was exposed to all the inclement changes of the weather. As he lay there, nigh unto death, another poor woman had compassion upon him, and gave him food, which saved his life. Some time after this, the smallpox broke out, and the superstitious people supposed that all who had the disease were possessed of an evil spirit. The smitten ones were removed to the jungles, and left there to perish—unpitied and unhelped. Into the jungles Father Vaz went, and built huts for the sick, and did all he could to shelter them from the heat of the sun and the attacks of wild beasts; for their relief no service was too menial for him to perform, and no peril too great for him to risk. Such conduct toward those who had treated him so cruelly touched their hearts and disposed them to listen to the new faith he had come thither to preach. It is said by some, that these kindnesses of the Jesuits were only shown at the bidding of their ambition; and that they did humane deeds, not for their own sakes, but for the success they were likely to secure. This may account for much; it cannot be accepted as the explanation of all. Ignorant as the Jesuit was of the Gospel in its simplicity and purity, he had not altogether lost the great story of the Cross, which testifies of Him who for our sakes became poor. His crucifix was associated with much darkening and debasing superstition, but it kept before his mind the fact of that

love which was stronger than death, and which, to save the guilty, left the throne of Deity and stooped to the shame and sorrow and curse of our fallen nature. Many facts in the history of the Romish Church prove what a love-creating power there is in the Cross of Christ, even when it is much concealed by human devices and ceremonies. The story of His self-denial and sufferings is so mighty to foster kindness, that not all the corruptions of Popery have been able entirely to blunt its power and hinder its wonder-working. Ritualism in the Church of Rome has come like a thick cloud between the Cross and the people. But the mercy which shines from that Cross is so potent, that many of its beams pierce the dense cloud, and falling on human hearts, enkindle there a fire of kindness somewhat akin to their own. The tendency of Popery in these days is to hide the Cross more and more. The crueifix is being exchanged for the image of the Virgin; the statue of the human mother overshadows the Divine Son. Do Roman Catholics forget that though they may absurdly proclaim the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, they cannot pretend that about her history clusters any of that matchless self-denial which makes the life of Jesus such a rebuke to human unkindness and selfishness? It is as true of Popery as of every other form of religion: the more it conceals the Cross of Christ, the more it severs itself from the only power it has ever possessed to train men's hearts to generous and self-sacrificing love. On either hand attempts are made to strip the gospel of the great doctrine of the Atonement. If this could be successful, we should lose the very element which has made the vast difference between the ancient and the modern world in benevolence. He who desires to see the selfishness of the human heart slain, should pray that all preachers may say with the Apostle, "I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ

and Him crucified," for it is the only theme to touch men's flinty nature, and make it give forth gushing streams of pity and of kindness.

Just as division was a great cause of feebleness amongst the Reformers, *the spirit of union was an element of power amongst the Jesuits*. Protestantism has been all too slow in learning this lesson, but there are signs of improvement. It sees the wisdom of bringing its scattered forces into one compact phalanx. For this reason, some of us rejoice so much in the existence and influence of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is organised, not to magnify the differences and to multiply the divisions which are the weakness and the reproach of Protestantism, but to promote that devout study of, and reverent submissiveness to the Word of God which all Protestants rightly consider their strength and glory. Its Catholic constitution is a practical declaration of the right of private judgment, and its purely spiritual aim is a practical recognition of the unshared supremacy of the Bible. Long may it continue to exemplify the beauty of charity and the power of union, and to be a faithful defender of that English Protestantism whose fair offspring it is!

The Jesuits frequently *combined features of character which are scarcely looked for in the same individual*. We think of human nature as so imperfect that we readily accept the presence of one virtue as an apology for, if not the cause of the absence of another. If a man be frank we overlook rudeness in him. It is too much to expect the same person to be both outspoken and courteous. If a man be very zealous we freely pardon him for many imprudent deeds. How can fervour and caution exist in the same individual? If a man be energetic in work we are not surprised to find him impatient of results; for it is so difficult to combine enthusiasm and calmness. The Jesuits

succeeded in cultivating in the same character these somewhat antagonistic qualities. They could be all on fire with earnestness, and yet maintain a coolness of judgment which to ordinary men seemed only compatible with absolute indifference; they could be enthusiastic almost to madness, and yet be cautious and crafty to the last degree; they strove hard as men who must have success the next moment, but they could patiently wait for results even if years came between the seed-sowing and the harvest; they showed all Christian labourers that a man need not be foolishly rash because he is fervently zealous. We should learn from them the importance of cultivating those graces which are most remote from each other, and are sometimes deemed mutually destructive. A man should not think he has an excuse for hasty speech and imprudent action because he has a warm heart, or that he may be pardoned for being cold and phlegmatic because he is patient. Our Lord brings two very remote qualities into close association,—"Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." We must seek after completeness of character, combining firmness and tenderness, zeal and prudence, enthusiasm and patience, candour and suavity, the purity which hates every sin and the pity which weeps over every sinner. We must not have any pet virtue which we cultivate to the neglect of sister graces. In these days of distinct societies for the promotion of peace and temperance and charity, and so on, there is great danger of a man's taking some favourite excellency and fostering it until it outgrows all proportion to other excellencies, and they perish under its shadow. A body all hands or all eyes would be scarcely more unfitted for the world's work than a character consisting chiefly of one virtue would be unqualified for Christian labour. If we would be strong and successful in our holy toil we must endeavour to have "all the fruits of the Spirit growing in

rich clusters like the grapes of Eschol." "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

In the service of a purer faith let us emulate the diligence and devotedness of the Jesuits. We do not claim as they did the power to work miracles, but we set our hearts on greater things. The true Christian wonders of modern days are not miraculously healing the sick and raising the dead, but mercifully instructing the ignorant, uplifting the fallen, and saving the lost. If Rome actually possessed the supernatural power she pretends to have, it would scarcely excite our envy, for we have no hankering after the miraculous gifts bestowed upon the Church only in the season of her infancy. We remember that even in the life of Christ the most encouraging—the divinest scenes were those in which, strictly speaking, He wrought no miracle at all. On his way to the city of Jericho He passed a blind man who cried for mercy. He heard the suppliant's prayer, and touched his sightless eyes, and drove away their darkness. During that same visit he met with Zaccheus. In the house of the publican no miracle was wrought, but the dishonest, extortionate, hard-hearted man was made upright and just and generous. Which was the greater blessing, the healing of Bartimeus' blindness, or the checking of Zaccheus' wickedness? The miracle bears no comparison with the moral reformation. If the blind man had not been cured, his calamity could only have been of short duration. A few more years of poverty and darkness, and Bartimeus would have passed into that land of which they say "There is no night there." But if the wickedness of Zaccheus had not been checked, it would have proved a lasting curse, and have gone on unfolding its blighting and

blasting consequences for ever. The miracle wrought on Bartimeus was a blessing in which few beside himself had any deep interest. The moral change wrought in Zaccheus was a boon to the whole city. It did much to purify the moral atmosphere which all the souls in the district were compelled to breathe.

One memorable night Jesus stilled a storm on the Sea of Galilee. The miracle filled all who beheld it with amazement. On a still more memorable morning, as He sat in the temple teaching the people, the Pharisees dragged into His presence a poor fallen woman who had spent the night in nameless guilt. Her face was blushing with shame, and her heart was bleeding with remorse, and Jesus would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. At first His silence touched her spirit into deeper penitence, and then His pardoning word perfected her godly sorrow. He sent her away convicted, but not condemned; sorrowful, but not despairing; forgiven, but not encouraged in her wickedness.

Which was the greater work, the hushing of the angry sea or the reclaiming of that wandering woman? Think of the difference in the duration of the two blessings. For aught we know, the Lake of Galilee was as stormy as ever in four-and-twenty hours. Of this we are certain, that its blue waters have been tempest-tost ten thousand times since He trode upon them "as if they were a floor of marble," and said to the wild winds and wrathful waves, "Peace, be still!" But that woman's fearful sin, checked by His gentleness and grace, was never more repeated. Her character, touched by his transforming power and changed into the image of His holiness, became "a thing of beauty which is a joy for ever."

We cannot imitate the miraculous, but we may by God's blessing achieve these spiritual reformations. We con-

tentedly leave to apostate churches the pretence to cure diseases and drive away death with a word. We aim at those glorious moral improvements to which our Divine Master referred when He said, "Greater works than my miracles shall ye do; because I go unto my Father."

We do not profess to have all the instruments wherewith Jesuitism wrought such wonders; they, in common with their fellow-papists, say they did great things by means of relics of the dead saints. We prefer working with that Divine word which is quick and powerful. I went some years ago into a Popish chapel, in the neighbourhood of the Strand, and heard a pervert from the Episcopal Church haranguing the people on the sad scantiness of the means of grace in this country. I listened with deep interest, for I had been accustomed to think of this as a land which the Lord our God careth for, and as so rich in temporal and spiritual advantages, that if an angel were sent to live in some place on the earth where he could most easily "make the best of both worlds," England surely is the country he would choose. Pitying the people for living in such a barren land, the priest told them that in other countries they had the bones of one saint, and the blood of another; some of the coals on which one was roasted, and some of the cross on which another was crucified. Eloquently did he describe the potent virtues of these precious relics, and persuaded the people that those who had such means of grace grew in piety as rapidly as plants in the tropics, and rarely had any spiritual hill Difficulty in their heavenward journey. One felt himself strongly tempted to break the law and disturb a religious meeting. I longed to show the people that Protestantism, possessing the Bible, has got a casket full of the true saintly relics. We cannot show you one of the flowers which blossomed in Paradise: they all withered and died ages

ago. But, in "The Old Book," we have the very first promise which cheered the heart of fallen man as Paradise faded from his sight, and he found himself in a wilderness, cursed for his sake; and when we are appalled by the prevalence and power of iniquity, we can console ourselves with the very words which first spoke peace to man—"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." We cannot show any fragment of the harp which the sweet singer of Israel swept with such strange skill when he soothed the troubled spirit of King Saul: it mouldered to dust centuries since. But we possess the very song wherewith David's strong faith sung all his fears to rest, tranquil as the slumbers of a babe on its mother's bosom—"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." When we are in a desponding state we can chide ourselves into a happier mood by the same words the Psalmist employed for the restoration of his cheerfulness,—“Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him.”

In our Bible we have the arrow which wounded Saul of Tarsus,—“Why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.” We have the balm which healed him,—“My grace is sufficient for thee.” I can remember the thrilling interest with which I looked on the veritable armour worn by the Black Prince, in one of those ancient battle-fields whereon England struggled for her right to be counted one of the free and sovereign states of Europe. I can understand, to some extent, the enthusiasm men feel in the possession of what they believed belonged to the great and good in past times. But, in our ancient volume we have every precept by which saints were guided, and every promise by which saints were consoled in bygone days. Yea, more than this; we have the sword of the Spirit,—the only and the sufficient weapon wielded by the

Son of man himself, in that dread conflict wherein He fought the battle of our fallen nature single-handed, and won it. Having the Word of God with which to work, remembering the wonders it wrought of old, and confident in its abiding power, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy diligence? Shall we be surpassed in earnest and persevering labour by men who have turned away from the oracles of God, and seek to win the faith of mankind for old wives' fables, not even cunningly devised?

For these spiritual ends, and with this holy Book, let us give ourselves to unremitting toil, and try to catch that spirit of patience which ever characterised the Society of Jesus. Whoever works with God must learn to labour and to wait. So far as patience is concerned, the Jesuits had some faint likeness to Him whose hallowed name they so dishonoured. Of Him it is said, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law." He wearies not in His well-doing, and, through years of feebleness and fitfulness and inconsistencies on our part, He pursues His labour of love, and will perfect that which concerneth us. If a thousand years were required to complete our salvation, Jesus would not, in impatience, forsake the work of His hands; He would count Himself to be but as one who sows his seed at morning dawn; who sees the green blades mantling the clods before the noontide hour has come; who, ere the sun goes down that selfsame day, puts in his sickle, and carries home his sheaves at eventide, with songs of praise and shouts of gladness. How can he be impatient, whose matins were sung as he broke up the fallow soil, and who had harvest-home as the theme of his vesper-song? Thus brief to the patient heart of Jesus seems the long season of labour, for with the Lord a thousand years are but as one day.

In reference to material things what a lesson of patience God taught us in the spring-season of this year! Who does not remember the earlier months of 1860, when the renewing of the earth was so long delayed? For weeks beyond the wonted period stern Winter was enthroned, and nature lay barren and dead beneath his icy sceptre. It seemed as if the rough east wind would never be stayed, and as if gentle showers and genial sunshine were no longer part of the economy of this planet. By the bitter cold the tender grass was shrivelled, and no violets grew beneath. The babbling brooks retained their wintry coldness, and no primroses bedecked their banks. In leafless forest trees the bewildered birds slowly built up their nests, and with songs which wanted half their usual sweetness, they wooed the sunniness which seemed as if it would never come. In blighted pasture lands the pining cattle mutely chided the reluctant spring, whose chariot-wheels so slowly rolled. Passionate lovers of God's fair earth longed in vain for the quickening of the dead, and the clothing of the naked creation in fresh and living forms of beauty. Thoughtful men were sad at heart and full of fears, and in many a breast grew strong the scepticism which said, "Where is the promise of His coming? He hath forgotten the word which declares that seedtime and harvest shall not fail." We were well-nigh hopeless, and altogether helpless, and could do nothing but call upon our God to breathe once more the breath of life over the barren earth. At last, how wondrously He interposed, and how speedily that rude east wind was conquered, when once God bade the powers of the spring do battle with Him.

"And soon he found he could not hold his own,
The merry ruddock whistled at his heart,
And strenuous blackbirds pierced his flanks with song.
Pert sparrows wrangled o'er his every part,

And through him shot the lark with pinions strong.
Anon a sunbeam brake across the plain,
And the wild bee went forth on booming wing.
Whereat he feeble waxed, but rose again
With aimless rage and idle blustering.
The south wind touched him with a drift of rain,
And down he sank, a captive to the spring."

When God thus appeared for us, how marvellous, and all but miraculous, was the issue! The processes of long weeks were wrought out in a few short hours. Life and beauty sprang forth on every hand. The earth was suddenly covered with the rich promise of harvest. The long-desired spring, in all its glory, came amongst us, almost as instantaneously as the dawn of the first morning, when God said, "Let there be light," and in a moment the whole creation was bathed in the newborn lustre. What God did in the natural world He can do in the moral. We become fretful, and think the spiritual winter will never pass away. In His own good time the Great Husbandman will make all the buried seed spring up and beautify the earth with the fruits of righteousness. Therefore be ye not weary, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

Rebivals, Ancient and Modern.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.

REVIVALS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THERE are certain great questions, young men of London, which are agitating the minds of your fellow-countrymen, and in which, I am sure, you take the deepest interest. There's Italian liberty. It has struggled into existence, a child of war. Will it live and become a man of peace? Will it be baptized with the spirit, as well as the name of Christianity, and bring to its birthplace and its home the blessings of which its parents dream? Will it strangle the monsters which coil around it in its cradle, and, after cleansing the country of its remaining abominations, be a power on the side of truth, virtue, order, and religion? There's American Slave abolition. Will the recent election of President help on the good cause? Will ministers and churches in that land of energetic enterprise do their duty, speak out boldly, yet in love, the truth, and bring all their moral influence to bear on the social, the Christian, the vital question of their country and their age? There's the Chinese war, or rather, to-night, I hope I may say, the Chinese peace. What of that? Will it be lasting? Is it based on a sound foundation? What will be its religious issues? What the impression it will leave on the Chinese mind; and what its ultimate bearing on the missionary work?

But there's another subject which comes nearer to you, as the members of this Christian Association. What of

Revivals—one great religious question of the day? What is their true character? What their place in the history of the Church? How do they stand connected with the past, and what are the lessons which they teach at present? It strikes me that your course of lectures would not be complete without some discussion of this great subject.

Having accepted the honour of being one of your lecturers this season, I have been led, from a sense of duty, to take up this matter; but I find it difficult from its vastness—as well as on other accounts,—and I am able only partially to embody the design I had formed. To have confined myself to modern revivals would not have answered my purpose. The present has its roots, and its laws for judgment in the times gone by. A somewhat long review is, therefore, needful in order to appreciate, with discrimination, what has been recently going on around us. Revivals are not novelties,—we must remember that, or we shall utterly mistake our way. They can be understood only through a study of this history. Without loss of time, then, I proceed to glance at the earliest revivals, both of the Jewish and Christian Church.

Not in the land of Judæa, as in our climate, did showery weather, fickle and fleeting, cover the space of the whole year, but “the early and the latter rain,” with drenching power, fell at intervals, and periodically refreshed the field, and swelled the flood. And, something in the same way, did reviving grace from God visit the Church of Israel; and if not at stated seasons, yet ever and anon, in large outgushes, it marked a blessed epoch in the people’s history.

For example, in the reign of Asa, there was great joy in Jerusalem; and over the Mount of Olives, and along the Damascus Road, and in at the Joppa Gate, and up the sides of Zion, men and women and children came trooping in happy groups. And the temple glistened in the sunshine,

as the priests ministered at the altar, and the odorous incense went up to heaven. And the people spake of their deliverance from Zerah and Ethiopia—how the enemy had fled and the spoil been taken, and how a prophet had told them it was all the Lord's doing, and that at any time they had only to seek Him, and the Lord would be found of them. And so—amidst the display of African treasure, armour and chariots, shields and spears, tents and camels, cattle and sheep; and while branches of palm adorned the streets, and garlands of victory the soldiers' brows—there was in the hearts of that rude, warlike people a revival of religion: "And they entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of their fathers with all their heart, and with all their soul, . . and all Judah rejoiced at the oath; for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought Him with their whole desire, and He was found of them." Again, that's a lively sketch of what would now be called a "monster meeting" in the open air for religious service, when, after the return from the Babylonish captivity, the men of Judah and Benjamin came and sat in the street of the house of God, trembling because of the matter that brought them together and "for the great rain:" and so deep was the impression made, that the congregation, stricken to the heart (even as they were wet to the skin), covenanted, saying to Ezra, "As thou hast said, so must we do. But the people are many, and it is a time of much rain, and we are not able to stand without, neither is this a work of one day or two."

In the days of John the Baptist, "the kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." We are assured of that on the highest authority; notwithstanding the reaction afterwards, at the time of the Saviour's death, when we might suppose spiritual life was almost extinct in Jerusalem. Anti-revivalists would have pronounced the excitement in the wilderness' camp-meet-

ings, held by the Lord's forerunner, wild fire—"the crackling of thorns under the pot." The faithful and true witness declares it was far otherwise,—a guiding fact, surely, of which we ought devoutly to take note, in our judgments of revival eras and revival incidents.

We may number at least four great manifestations of the Spirit in the history of the Acts. The first on the day of Pentecost—that mysterious and sublime outpouring—that descent of tongues of fire upon twelve men's heads, visibly demonstrating the descent of invisible fire on three thousand men's hearts. What an influx into the church in a few moments! What a new-birth power! What a rush of life upon death! Why, the breaking up of a polar winter in an hour—the melting of a field of icebergs by a sun-flash,—the starting up of a garden of roses in the sandy desert under a breath of wind—would be a less glorious wonder.

The second principal manifestation of the Spirit is recorded in the 31st verse of the 4th chapter of Acts: "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness."

The third manifestation was when Peter visited Cornelius. And while he spake, "the Holy Ghost fell on them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost."

The fourth manifestation was when Paul came to Ephesus, and found there certain disciples of John. Just now we spoke of reaction, after the besieging of the kingdom of heaven in the Baptist's day. Yet here we see some years

afterwards that all the seed sown in Judæa by the Great Baptizer had not perished; that, like Arethusa's underground stream, the river of the water of life, which the Lord's forerunner struck out in the rocks of the desert, had flowed as far as Ephesus. After reactions, blessed results of earlier excitements will turn up in distant times and distant places. What John began Paul finished. "And he said unto them, Unto what were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe in Him which should come after him, that is, in Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied."

Observe here, that in these manifestations, the miraculous was blended with the moral—the gift of tongues with the bestowment of grace. The outer signs were intended to call attention to, and were symbolical of, the inward substance. Blossoms were they—rich as the sheets of white and pink that cover our apple orchards in the month of May; but, like them, short lived—dying to become richer life, setting into solid lasting fruit, vastly better than the bloom. The ripe clusters of the autumn are more to be desired than the immature efflorescence of the spring; converted, sanctified souls are rather to be sought than cloven tongues. We should prefer three thousand young men born again of the Spirit to twelve gifted with the power of working miracles. And, thank God, while the lesser blessing is impossible, the greater one is not.

Observe, too, how the results of Apostolic ministrations were harvested in masses. It was not according to our pleasant theory of ever continuous accessions that the primitive

churches multiplied. Steady increase is to be by us undoubtedly desired and sought; but still it is a fact, that the increase of the Church in the first ages was not what we call steady, but fluctuating,—now a flow, now an ebb, and now again a spring-tide. When Peter and John preached in Jerusalem—of those who heard the Word and believed the number soon was about five thousand; and of the converts of Paul and Silas at Thessalonica, there was a great multitude. But like wonders are not recorded of the sermon on Mars Hill; or of Paul's last discourse at Jerusalem; or of his teaching in Rome. Also there were reactions in Galatia, and the Apostle asked: "Are ye so foolish? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh? I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed labour in vain." Corinth was anything but a model Church; and Paul, after the labours of Titus in Crete, declared the adage was true, "the Cretians are always liars."

But leaving Apostolic times, we reach the Patristic age. Glance at the third century.

Persecution beat fearfully on the African shore, in the age of Cyprian, and drove the Church of Carthage into fearful straits; but while the storm under Providence purified the ecclesiastical atmosphere, and gave occasion for the display of Christian heroism, the truth preached by the faithful bishop, albeit mixed with error, was, by the co-operating Spirit of God, the instrument of reviving religion. The letters and treatises of the holy martyr are a monument of his pastoral fidelity and zeal, and we see him with a goodly number of converted souls around him, faithful unto death, his "joy and crown."

And coming down another century, and making allowance for the evanescent effect of Chrysostom's fervent oratory, I cannot but think that, during his labours at Antioch, there was a real revival of religion; that among the many converts he made, there was a large proportion of genuine, though

somewhat misguided piety; that as crowds flocked to his church, and clapped their hands at his golden eloquence, there were some who smote their breasts and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

And when he speaks of "the poor watching from midnight until dawn—not yielding to sleep by night, nor shrinking from want by day"—I believe those vigils at Antioch, and the prayers and psalms amidst the solemn stillness were, in their way, no less earnest than the devotion at protracted meetings in later times and nearer home. In Constantinople, too, under Gregory of Nazianzum, where the people clustered like bees round his pulpit, flocking from the market towns and highways to hear the preacher, virgins and noble ladies bending forwards with attentive ears, there seems to have been much spiritually precious, in the excitement attending his advocacy of orthodox truth against the prevalent Arianism of the city; for he tells us that, better than audible tokens of applause, was "the silent meditation of those who would fain conceal the inward struggles of their souls." The name borne by his church, the Anastasia (his Shiloh as he calls it), was, I believe, descriptive of the effect of his labours in the *Anastasis*,—the resurrection of souls, and the bringing them to the Ark of the Covenant in the House of Peace. It appears that Chrysostom carried on the work which Gregory commenced, and that there were repeated religious awakenings in the new Imperial City.

In Milan, too, (now, thank God, freed from Austrian tyranny, a main outpost on the northern frontiers of Italian liberty, which may God long protect,) there were many, many souls, emancipated under Ambrose from a worse tyranny than the Austrian's—blessed with a better liberty than that under Victor Emmanuel. The conversion of Augustine in that city was an era; and who that visits

it now and paces the floor of San Vittore, but must be deeply moved at the thought that it is the site of the very church where Ambrose "pierced men's souls as with arrows dipped in honey dew,"—where he made a stand for truth, and introduced reforms—and where long night-watches of devotion were held by the Bishop and his flock; and the soul of Augustine, as he tells us, was moved by the sacred music, and the truth was distilled into his heart, and his eyes overflowed with tears of joy, and he fed upon the truth, which was to him and many more as the "flour of wheat, and the gladness of oil, and the sober exhilaration of wine." And then, again, in the cycles of grace, we find the illustrious convert of Ambrose in his bishopric of Hippo, asserting with marvellous power and unction the doctrines of grace, establishing the believer, convincing the heretic, and winning the pagan to Christ. There was a revival there.

Following the course of Revivalism during the Middle Ages, we come upon several facts of deep interest. As in the case of literature and civilization, so in the history of religion. It is a great mistake to suppose that darkness lasted with unbroken density, from the fall of Rome to the rise of modern Europe. It was throughout moonlight; and when the clouds were thickest, silver rays were darting through. Or, as it may be better put, 'twas as a mid-summer's night in the Arctic circle, where the illumination of day-time never utterly fades. I believe that in no period in the history of the Church of Rome was there a complete extinction of true piety. The truths of our blessed Lord's incarnation and atonement, preserved there after all, though associated with many gross superstitions, have power, I am convinced, to work in spite of them; and did so work. If I may repeat what I have said elsewhere, "Faith, love, and purity may be found in the lives of many

amidst the mediæval corruptions of Christendom; and where they were we are sure the Spirit of God was, all the more manifestly for the evils and hindrances round about them." Moses alive in the ark of bulrushes, on the river Nile, was more wonderful than any living babe in Pharaoh's palace. It required a larger body of fire to keep light the blazing brand which the Highland envoy carried over mountain and moor, as he summoned his clan on a stormy night, than it does to fill a glass globe with radiance in a quiet London parlour. The Spirit's work in the Middle Ages was mainly one of *preservation*; but it showed His grace and power even more in that way than in some others.

But there were revivals even then. Iona was a conspicuous spiritual lighthouse in the sixth century, amidst the Western Isles. Columba and the Culdees received a baptism of the Holy Ghost, which made them meet for the fulfilment of a great mission. In the midst of war and plunder, they made their way through the fastnesses of England, converted the Northern Picts, and penetrated Scotland from sea to sea. "The number of them that went to France, Italy, and other foreign countries was so great, that the Bolandine writers observe, that all saints whose origin could not afterwards be traced were supposed to have come from Ireland or Scotland."*

Much as I hate Romanism, I don't count a mere attack on its superstitions, however honest and valorous, a religious revival act. I believe there may be desperate onslaughts on Popery, in which there is very little of the spirit of piety; and, therefore, I don't pick out my instances now from amongst facts of mere antagonism to Babylon the Great. As in the case of Iona and the

* "Culdees," a paper read by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, at the Tercentenary of the Scotch Reformation.

Culdees, so in that of Turin and Claude, in the ninth century ; the effect of the religious movement carried on was the moral and spiritual improvement of men. The writings of the good Bishop bear witness to his evangelical sentiments. The previous superstitious condition of the city is testified in his discourses ; the attachment of his flock appears from his biography ; and the breadth and permanent effect of his labours will alone account for the singularly luminous reputation of his name.

The Waldenses come next in the list of mediæval revivalists. From the city of Lyons to distant provinces of France, to the banks of the Rhine, up the Moselle as far as Roman Treves, they wandered on their errands of mercy—genuine colporteurs, veritable city and village missionaries,—with portions of Scripture hid in the packs on their shoulders, or the baskets in their hands—with simple Gospel truth on their lips, and the love of Christ in their hearts. Many did those holy men convert and save. Nor should we forget Tauler and the Mystics, the Friends of God, the Brethren of the common lot, and others who were themselves the subjects of deep piety, and by their labours folded many of Christ's sheep. They broke not off from the communion of the Romish Church, but they purified portions of it. Naturalists tell us the curious fact, that fresh-water springs burst from the bottom of the briny sea: so, from out of the depths of Papal Christendom, came gushes of spiritual life, under the wonder-working power of the Holy Ghost.

But of all the eras of revival before the Reformation, the Lollard one is that upon which the thoughts of Englishmen best love to linger. I have seen the morning light on Alpine mountains—the rising sun staining with rose-like hues the leaden crags, flushing the pure white face of the virgin snow : and so did the fires of truth—the Gospel rays

—touch the heights, and penetrate the depths of English society, changing many a soul into a heavenly likeness, and tinging it with the morning colours of faith and hope. Fleeting, but anticipative, the Lollard revival told of something beyond itself. It announced the coming of a great one, though there was a pause between the voice of the herald, and the advent of the king. It was the premonitory rumbling of an earthquake that was to throw down half Babylon. It was a cloud charged with abundance of water sending down a drenching shower; then, drifted back by storms of wind, only to rise again to cover the land with soft, fructifying rain. It was an early spring-day opening the buds, beckoning on the birds, filling the woods with melody, followed by wintry changes, to find itself repeated and heightened in a late but glowing spring—a deferred but glorious summer. The Lollard revival prepared for the Protestant Reformation.

Of that later wonderful change, I can only say that we are too apt to regard it merely under its doctrinal, ecclesiastical, and social aspects—as an adoption of right opinions, simpler forms, and a higher method of civilization. But we do injustice to the era of the Reformation, and measure with too short a line God's broad mercy, unless—beyond controversial theses, broken images, and repudiated Papal supremacy—we recognise the new birth of souls, the increased holiness of Christian men, the faith and love of the champions of the “new learning,” the pulling down of strongholds, and the enlargement of the sphere of life by the work of the Spirit. The Reformation was a revival.

It was a revival of the “faith once delivered to the saints,” after being buried for ages under the stone pavement of a church built up of tradition and ritualism. It was a revival of the doctrines of grace after central truths had been obscured, and, to a great degree, rendered inoperative by

admixtures of falsehood and superstition. It was a revival of spiritual worship, after ages of idolatrous mummary. It was a revival of genuine piety after Christendom, for the most part, had fallen into utter immorality under the guise of nominal religiousness. It was a revival which spread over Europe, and laid hold of the minds of men of different races, and existing in the midst of varied political institutions. It was a revival of no passing nature, of no ephemeral duration; but one, the force of which, so far from being spent, is ever renewing its youth, like the eagles. It was a revival commenced and carried on by means of the translation of the Word of God, and the earnest preaching of evangelical truth.

Such, I believe, was the Great Reformation, the parent of the blessed Protestant revivals which have followed, but for which we should have been like some kingdoms on the Continent, in the depths of Popish death. Along with the work think of the workers. Remember the Great Reformation, revivalists.

God ever and anon, in the hour of need, sends some spirit into the world, clothed in flesh, to do His holy work. The hour calls for the man, and the man comes at the hour, obedient to the bell that rings the alarum. He who strikes the one, brings forth the other. God struck the hour for the emancipation of the slave, and sent Wilberforce. He struck the hour for American independence, and sent Washington. He has just struck the hour for Italy's freedom, and sent Garibaldi. And so when He struck the hour for the beginning of the Reformation, He first sent Wycliffe—no theorist, no mystic, no sentimentalist, but an Englishman of common sense, practical understanding; clear-headed, sound-hearted, calm-souled—clear as a star, sound as a bell, calm as his own river Avon; an Englishman out and out; a brave Anglo-Saxon, to do revival work

in Anglo-Saxondom. And the man folded up in himself some of the germs of character and life afterwards distinctly developed in others. Tyndale was an author, to use the pen, to translate the Bible, to write stirring books. Latimer was a preacher, to mount the pulpit, to leave the crowds behind as he descended the stairs at Paul's Cross, awe-struck at his message. Hooper was pre-eminently a martyr, carrying the palm of suffering on the earth, to lay it down at the feet of the Holy Lamb in heaven. Wycliffe might be said to be all three—author, preacher, aye, and sufferer too; for it has been said of him, "It is difficult to suppose his brow was often cheered by a smile, or that his heart was often the seat of any feeling which had not in it a strong mixture of the sorrowful." Such were the Reformation revivalists in England. God struck the hour of revival in Scotland, and raised up a Knox—a keen Scotchman to do Scotch work, a brave and valiant man, one of God's true knights; a deadly foe to semblances and frauds, a soldier armed with Ithuriel's spear, rough and ready-handed to do rough work; with a spirit lofty as Ben Nevis, and resistless as the north wind that sweeps over his own Grampians. God struck the hour of revival in Germany, and sent two Germans to do German work: Martin Luther, with the dogged courage of his countrymen, yet of genial habits, a hearty friend and a lover of music, taking his stand on the Bible, with his "God help me," preaching like a lion before the people, and taking down his old lute to sing a carol to Catherine and the children at Christmas time; and Philip Melanchthon, a theologian, scholar, reasoner, framing the *disjecta membra* of religious truth into order and system. And God struck the hour of revival in France, and raised up a Frenchman to do French work—John Calvin, of extensive learning, wide power of generalization, and having at his command a matchless style of eloquence.

“God has a plan for every man,”

and for every revival.

But I must proceed to the seventeenth century, when modern revivals may be said to begin.

In 1623, amongst other ministers who went to Ulster in Ireland, was Robert Blair; a man, we are told, of “a notable constitution of body and mind, of a majestic yet amiable countenance, thoroughly learned, of solid judgment, and of a most public spirit for God. He was seldom, if ever, *brangled* in his assurance of salvation. He spent many days and nights in prayer. Was one very intimate with God.” “The Lord was pleased,” says a contemporary (Livingstone), “by His word to work such a change, that I do not think there were more lively and experienced Christians anywhere than were at this time in Ireland.”

“The blessed work of conversion,” says Blair, “which was of several years’ continuance, spread beyond the bounds of Down and Antrim to the skirts of neighbouring counties; and the resort of people to the monthly meeting and communion occasions, and the appetites of the people, were become so great, that we were sometimes constrained, in sympathy with them, to venture beyond any preparation we had made for the occasion.”*

There was great religious concern also in the West of Scotland, about the years 1625, 1630, 1638. John Welsh, minister at Air, was a distinguished revivalist at the beginning; and David Dickson, many years afterwards, a flourishing minister at Irvine, used to say that “the gleanings of Air, in Mr. Welsh’s time, were far above the vintage of Irvine in his own.”†

The settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers, in New England, was marked by an unusual manifestation of piety. The

* Gibson’s “Year of Grace,” p. 4.

† Gillies, I. 273.

home they had sought beyond the Atlantic for religious liberty, driven out of England, was hallowed signally by Him who blessed Obed-Edom because of the ark. "To the great glory of God, be it spoken," says Prince, in his *Christian History*, "there never was perhaps before seen such a body of pious people together on the face of the earth."

Now leave America and come back to your own country.

In the plague year of England, when death was riding on his pale horse through the streets of London, and the grass was growing under his hoofs, there was life in earnest amongst the Puritan ministers. They preached as if every sermon was their last. "Old Time," says Vincent, "seems now to stand at the *head* of the pulpit, with its great scythe, saying with a hoarse voice, 'Work while it is called to-day: at night I will mow thee down.' Grim Death seems to stand at the *side* of the pulpit with its sharp arrow, saying, 'Do thou shoot God's arrows, and I will shoot mine.' The grave seems to lie open at the *foot* of the pulpit with dust in her bosom, saying,

'Louder thy cry
To God,
To men;
And now fulfil thy trust.
Here thou must lie,
Mouth stopt,
Breath gone,
And silent in the dust.'"

The churches were crowded to suffocation; and Baxter tells us that, "through the blessing of God, abundance were converted from their carelessness, impenitency, and youthful lusts and vanities, and religion took such a hold on many hearts as could never afterwards be loosened."

Cross the Channel.

In Germany, towards the close of the same century, a great religious change was effected by the *Pietists*, as they were called. The fruits of their revival have been numbered in a curious old book called "*Pietas Hal-lensis*;" and the last of sixty-three particulars is this, which I commend to the sectaries of our age: "The unhappy names of distinction into Lutheranism, Calvinism, and into other human parties, begin to lose their credit with some, and Christ begins to be more preached up as the great and only restorer of fallen nature."

We now pass the threshold of the seventeenth century, and light upon the amazing story of the revival at Northampton, in America, in 1734. There had been excitements before; and good Mr. Stoddart—Jonathan Edwards' predecessor—used to talk of his *five harvests* at Northampton; but Jonathan's sheaves surpassed all. I employ his own words: "A great and earnest concern about the great things of religion and the eternal world became universal in all parts of the town, and among persons of all ages; the noise among the dry bones waxed louder and louder; all other talk but about spiritual and eternal things was soon thrown by. The minds of people were wonderfully taken off from the world; it was treated amongst them as a thing of very little consequence. Religion was, with all sorts, the great concern. The only thing in their view was to get the kingdom of heaven, and every one appeared pressing into it. It was then a dreadful thing amongst us to lie out of Christ, in danger every day of dropping into hell. There was scarcely a single person in the town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. In the spring and summer, 1735, the town seemed to be full of the presence of God."

Cambuslang, in Scotland, also, was the scene of a remarkable revival in 1742. One result was, that in twelve weeks the minister could say, "The number of persons awakened to a deep concern about salvation, and against whom there are no known exceptions, has amounted to above three hundred."*

A few years later (1754), and I find in a letter from a deacon of the Scotch Church at Rotterdam, the following passage:—"On the Lord's day, 4th of June, 1752, when Mr. B. Van Velsen preached, the commotion came among the men in the church, and the number greatly increased among them from time to time, generally younger persons. There were among them some who in a wonderful manner regretted and lamented their former life. Not long after this, the commotion came among the children from eight to eleven years old, who were strongly troubled, and their distress continued for some time."

In Wales there was a revival under Howel Harries, in 1742. Another, "The Great Revival," as it is called, in 1762. A third in 1791.

But of all that bear the name of revivals in the English history of that period, the Methodism which appeared in the middle of the century, and took its rise in Oxford about 1730, is the most noteworthy. Nothing better expresses its character, its origin, and its growth, than a verse in one of the hymns, dear to Wesleyan Christians, and often sung with thundering peals of joy in spacious chapels, thronged by excited multitudes, the fruits of the revival it celebrates:—

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

* Macfarlan's "Revivals of the Eighteenth Century, at Cambuslang," pp. 39, 48.

“ To bring fire on earth He came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is :
Oh that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss !”

No fire, lighted amidst the brushwood of an old forest, ever spread among the brown grass, and the dry trees—leaping with ruddy feet, flying with flaming wing, laying hold with consuming touch on heather, larch, and pine—with a circuit so wide, and a force so irresistible; men called it wildfire, and tame and timid in its march it certainly was not. But sure we are, that the blessed light and heat which did so much to scatter the gloom, and burn up the apathies of formalistic Churchmen and Dissenters was kindled, as the hymn says, by “a spark of grace.”

Three facts appear very noticeable in the eighteenth century revivals.

1. Several of them were connected together.

Cambuslang heard of what was going on in England and America. Between Scotland and Holland, a connection may be traced. Wales came within the circle of the great Methodist movement. Ireland, too, was touched by it. On the other side the Atlantic, the links of connection between the revival in Northampton, and some in other places, may be recognised.

2. But the two great centres of excitement were independent of each other.

At Northampton, in New England, the revival began quite irrespective of anything happening in this hemisphere. And at Oxford (to which we owe good as well as evil), in Old England, the revival began irrespective of anything happening in the other hemisphere. Wesley, it is true, in 1738, read Jonathan Edwards' narrative, and observed, “This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes;” but the Oxford Society, which was the cradle of

Methodism, began in 1730, four years before the Northampton revival.

3. The agents employed were different. I have barely mentioned a few names, to prevent confusion, and though here many occur, I shall resist the temptation to notice particularly more than three. Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley were intellectually unlike each other. Both were acute, but the former had the subtlety of the skilled metaphysician, the latter possessed the keenest penetration which can belong to the practical philosopher. The sharpness of the one was that of a razor, that can split a hair, and the other that of an axe, that can fell an oak. Edwards was great in speculation, Wesley in administrative power. Jonathan was invincible in logic, and John was irresistible in law, both as to enactment and execution. As to controversial theology, they were wide as the poles asunder, one taking his stand-point among the decrees of God, the other in the conscience of man; yet both looked for salvation to the same Jesus, and experienced and enforced the same new birth; and so the Lord used each for His own gracious purposes, making them polished shafts in His quiver; teaching us, I believe, after all, that they were looking on two different sides of the one great square of truth; that while, in some respects, both were wrong, in other and more important respects, both were right.

George Whitefield, the third of the great three, was unlike either. In learning, acuteness, and in what would be called intellectual power generally, he was their inferior, but in eloquence he was their master beyond all dispute. His sermons had not Edwards's reasoning, nor Wesley's perspicuousness, but they exhibited powers of fancy and of rhetoric, aided by a voice, a manner, and an unction, utterly beyond what were possessed by either the president of the New Jersey College, or the president of the British Methodist

Conference. Whitefield's sermons in print give no adequate idea of his preaching, for no one can thunder and lighten upon paper. God had a place in His great revival work for all three, and the union of such varied powers in like gracious results should teach us the enormous folly, and wickedness too, of picking holes in the coats of God's servants, because He has not seen fit, in accordance with our wise army regulations, to clothe the whole of His regiment in the same uniform.

On entering the present century, and taking up what has so recently transpired, I am still more perplexed than ever with the multitude of facts contending for notice. I must mass them together and generalize as much as possible.

The principal of them may be reduced to two main groups; a few are sprinkled over the whole sixty years, but the two large collections belong to 1826-1832 and 1857-1860. I don't mean that the revivals did not begin before and last longer, but, to save multiplying dates, I take them, as indicating in time the heart of the revival epochs.

As to the first of these groups, 1826-1832.

In 1832 a work was published by Dr. Sprague, of Albany, on revivals, containing, in addition to several judicious lectures on the subject, a number of letters—twenty altogether—from different ministers holding high positions amongst the American churches. Some were pastors, and they report favourably of the progress of revivals, though with much discrimination, and some censure of certain proceedings. Some were professors, and they give interesting accounts of the work of conversion in their colleges. From one of the pastors, Dr. N. Porter, of Farmington, Connecticut, I quote the following passage:—"In the fall of 1828, a revival, which had commenced in a neighbouring congregation, extended to the eastern district of this town, and continued there with signal power through the winter, and

a number of individuals in other parts of the town also were converted. As fruits of it, thirty-seven were added to the church. Early in the last year (1831), and more immediately in consequence of a surprising instance of conversion in the neighbourhood, a number of the members of the church were stirred up to a new spirit of repentance and prayer, which was gradually extended to others in almost all parts of the town. We have since admitted forty to the communion of the church, about two-thirds of whom date their conversion from the revival last spring.”* From a letter by Dr. Humphrey, president of Amherst College, Massachusetts, I make another extract:—“It was near the close of the spring term in 1827, that God poured out His Spirit for the second time upon Amherst College. The revival began in the church, as is most commonly the case. For several weeks there was a manifest increase of concern for those who were ready to perish, till there came to be mighty wrestlings with the Angel of the covenant, such as I believe always prevail. The noise and shaking among the dry bones was sudden, and the work was rapid in its progress. The word of God was quick and powerful. In many cases, convictions of sin were extremely pungent. In some they may be said to have been overwhelming, but in most instances they were short. In a few days about thirty, and among them several who had been very far from the Kingdom, and leaders in the broad way, were raised up, as we trust, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. In the next year, 1828, God poured out His Spirit again upon the college, and to a considerable number of the students, the Gospel, as we believe, was the power of God unto salvation. In the spring of 1831 the Divine Saviour once more came to our unworthy seminary upon the chariot of salvation. The number of apparent conver-

* Sprague on Revivals, p. 357.

sions in the revival of which I am now speaking was about the same as in 1827.

In connexion with the awakening in America, or rather as the result of the impression which the reports of it made, numerous special services for prayer and preaching were held in London and other parts of this country. I remember well a most remarkable series of meetings held in different towns of Berkshire, attended by very considerable excitement, the streets of Reading being illuminated early on a winter's morning by many a lantern, as crowds hastened to the prayer-meeting before daybreak.

We come now to the second group of facts, 1857-1860. Here, again, I must confine myself.

In the month of January, 1856, special prayer began to be offered in New York for a revival of religion. "Scores of richly laden vessels," said one of the suppliants, "are now lying in the river, a few miles below our city, anxiously waiting to reach our wharves. Why this delay? *Because the channel is closed by the ice.* Thus," he added, "it is with the exceeding great and precious promises of God. Not only is He willing, but He is *waiting* to bestow them upon us. Why does He not bestow them? Alas! prayer is indeed the appointed channel through which the blessing flows, but the channel is not open by which for God to communicate, or for us to receive it. It is because we restrain prayer" (there was the ice), "that the things which remain are ready to die."

The American panic of 1857, it is believed, prepared the minds of many for religious impressions. Coincident with the earliest throes of the great commercial earthquake, was the establishment of a prayer-meeting on the 23rd of September, in Fulton Street, New York. "At half-past twelve the step of a solitary individual was heard upon the stairs. Shortly after another and another, then another, and last of all another, until six made up the whole company. We had

a good meeting. The Lord was with us to bless us." There was one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Congregationalist, and one reformed Dutch. That prayer-meeting grew. The little one became a thousand. A theatre was opened in March following, in Chambers Street, and crowded to excess. The streets and all means of access were blocked up before the hour of prayer, and hundreds would stand in the street. Soon 150 meetings were numbered for prayer in New York and Brooklyn. They spread all over the country. "The great revival in the times of Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, and the Tennants, was marked by powerful preaching; the present, by believing, earnest praying." It is impossible for me to follow up the history; many books have been published on the subject, abounding in most remarkable instances of conversion, and of answer to prayer.*

* "Truly may it be said of the work, that it has been 'without partiality,' and that God has been no respecter of persons. Like the rain and the sunshine, it has fallen on all the different fields of His heritage, with no invidious distinction or discrimination. 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians,' no matter what the ecclesiastical *name* of those who 'hold the Head' (Col. ii. 19), and believe that 'Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God'—'Sons and daughters,' 'young men' and 'old men,' 'servants' and 'hand-maidens,' no matter what their *relative* position in the church or in the community—Greek or Jew, 'circumcision or uncircumcision,' barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, no matter what their *social* position,—all, without exception, have been made to acknowledge the *reality* of this gracious influence of the Holy Spirit; all of them, according to the number of their labourers, have gathered into their several barns their due proportion of the abounding harvest. Like the manna that lay all around about the camp, of which the children of Israel, all who were hungry, did gather, 'some more, some less'—like the rock smitten at Horeb, just as much for the benefit of one tribe as another, to whose flowing waters came all who were thirsty,—so has it recently been with this new and most grateful supply of the bread and water

Passing from America to Ireland, I quote the words of the Rev. Professor Gibson:—

“It was in a sequestered rural district that the Divine effusion first descended; and scarcely had the new-born flame begun to burn, till, with astounding rapidity, it spread over the greater part of an entire province. The transformations that were wrought on every side were strange and wonderful, and in the estimation of many only to be surpassed by the marvels of the Pentecostal day. The cold formality and unimpressible decorum that had reigned within the Church were all at once exchanged for the fervour of an ardent and vigorous piety; a mighty multitude, not only of those who had been nurtured under the teaching of the sanctuary, but of the unreclaimed and the abandoned, were, as by a sudden impulse, quickened into newness of life; while here and there some of the chosen vessels of opposition fell before the resistless influence, spreading consternation and dismay through the ranks of the enemy. In spite

of life eternal. Literally, and without a figure, the promise of the Father has once more been fulfilled in the midst of us, and through His only-begotten Son, in whom all fulness dwells, He has poured out of His Spirit *on all flesh*. He has blessed the house of Israel; He has blessed the house of Aaron; blessed be His name! Of the ten thousand who we hope have been converted within the borders of our city during this YEAR OF JUBILEE, it would be utterly impossible to make a more equitable and satisfactory division among the various denominations, than God by His providence and Spirit has made *already*. One denomination received 3,010; a second, 1,800; a third, 1,735; a fourth, 1,150; a fifth, 500; a sixth, 363; a seventh, 200; an eighth, 90; a ninth, 28, &c. He hath beautified the gates of Zion, alike on the east, on the north, on the south, and on the west, and the names of the twelve tribes of Israel are alike legible on them all. He who will measure with the ‘golden reed’ of Christian charity and truth, will find that the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth. ‘The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.’”—“*The Work of God in Philadelphia, A.D. 1858,*” (prepared by the Young Men’s Christian Association of that city.)

of temporary excesses and extravagances, a state of things ensued of which, till then, it would have been impossible for the most sanguine to have formed an adequate conception, in which the difficulty was not to bring people together to the house of prayer, but to induce them to retire from its cherished precincts ; the abounding and pervasive joy within finding an outlet in every form of rapturous expression—the very countenance lighted up as by a gleam of heavenly radiance—the very day-life a psalm of praise, and the habitual converse the outflowing of a fount of perennial gladness.”

But what is the present state of things in Ireland ? The physical phenomena which aroused so much curiosity has subsided. With that a good deal of the violent excitement in the popular mind has subsided too. The work has passed into another phase. “The denominations which on so large a scale challenged attention, and found their way into the columns of the journals, are rarely witnessed, the agitation upon the surface of the waters has abated, but the under-current, to whose existence it testified, runs on with deep and steady flow, laden with blessing.” Congregations are larger, ministers are more earnest. The number of communicants has increased to an unprecedented degree. Within a brief period 100, 150, 200, 250, 300, have been admitted to church-fellowship. Meetings for prayer abound. Family religion has increased ; so has the circulation of the Scriptures. Sabbath-schools were never so prosperous. The spirit of religious liberality has been unusually developed. Religious agencies have multiplied ; vice and immorality have materially abated. There is a great reduction in the number of criminal cases. And of those awakened in 1859, an overwhelming majority remain steadfast.

The revival is now quietly proceeding at Dublin, where

large meetings for prayer are held every day, and the Congregational church at Kingstown is passing through a season of unusual refreshment.

In relation to Scotland, it is worthy of remark, though sufficiently well known, that the great majority of the revived Christians, and of the new converts, belong to the humbler classes. The religious awakening has gone "by way of the sea." The fishing community have more conspicuously than any other class been brought under the power of the Gospel.*

* "The places in regard to which specific statements have reached us we can scarcely more than name. In Eyemouth the entire aspect of the population has been changed; and many have been added unto the Lord, including not a few belonging to every class of the community. In Newhaven many have been received for the first time into the fellowship of the church; the careless have been overawed; and the entire church-going community refreshed, many of them led truly to give themselves to Christ. St. Monance is an obscure village, from whose harbour, according to the account of an intelligent observer, scarce a fishing-boat set sail during the revival in which religion did not form the principal topic of conversation. Of Ferryport-on-Craig, one minister, speaking with caution, says: 'I would say thirty or forty connected with myself have derived spiritual benefit, with all of whom I have had many meetings, and not one of whom has caused the tongue of scandal to be raised against him.' In Arbroath many of the factory, as well as the fishing population, have been blessed; and in two small fishing villages in the neighbourhood, with a population of 150 families, about thirty persons, ranging from fifteen to seventy years of age, have, it is believed, given themselves to the Saviour, and are seeking to bring others to Him. In Montrose, which, being on the coast, we mention here, not fishermen, so much as persons of various conditions and ages, but especially young females, mill-workers, household servants, and young men in a similar position in society, to the number of five or six hundred, have experienced a marked spiritual change; not to speak of cases to which no publicity has been given. In Ferryden, near Montrose, with a seafaring community of about 1,200 souls, it is believed that nearly one-half have come under the power of the revival."—*Paper on Scotch Revivals, issued by the Evangelical Alliance.*

A considerable number of persons in proportion to the population have received spiritual good. As *much* prayer was the *precursor*, *more abundant* prayer has been the *consequence* of the revival. A new capacity for prayer seems imparted to many. A schoolmaster observed, "I cannot understand how those uneducated men get words the way they do in speaking and praying."

It may be added that in not a few cases the conversions which have taken place have been of the most marked, demonstrative kind.*

Into any details with respect to revivals in England of late I cannot enter, because the information published is so fragmentary and various. There have been no great centres of excitement; and it would be difficult to generalize the numerous religious movements that have taken place in London and the provinces. Meetings for prayer have been numerous held, and many of them largely attended. Special efforts have been made for preaching the Gospel at theatres and other places to the working classes—in itself a wonderful revival of preaching power, at any rate. Unwonted kinds of spiritual work have been done among particular portions of the population, both men and women. In many quarters I know there has been an unusual willingness to hear the Gospel—a more than common earnestness in the ministry, and increased accessions of declared members to the churches of Christ. And besides all this, which will be more or less obvious to nearly every one, it is to be remarked that, beyond denominational enclosures, among persons who know little of what is called the religious world, there are thoughts lodged—convictions produced—aspirations cherished—and prayers presented in secret, which unmistakably indicate a far wider work of God than those

* For information respecting Wales and Sweden, see Appendix.

who look at the matter, under the influence of exclusive prejudices, can even imagine. The religious indifference of English society was a common theme of lamentation ten years ago. There has certainly been a great increase of religious feeling since then.

Numerous facts testify to the existence and progress of a work, not confined to one particular country, but spreading far and wide, crossing the Atlantic, covering parts of both America and Ireland with religious and moral changes, and extending over Scotland and Wales; while, on the other side the German Ocean, the kingdom of Sweden experiences a blessed season of religious revival and reformation. In point of extent, I know nothing like it recorded in the history of spiritual excitement; while most remarkable is the fact, that in almost every instance the prosperity has come, not from any wonderful kind of preaching, but from deep and earnest prayer.

It is time for us now critically to review these facts.

To judge of revivals, or rather to gather the information necessary for such a judgment, a survey of a very wide range of facts is necessary in connexion with a deep acquaintance of the physical, mental, and moral laws of human nature. Other religious excitements, beyond those which are called evangelical, should be examined. Comparisons should be made between outbursts of religious feeling outside what we consider to be the Church, and those which have occurred inside. A rigorous examination of parallel facts should be entered into. They should be placed side by side, and their resemblances carefully ticked off. What is mere excitement, or worse, must be thrown away, and only the spiritual results, attributable to truth and the Spirit of God, must be accepted with honour and extolled to the glory of Divine grace.

Immense has been the range of religious excitement. I

once thought of indicating those which lie more or less distant from such as good people generally include under the name of revivals—running them over from the Buddhist to the Monastic—from the dancing Dervish to the Welsh Jumper, but time and space forbid. I will take only one instance.

Amidst the alarms which prevailed in the North of Italy in 1400, people were suddenly seized with a desire to go on religious pilgrimage. They dressed in white. They journeyed forth, usually for ten days, living all the time on bread and water. The excitement was said to descend from the Alps to Lombardy, and then to spread over the Italian peninsula. The people of Lucca came in a body to Florence. The citizens forsook trades and politics, crowded the marble churches, and then joined the pilgrim bands. “During the two months that this devotion lasted, war was never thought of; but no sooner had it passed away, than the people resumed their arms, and the previous state of agitation was renewed.”*

There and elsewhere in the Middle Ages was deep religious fervour, calling people away from their business—leading them to gather together in large assemblies, and to spend much time in what they called devout exercises. I do not say that there was no good, even in this excitement. I think there was, but it is not what we should pronounce a revival. Consequently, neither does an equal amount of religious feeling, detaching men from secular occupations, and even inducing them to think of the wrath of God against sin, and of the approaching end of the world, constitute a revival. Some considerable amount of like excitement—that of fear, of terror at the thought of death—no doubt occurred in connexion with what took place in London during the Plague year. Then, as now, such fear might be *preparatory* to love.

* L. Aretino.

The still small voice might follow. But then, as now, there might be a great and strong wind rending the mountains, and breaking in pieces the rocks, and the Lord not be in the wind—an earthquake, and the Lord not be in the earthquake—a fire, and the Lord not in the fire. In some of the American revivals, preachers have indulged in the terrific to an extent perfectly unjustifiable: The effects have been according to the instrumentality. They have sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind. “Justly,” said Dr. Beecher, during the revival of 1828, “I have not found mere terror do much, either as the means of awakening men or producing submission. It is the law in the hands of a Mediator—the uplifted sword of justice, while the Saviour invites, and entreats, and draws with the bands of love, which alarms, convinces of sin, and subdues the heart.”

Fanaticism in connexion with the excitements of false religions, and of the Roman Catholic Church, we unsparingly condemn. We must not be less severe against fanaticism when it appears along with evangelical revivals. We must not censure the doings of Mendicant Friars in the Middle Ages, when, by noisy and terrific preaching, they gathered crowds around them, or put down as fanatical the raving of priests in Italian churches, who, for the time, make wonderful impression on their hearers—and then extol, or even excuse boisterous declamation on very crude and partial views of the Gospel—calculated to call forth a shriek or a sigh, and to leave the soul afterwards ignorant of the chief end of the Lord’s mission.

Methods of preaching, of conversation, and of writing, have been adopted at times of revival, and are always at such times likely to be so, which are, to my mind, very exceptionable. I allude to one-sided views of salvation. There is, alas! as in some quarters, a sad neglect of that side of salvation which consists in pardon, justification accept-

ance, adoption, peace. But the danger on *that* side does not belong to times of revival. The other, the moral side—that which consists in *personal spiritual goodness*—is in danger of being forgotten. When souls are shaken with terror under alarming appeals, and cry out, “What must we do to be saved?” we are likely to think more of the way to comfort and peace than of the way to holiness and Christ-like living. We run a risk of falling into the notion that the Gospel is meant mainly to soothe the conscience—to pacify the spirit; whereas its highest end is to renew the soul in righteousness, and to make it good—good like God. It is not a true revival which ends in merely giving men *peace*. That only is a true revival which ends in making men *good*.

The truth being maintained—the whole truth and nothing but the truth,—the manner of exhibiting it is of minor moment. Each man must be left, under God, to his own genius and the impulses of his own mind; and while preachers follow their own bent, people will follow their own cravings. What seems coarse to one will be refined enough for another. What may shock my sensibilities may only wake to healthful attention my next-door neighbour. What to the educated and accomplished is becoming may to the rougher sort be tame, spiritless, insipid. I have done finding fault with the manner of preaching if only the truth be proclaimed. Let not the silver cup look with disdain on the iron pot, nor the iron pot rudely bruise the silver cup. There is use for both in the “Great House” of our common Master.

As to certain paraphernalia of revivals—such as anxious pews and the like in America, and certain proceedings in some quarters on this side the water, such as calling people out to give some public visible sign that they seek peace or have found it, or praying for individuals by name, and

entering into particulars about their character and history—I must say that to my mind such things seem adapted only to promote unhealthy excitement, and to foster false notions of religion, as if it were a matter of momentary feeling rather than of intelligent and lasting principle. I do not see how they can minister to the final and grand end of all revivals, which is to make men *good*.

I now come to a vexed question—that of the pathological phenomena of revivals, the physical convulsions, especially “the striking down” we have heard of so often in connexion with Irish excitements. As I have never seen anything of the kind, and am incompetent to take up the question physiologically, I will content myself with a few facts.

1. During the recent revivals, physical manifestations, as they have been called, are almost entirely confined to Ireland.

2. It is not generally known that the number of persons struck constitute a very small proportion of those who have been affected by the revival. In some districts the physical phenomena have been altogether wanting.

3. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, says: “I was conversing the other day with the grandson of a very intelligent and prominent man among the early settlers of Ohio, who said, that when those accounts from Ireland were first read among his friends, they exclaimed, ‘Why, that is exactly what occurred among the Scotch-Irish in Kentucky, 1804.’” Among those Scotch-Irish strangely appeared precisely such cases of striking, as the same sort of people in the very region whence their fathers came, have been now exhibiting.

4. The physical phenomena may be classified under different heads.

(a.) Cases in which they have been preceded by strong

mental emotions. "Sir," said one convert to Mr. Elliott, "when God first showed me my real state, I felt as if I were lost, and as if my sins, like a millstone, were hung about my neck, and I was being dragged down, down into hell." Such mental agony is not unlikely to produce some physical prostration.

(b.) Cases of excitement, which may manifestly be seen to proceed from sympathy.

(c.) Cases in which neither spiritual emotion nor unintelligent sympathy can account for the phenomena. "For example," says the Rev. John Macnaughten, of Belfast, "I have known the case of a man going home from the market, after he had sold his produce, passing along the roadside, and counting his money to see whether it was all right, when he sunk down, as if sun-struck, and his money was scattered on the road."

5. Physical manifestations have decreased where discouraged. Speaking of the trance-like state into which some fell, Dr. McCosh says, "They were just beginning in a village with which I am acquainted, when a Christian physician, who had been the main earthly leader of the movement in the district, reasoned with the people, and they immediately disappeared." In John Wesley's journal, when convulsions had become common under his ministry, we find this entry:—"To-day one came who was pleased to fall into a fit, for my entertainment. He beat himself heartily. I thought it a pity to hinder him; so, instead of singing over him, as had often been done, we left him to recover at his leisure. A girl, as she began her cry, I ordered to be carried out. Her convulsions were so violent as to take away the use of her limbs, till they laid her without at the door, and left her; then she immediately found her legs, and walked off. Some very unstill sisters, who always took care to stand near me, and tried who could cry loudest,

since I have had them removed out of my sight have been as quiet as lambs. The first night I preached here, half my words were lost, through the noise of their outcries. Last night, before I began, I gave public notice that whosoever cried so as to drown my voice, should, without any man's hurting or judging them, be gently carried to the farthest corner of the room; but my porters had no employment the whole night." These are very significant facts.

6. Physical convulsions have, in some forms, been prevalent at very different seasons of great excitement.

We are informed that in "the fifteenth century a violent nervous disease, attended with convulsions and other analogous symptoms, extended over a great part of Germany, especially affecting the inmates of the convents. In the next century something of the same kind prevailed extensively in the south of France." In 1688, many persons, most females, commenced in half-sleeping, half-waking ecstasies, to exhort people to repentance and faith, speaking fervently and correctly, though in common life theirs was a provincial brogue. In these exhortations they showed an extensive acquaintance with the Bible, wanting to them when awake. (This is very like what we have heard during the Irish revivals.) Dr. McCosh, in reference to sleeping cases, observes: "Every one who has studied the subject knows that mesmerism is full of them. A trained traveller can fall asleep when he pleases, and rise at any hour he fixes; and people in a mesmeric state can anticipate and regulate their mesmeric slumbers. In India, individuals who have acquired this mesmeric power allow themselves to be buried for days, and tell beforehand the precise time when they are to awake, and their friends are to open the ground to allow them to rise."

I have thus endeavoured carefully to collect and arrange the leading facts bearing on the question of physical mani-

festations, and I must now distinctly state that I cannot see in any of them the slightest ground whatever for attributing them to the operation of the Spirit of God. To exalt them to a miraculous position—to bring them into comparison with the early wonders of the Gospel, to which they are totally dissimilar, is, in my mind, seriously to entangle and perplex the Christian evidence derived from miracles, and seriously to injure the cause of truth. Nor can I, for a moment, ascribe them, as some have seemed to do, to demoniacal possessions, in any sense. Their connexion and effects are entirely irreconcilable with that theory. That there are natural causes at the bottom I have no doubt;—by which I mean, causes in harmony with our physical, and mental, and spiritual constitution. A satisfactory explanation of them I have never seen. Medical men learnedly tell us of “hysteria, regular and irregular”—of “morbid conditions of the emotional nature, seeking for outlets”—of “pent-up forces producing paroxysmal fits,” and the like. They leave the matter enveloped in mystery. A mystery I regard it, but not a miracle wrought either by Heaven or Hell. The more I reflect on the history of human nature, the more I am convinced that at present it is but partially understood. Physiologists have not explored all, nor nearly all, which it comprehends. There is in it—as no doubt there is still in other realms of nature—occult power. Electricity was occult till discovered. Is electricity the last discovery man will ever make? A large number of facts relating to human nature—dreams, trances, nervous diseases, sympathies, &c.—rest on occult laws. I assign such physical phenomena as we have glanced at to that general class. The principles at the foundation of them are natural—but then nature awaits discovery and explanation. But while I take this view of the subject, I by no means sympathise with anti-revivalists, who imagine

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that when they have resolved the physical convulsions into natural causes they have disposed of the whole case. I look upon these facts as, for the most part, lying outside the great spiritual revival realm; but when they do enter it, I have no doubt that He who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working" subordinates laws, to us occult, but to Him known, so that they minister to His own gracious purposes.

And all these things I have said about objectionable accompaniments to revivals, not only that you may be warned against what we should all avoid and discourage, but in order that it may be seen I have striven to be thoroughly honest and impartial in my investigation of the subject. And my purpose in so doing has further been to give some character and force to the opinion I would now deliberately and solemnly express, that the history of revivals, with all their objectionable accessories, with whatever of drawback they may present, is a series of divine and gracious manifestations before which Christians ought to bow with reverence, and in which they should rejoice with exceeding joy. The earlier, as well as the later, have their circumstances of evil, and the later, as well as the earlier, have their evidences of good. Of a real work of God most signally seen in America, Ireland, and elsewhere,—testified to, as it has been, by Inhabitants and Visitors, by Civilians and Divines, by Judges and Magistrates, by the Secular press as well as the Religious, by Newspapers and Reviews, the High Church *Quarterly* amongst the rest, by accounts, public and private, by letters and conversation,—I can no more doubt than of my own existence. And why should I doubt?

If ever there has been an extraordinary manifestation of the Spirit of God, it has occurred within the last three or four years. If ever the Holy Ghost came down with power, He has done so of late. With all abatements, this must

be confessed. If there have been wild, unreal excitements, there have also been conversions in a most unusual degree. If there have been galvanizing shocks, only leading to hideous contortions, there have been also inspirations of true Christian life into souls dead before. If, in a few cases, there has been anything that can possibly remind us of the struggles in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to catch the flame which is indeed of earth, though said to come from heaven,—there have been, in many cases, what more justly reminds us of the descent of fire from the Lord on Elijah's altar, in answer to his prayer. Of the divinity of the work, I repeat, I cannot doubt.

Whether we look at human nature in its normal, or in its fallen state, revivals of religion appear to be necessary.

Regarding human nature as God constituted it, apart from the sad damage which sin has done, we may remark that men, on any subject of importance and interest, are apt, in the course of time, to lose the vividness of their first impressions, like fresco paintings, with their outlines indistinct, and colours pale and mouldy. The mind every now and then loses something of its vigour, and relaxes its grasp of the most momentous truths. The affections, too, are apt to cool, and the fervour of "first love" to pass away. There are innumerable illustrations of the fact in all the varieties of human life. It is a law of humanity, that it depends ever and anon on a revival for its energetic development. Man is in this respect like creation around him. The morning is a revival of light after hours of gloom. Spring is a revival of vegetation after the dead days of winter. The tide coming in is a revival after its ebbing out. The breeze that carries the ship to port is a revival after the calm with its drooping sails. Bright weather is a grateful revival, as every Londoner knows, after dreary November fogs. Looking at the constitution and laws of the human

mind (illustrated by the constitution and laws of the outer world), it appears to me that religious revivals have a strictly legitimate place in the revolutions and progresses of human society. It is not extravagant to suppose that they might have been needful in a paradisaical state,—and who will venture to affirm that humanity in its perfected condition may not require, at certain periods, renewing impulses to thought, love, and action, from the Fountain of all truth and excellence?

But human nature, as we actually find it, is depraved—degenerate; and the consequence of this is, that it needs just such a religion as the Gospel to put it right,—not as the complement of its being, but as the corrector of its disorders. And then, looking at humanity when restored and healed, but in connexion with its original tendencies, and its moral feebleness, is it likely that, even after its restoration, it will be free from all liability to relapse, and proof against temptations to leave the side of its Saving Friend? We know what it is for the couched eye to get dim again, the opened ear to return to deafness, and the quieted pulse to become feverish once more. And so, unbelief returns, and insensibility returns, and habits, thought to be for ever gone, return. Hence the need of occasional revivals. The Christian does not go on according to the progressive theory, from step to step without ever losing ground; but he is checked in his career, and becomes faint by the way. His principles are shaken, or they go to sleep. Life at times is feeble, and there is hardly a pulsation. “They that dwell under her shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn.” Have you not seen the fields parched with drought, the wheat bending its head ready to die? And then there has been a sound of abundance of rain, and the “trees shaken by the wind” have proclaimed the down-pouring at hand; and anon there have come the waters

drenching the soil, and then how have the green blades, after a little while, shot up like spires and pinnacles of strength ! So souls revive, under the showers of blessing which the Spirit sends.

These remarks apply chiefly to the revival of spiritual life already possessed. But revivals are times of conversion, using the word in its accustomed sense, and revival conversions are often sudden. What is there unreasonable in that ? Regeneration, viewed as the Divine act of giving life to a soul—as a process of holy inspiration,—seems to mark a definite epoch in the history of an individual's existence. It draws a boundary-line between life and death, light and darkness. It must be, in the estimation of the Divine mind, an appreciable point. There must be a moment when the soul ceases to be dead. There must be a first dawning of spiritual vitality ; a first beat in the spiritual heart ; a first play in the spiritual lungs ; a first throb in the spiritual pulse ; a first fountain-flow of spiritual blood. If so, then why may not conversion, which is the effect of regeneration, be sudden ? The Spirit of God accompanying the Word, makes it a germ of life,—makes it a spark of fire. When religion is so revived by the Spirit of God as to produce conversions, the seeds are dropped, the sparks are kindled. At some particular moment they are : under some sermon, through some ordinance, from the words of some friend, in connexion with some circumstance, or when solemn thoughts come over the mind in hours of loneliness, they are. Is it, then, fanatical to look for sudden conversions ? Are we to be incredulous when we are told of them ? To disbelieve or ignore such sudden changes, is to dishonour the Holy Spirit, and so to throw an impediment in the way of the production of such results among ourselves.

Revivals are in harmony with the constitution of human

nature, and with the principles and operations of Divine grace; but they are confessedly mysterious. The time and the manner, and the laws and the results of their coming—who can explain the philosophy of these? The three last centuries have each carried in its bosom a great revival: the Reformation in the sixteenth, Puritanism in the seventeenth, Methodism in the eighteenth, and now in the heart of the nineteenth there comes another which must be left for after-ages to name; a power which must take its appellation from no sect, nor so much from protest against error, or the maintenance of particular doctrines, as from the life it brings—the new, varied, many-coloured spiritual life it sheds all over Christendom,—life leading to labour, more even than springing from it. Clouds big with blessing are sailing over the Church's sky. Through the rent openings, here and there, the showers fall. But the spiritual meteorology, like the physical, has its mysteries. The winds which bring the rains are at present little understood; and the Spirit “bloweth where it listeth.” There is an unsearchable residuum in all the circumstances connected with all the recent revivals that we are acquainted with. But still, though our philosophy of explanation be at fault, there is the practical rule left for our guidance. “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find.” One of the most striking encouragements to prayer is drawn from the case of him who, by his supplications, ruled the mysterious rain-storm. “Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.” Prayer here had power where nature is most inscrutable. Shall it have less power where grace is most unsearchable? The clouds are in the sky; the breeze has risen; there is a rustling amidst the leaves;

rain is at hand ; over dusty lands and parched lands the big drops fall. Can we not by prayer guide the cisterns of Divine grace over our own land, and cause them to set in gracious distillation over London churches and London homes ? Can we not by prayer touch His arm who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand ? May we not hope for a blessed revival here—here in the Young Men's Christian Association—as we kneel and cry in faith and prayer, “ Here, Lord, here ! ” “ Prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

It is stated in connexion with the origin of the late Ulster revival, that a Young Men's Christian Association was established, whose monthly meetings for mutual improvement contributed not a little to inspire the young with confidence and zeal. Why should not a true revival of religion commence among you ?

A revival in your own souls should be your first care—a revival in others, especially in connexion with this Institute, your next. A member of the Philadelphian Young Men's Association said to a friend, pointing to another young man before them, “ This is the tenth of my little army.” The Lord had made him the means of leading ten of his companions to the Cross. And on being asked what means he had used, he replied, “ That he had taken those about him one at a time, had spoken to them, and with entreaties had brought them under the sound of the Gospel—had asked his Christian friends to pray for each, and had laboured in prayer himself, not letting him go until he had found Christ.” A young man, the other night, was telling me of the fourth or fifth of his little company brought to Christ. How far have you proceeded

in this business of blessed enlistment? To your tenth, your fifth, or your first recruit?

A general and genuine revival of religion among the young men of London and Great Britain is a blessed possibility, and may become an accomplished fact through your instrumentality. The ramifications and dependencies of this society are most numerous. They are powers for good beyond estimation. In the work to which I would call, you all must take a share. The doing of it depends on each one. By private members, even, more than by lecturers, secretaries and committees, must the holy purpose be achieved. I cannot but think there are many hearts here to-night affected by the series of facts we have brought before you. Impressions must be made by them. But as to their lasting, their practical effect—how will that be? When Daguerre was working at his sun-pictures, his great difficulty was to fix them. The light came and imprinted the image; but when the tablet was drawn from the camera, the image had vanished. Our lamentation is like his—our want the same: a fixing-solution that shall arrest and detain the fugitive impressions. He discovered the chemical power, which turned the evanescent into the durable. Need I say that there is Divine agency at hand which can fix the truth upon your hearts to-night? God's Holy Spirit can produce in you photographs of the pictures of life that have passed before you to-night. Retire not to rest till you have earnestly sought, upon your knees in prayer for yourselves and others, that grace to-night.

APPENDIX.

WALES.

IN reply to your request (says the Rev. R. Parry to me) respecting the revivals in Wales, I have endeavoured to give you some information, in answer to a few queries, which were suggested to my own mind by the contents of your letter, with hopes they will furnish you with the statistics, &c. you require.

The statements here made refer mostly to circumstances in connexion with the churches of the Independents, and within the county of Caernarvon. I preferred doing so, as I can bear testimony to their correctness, as far as they go. Although I know something of what is going on among all denominations, I am better prepared for the details among our own people. I may add, however, that what is here said of the denomination and the county, is a specimen of the state of things among all other bodies, and in all the counties in North and South Wales.

I. By what means were the revivals in Wales produced?

It is generally remarked that they were originated by the power of prayer in the churches. But I am of opinion, we must search for the first movement previous—that is, in the earnest preaching, for some time before, on the “necessity of a more earnest and general spirit of prayer in the churches.” This arrested attention; it made the subject-matter of religious conversation. Some accounts of powerful revivals elsewhere, &c., produced quite a new feeling among the professors of religion. A burning zeal for prayer and prayer-meetings followed. There was very

fervent pleading for the Spirit — “the spirit of grace and supplication” was the universal petition when the Throne was addressed; and the result was, the prayer-meetings were multiplied, and the attendance became overflowing. The salvation of their neighbours was the deep-rooted desire of every bosom, until at last these meetings were carried on for months successively, on every working as well as the Sabbath day, in rotation, at the chapels of the various denominations, which had been pervaded, all alike, with the same spirit; and the effect produced was, that a great multitude became converted, and great accessions were made to the churches of all the religious bodies.

About this time the revival, and the necessity of a general outpouring of the Spirit from on high, was the universal topic of conversation. If two men met on the road—if a number of workmen met together at the quarries—if a few farm-labourers had a minute to spare in conversation, all their thoughts were turned into this direction. They all seemed confident the Spirit would be given. It was the prayer of faith. There was importunity blended with confidence. Every church-meeting exemplified the spirit of the disciples, when on the road towards Emmaus: when they were overtaken by their Great Master, “their hearts burned within them.” Private meetings by groups of five, ten, or twelve together, for a spare quarter of an hour after dinner, on the roadside, or in the cave of the quarry, became very general, until, at last, a very powerful expression of deep feeling prevailed, at the close of every public service. Not a single church was left without sharing, in some degree, of the feeling and the success.

II. What is the state of feeling, at present, among the churches?

It is observed that the warm and excited feeling, experienced some twelve or eighteen months ago, is much

abated. The accession of new members is little: at the same time, there is no sign as yet of the deep impressions having been lost, or the feelings hardened. There are more tears at the present time than exclamations. In some of the previous revivals, when the warm feelings became cold, many became hardened, and a great number lost ground, but this is not the case now. They seem decisive!

III. What is the most peculiar effect produced by the revivals, on the general character of the churches, and of the world?

The real value of personal religion is greatly felt throughout the churches. There is a more earnest desire to possess the power of religion, than the merely outward form. The family altar, which had become much impaired, has been thoroughly renovated in all families. The attendance on the means of grace is regular and consistent. There were many church members that had remained very fruitless for years, who are now created anew, and have become active and useful in their respective circles. There were many large vessels, stuck to the clay, floated by the spring-tide. There were many professors, who it is to be hoped had found salvation, but never experienced its joy until the present time.

With regard to the world, it is observed, that there is more liberality in supporting religious institutions than known ever before. The collections last year, for the Bible and Missionary Societies, exceed all former sums, and all other kindred objects are greatly supported. The interests of the Sunday-school are very pleasing. The chapels, in many localities, have become too small to accommodate the overcrowding numbers that seek for instruction; and the morals of the public have been greatly reformed, while daring sins have been excluded from society in general.

IV. What is the probable number added to the churches?

It may be estimated at 50,000, without any fear of exaggeration. The addition in the county of Caernarvon, in connexion with the Congregationalists alone, is known to be rather more than 3,000. The increase with the other sections is comparative, taking their respective strength and position into calculation. There are not less than twenty Independent chapels in the said county, entirely new, rebuilt, or enlarged, during the present year; thereby making an additional provision for seating about 4,000 hearers; and while the edifices are larger and more expensive, the debt is becoming less.

V. What classes of people have been mostly affected by the late revivals?

It has been observed, that while the greatest number were of young people, and the children of religious professors, the mightiest change is on the hardened and confirmed unconverted old hearers among the congregations. Hundreds have been gained over as decided characters, who had been regarded as hopeless by many of their neighbours. A very great number of backsliders have been reclaimed, under very promising circumstances.

VI. Do the young converts hold their profession steadfast?

In this particular the late revival is greatly distinguished, and differs widely from all former visitations. They all endure and hold their ground, with but very few exceptions. This is one of the most valuable features in the character of the late Welsh revivals. The converts all exhort each other; and their special prayer is, to be enabled to hold the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end.

VII. Can reference be made to any particular instances, not previously reported, of notorious sinners having been converted?

There was a public meeting held at a certain church in South Wales. A great number attended, and the place was overcrowded with hearers, of all ages and characters. There had been no signs of a revival in the neighbourhood previous. There was nothing very extraordinary observed or felt, in the morning service. At the close of the sermon in the afternoon, a most powerful working was effected upon the feelings of the audience. There was deep, silent groaning, and general weeping, but no bursting out in exclamations of praise or prayer. A great many of the hearers were to return home with the train before the evening service, and they therefore left, with much reluctance. At the commencement of this service, there was very deep emotion, and a general cry for mercy, and prayer for being saved, while others broke out in praise to God; and the whole place became in a general commotion. The train, with the passengers that had just left the place, was coming close by; when they heard the prayers and the praise from the chapel, they caught a portion of the same heavenly flame, in one of the carriages; and a young man kneeled to pray there, and in a few minutes the whole train was pervaded with the same feelings. This young man became fully converted; and instead of proceeding direct to his usual residence, he went towards his parents' home, with a view of speaking to them about the importance of their salvation, not knowing that the revival had reached that locality, when, to his great astonishment, he found they had already joined with the Church of God!

The whole history of one *David*, a barber, is very interesting; and more especially his conversion. He was a ring-leader among the ungodly of a certain town. He was exceedingly clever and artful in deriding the religious revival, as well as annoying the young converts. However, one evening, there was a prayer-meeting to be held in an

upper room. An old woman coming by, addressed him, and said: "Deio, come with me to the prayer-meeting to-night; it is to be held at the upper room in such a place." She succeeded in getting him to the place, to the great astonishment of all present. While one man was engaged in prayer, and in earnest wrestling with God, for the salvation of sinners, David, after some groaning, fell on his face, unable to rise for some time. At last he got on his knees, and cried out, "What can be the matter with me? What! am I lost for ever?" &c. "Oh!" said the old woman, "the grace of God has reached thee, poor Deio; believe, and thou shalt be saved." He rose up, jumped among the people, and when some rays of hope for mercy had shone upon his heart, his tears, his prayers, his praise, carried the most powerful effect upon all present. He continues to be a humble Christian.

In a neighbourhood, where all the people had been gained over to religious profession, there were only two individuals left unaffected. They accidentally met on the road. "Well," said the one to the other, "what will become of us now, being left alone? What shall we do?" One, an old sinner, 75 years of age, said to the other, "Let us go to the chapel together to-night." "Not I," said the other; "we shall have plenty partners soon; only wait a few weeks, and we shall see a goodly number of backsliders in this neighbourhood." The aged one went to the chapel; before the close of the meeting he was much affected, and cried, "Friends, what am I to do? I have been in the service of Satan for 75 years, and the only wages I got is shame. What must I do to be saved? I am anxious to change my master." He was directed to the Redeemer, and found peace the world could not give.

In another place a very wonderful conversion of a very old and notorious character took place. A friend one day

met this very well-known reprobate—a prince in the army of the Enemy—and said to him, “Well, F—— R——, did you know that your old friend So-and-so has joined the Church of Christ at the chapel last night?” “No,” was the reply: “and now I am left alone.” “Well, you need not be alone,” said the other. “Why not follow Him? Did you ever think of changing your master, and becoming a religious man?” “What dost thou mean, man?” said the old fellow. “A sinner of 84 years old become religious! Who would accept of him? God has not grace enough to accept of such an one as I,” &c. However, he there and then decided on changing his life, joined the Church the first opportunity, and he is a very exemplary Christian, as eminent in piety as he was notorious among sinners.

There is such a number of extraordinary instances of conversion, that it is very difficult to know how to make a selection. It would take a long space to repeat but a few of them. It is one of the greatest comforts of the churches that have had the honour of becoming the joyful mothers of children, that they are so greatly encouraged to rear them and instruct them, desirous, as they are, to hold fast their profession, and to endure to the end.

SWEDEN.

(Communicated by the Rev. Mr. Scott, late Missionary in Sweden.)

The Reformation in Sweden was rather a *coup d'état* than a change resulting from enlightened conviction, and must be regarded as a work done *for*, not *by* the people. A select council, sitting in Upsala, decided that the nation should become Lutheran, and measures were taken to prevent the people from becoming too suddenly aware of the change from Popery. Religion in Sweden has been too

much an affair of law and ecclesiastical scaffolding; and the continuance of public amusements on the Lord's day, as well as the moral state of the population, painfully testified that religion, in its spirit and power, had but little influence on the heart and life. The total absence of all aggressive evangelistic effort—the first Missionary Society being formed in 1835—confirmed the testimony.

Spiritual life may, however, be traced in the past history of Sweden. God's blessing accompanied the sufferings of Charles XII.'s broken army, and not a few of his veterans obtained the grace of God in Russian bondage, and brought back this new life to their own land. Here and there since that time a truly converted clergyman has had seals to his ministry; and since the commencement of Tract Society and Bible Society operations (introduced in 1809 by English money and influence), there has been a gracious serving-time, which cannot be—is *not* in vain. The translation into Swedish of the works of Luther, Arndt, Spenser, Rambach, Scriver, Franke, and the like, and their very extensive circulation in a country where every one can read, and where the long winter nights, and the amount of indoor labour necessarily performed, afford favourable opportunities, must be reckoned amongst the influences for good exerted on the Swedish people.

The Revs. Dr. Steane, J. H. Hinton, and others, award to the Mission sustained at Stockholm for twelve years by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, a chief place amongst the instrumentalities honoured of God in promoting the great awakening in Sweden. That Mission, begun in 1826, and, after being for some time discontinued, resumed by the Rev. George Scott in 1830, was conducted undenominationally; the law did not permit Swedes to separate from the National Church, and the missionary did nothing during twelve years that could be construed into

proselyting; but sought by Swedish preaching, meetings for Christian fellowship, journeys to various parts of the country, and a very extensive correspondence, "to sow beside all waters," leaving the result in the National Church as a godly leaven. The amount of direct spiritual good effected is known to be great; but its full extent will only be ascertained when "the books are opened." This, however, is not the most pervasive result of the Mission; being unsectarian, it secured the confidence of the pious communities throughout the land, who, formerly ignorant of each other's existence, were now brought into acquaintanceship, and, drawn out of their secluded hermit-like life, became organized and employed in aggressive effort. The Temperance Movement (much needed in Sweden), and vigorously prosecuted under royal patronage, gave occasion for immense gatherings in various parts of the land, in the years 1831-41; and the conductors of that movement sought to impress on their audiences that true conversion is the best guarantee for sobriety. About ten years ago Mr. Johanson, from Hull, a pious Swede, introduced Baptist views amongst his friends in his fatherland; and numerous Baptist churches have since arisen, all zealously engaged in promoting Christ's kingdom in their own way, without allowing existing laws to hinder them, and probably more than 5,000 Swedes are at this day members of Baptist churches, whilst numerous active Colporteurs, and an efficient Tract Society, give promise of further extension. By far the largest amount of labour of this kind is, however, carried on by Lutherans, connected principally with the Fatherland Society. Persecution was doubtless needed as an element in arousing the attention of the Swedish people to spiritual things, and this has not been wanting. Mr. Scott, after a serious riot in 1842, had to leave the country suddenly, and many godly Swedes have since that

time suffered heavy fines and cruel imprisonments for righteousness' sake. That period, however, has passed away, —the churches have rest; and last year, when the banished missionary revisited Sweden, everything possible was done to obliterate all recollection of former indignities. The Spirit of God rests marvellously on this north country; and in a population of not more than three millions, it may with safety be said that about 200,000 are living in the experience and practice of vital religion. The work is steadily progressing, and it touches all ranks. Some of the most distinguished nobility are faithful and successful Gospel preachers. Great decision is manifested by those who become converted, and there is a coming out from the world, which in the social state of that land is remarkable. The theatre, the ball-room, the card-table are forsaken by high and low, with the frequent remark — “These are *worldly* amusements, and those who are chosen out of the world can have nothing to do with them.” A powerful movement in favour of Sabbath observance has been going on for some time, and the spiritual awakening has been accompanied by rapid advance in material improvements.

Commerce Christianized.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. ROBERT T. JEFFREY, M.D.

COMMERCE CHRISTIANIZED.

MAN is distinguished from all the other creatures of God by the singularity of his position in the scale of being, and by the variety of the objects which claim his attention. He is separated from the irrational creation by his rationality. Unlike them, he is gifted with a capacity for contemplation and reflection which enables him to apprehend his mission, and to realize his destiny. They live and die, and perish. He lives and dies only to become immortal. Thus distinguished from the beasts below him, he is no less observably distinct from the angels above him. They exist in the love and in the life of God. The end of their being, and the essence of their bliss centre in the worship and service of heaven. The world of glory engrosses their every thought, and engages their undivided energies. But man has the concerns of two worlds to occupy his mind. Consisting of a body and of a soul, there are two classes of objects that claim his regard, neither of which he is at liberty to overlook. While living on earth he must be living for heaven. While busy with the things of time he must be preparing for the august realities of eternity. To fulfil the high purpose of his existence, he requires at the same time to be diligent in this world's business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

This *diversity of objects*, however, which press themselves

upon the attention of man is often very inconsiderately transformed into a *diversity of interests*. Necessarily connected as he is with the two worlds, he is strangely liable to misconceive their relationship to each other, and to act as if his intercourse with this world had no bearing upon his preparation for the world to come. While, as an inhabitant of earth, the business of earth comes legitimately within the range of his activities, he is apt to assign to it a place and a prominence incompatible with the high demands which the Gospel makes upon him as an heir of immortality, and thus practically at least, to proceed upon the assumption that his worldly pursuits are independent of religion—that his secular avocations have no connexion with his engagements for eternity. There is, thus, in these circumstances, the recognition of two separate interests, and consequently the bringing into play of two master-principles of action. The world and religion are independently pursued. Commerce and Christianity are constituted conflicting and competing requisitionists for his service. They are disconnected and individualised as apart from, and as having no practical bearing upon, each other. Thus it is, by this serious misapprehension that earth and heaven have antagonistic claims, men are so often to be seen acting upon the supposition that there is one law for the world and another law for religion,—that they are to be guided by one principle in the affairs of commerce, and by another and very different principle in the duties of Christianity.

The folly of such conduct is easily demonstrated. It might be shown that man, from his intellectual and moral constitution, can never be supremely addicted to two different departments of action. Waiving this, however, we maintain that the idea of man being placed under the influence of two governing principles is not only irrecon-

cileable with, but utterly subversive of his moral responsibility. This is manifest from the nature of things. There is only one God to whom we are amenable. There is only one law by which our lives are to be regulated. There is only one judgment-seat before which we must be tried for all the deeds done in the body; and therefore it follows as a fair logical deduction, that there can be only one principle which must permeate and pervade our whole life and entire conduct. If the premises be true the conclusion is unavoidable. Until, therefore, we can say there are two Gods who have equal property in us, and equal authority over us—until we can say there are two tribunals before which we must appear, and at each of which we must give an account of half our deeds, let us not be betrayed into acting upon the unreasonable and unscriptural assumption that one principle is to guide our conduct in the transactions of trade, and that another principle is to govern us in matters of religion.

While, however, it is inconsistent alike with reason and revelation to suppose the existence of two diverse laws for the guidance of man, it is the dictate both of common sense and Scripture that he must have one grand regulating and animating principle—one ruling passion of the soul. It becomes, then, a matter of no mean importance to determine which of the two mentioned is to have the preference,—to decide which shall be the master-principle of action. Is the world to exercise an influence over religion, or shall religion preside over the pursuits of the world? Is Christianity to serve commerce, or must commerce be the handmaid of Christianity? We can have no hesitation in conceding the pre-eminent claims and importance of Christianity. In point of fact, we are not vested with the right of choice in the matter. God has foreclosed the question, by the authoritative decree, "Whatsoever ye do,

do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

On the high authority of God, therefore, we are bound to concede to Christianity the supremacy over all secular business. It is to be the all-pervading, never-changing principle under the exclusive influence of which our lives must be framed, and our conduct fashioned. It must become the overruling and all-absorbing passion of the soul, which shall draw all else into its own current, and make everything else subservient to its own interests. In all things Christianity must have the pre-eminence. And it is entitled to have the pre-eminence, for it is the only principle which applies itself to the whole life of man; which, while it guides him amidst all the scenes and circumstances of earth, makes him meet, by its sovereign and sanctifying agency, for another and a nobler life; which while it gives direction and character to his employments here, will be the mainspring of all his activities yonder, and will inspire him with an angel's earnestness and energy for the high occupations of eternity. Since, then, Christianity is not only the stronger principle, but the elemental, the essential, the ever-enduring principle,—since it is the only principle which lays hold of the entire and eternal existence of man,—since it is the only principle which shall survive when the earth and all the works that are therein shall be burnt up,—we are prepared to draw the conclusion—Let commerce give way to Christianity; let trade, in all its departments be subordinated to religion. "We look not on the things which are seen, but on the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Having thus got hold of the principle that is to influence and regulate a religious man in the ordinary business of the world, we may now proceed to explain in what way it is

to be applied—how it is to be brought into practical operation.

Here we may take as our starting-point that critical period of life—far more critical than those who have reached it generally suppose, when the young man begins to think and to act for himself. He has arrived at that age when he must make choice of the particular department of worldly enterprise which is to be his life-avocation. There are few steps more important than this in a man's history. There are few of his decisions so pregnant with consequences as that whereby he determines what branch of business is to engage the time and energies of his manhood. Generally, it is the settlement for the term of his earthly existence of what shall take up the greater share of his thoughts, and call forth the most of his mental and physical exertions; it is the selection of the part he is to play in the great drama of human life; and with the decision then made is interwoven and identified the substance of his earthly history. It gives a peculiar bias to his mind, a current to his thoughts, a colouring to his character, and it stamps with its official signature his whole after-life. Inseparably bound up with this decision is his temporal comfort and well-being; and not very remotely associated with it is his spiritual progression and prosperity; for the influence it exerts over the entire man is such as to link itself with every connexion of his being. A man's daily avocation so coils itself around his nature as to become a part of himself.

Now, in a matter so confessedly important as the choice of the business or profession which is to engage the attention and energies for life, Christianity claims to be consulted, and her sanction is essential to render its prosecution either safe or successful. The natural leaning or bent of a man's mind is not to be blindly followed. The counsel of

friends, however well-intentioned, is not to be thoughtlessly taken. The world's *imprimatur* that the occupation is respectable is not to be considered a settlement of the question. It is necessary—indispensably necessary—that the young man have the concurrence and consent of God to the selection he makes, otherwise there will be little of real success and less of true comfort connected with its prosecution.

It is a very great mistake to suppose that the young man has all the world before him, and that every department of commerce is open to his enterprise. Christianity has laid many of the pursuits of the world under interdict, and has enjoined Christian men to avoid them—to have nothing to do with them, at the peril of forfeiting her treasures and hopes. There are some of the occupations in which men engage which are not only stamped with disrepute and dishonour—they are branded with the indelible curse of the Almighty. There are others also of very exceptionable character, which can only be pursued at the sacrifice of Christian principle, and by the relinquishment of Christian duty. In such and similar departments of unchristianized commerce the Christian can only find himself after the betrayal of his Master, and after the abandonment of his character as a disciple of the Lord.

The young man, therefore, should ponder well, and pray much, ere he makes his choice. In a matter so fraught with consequences, he ought not to decide unadvisedly or immaturely. Let Christianity, the grand touchstone for testing the nature and determining the legality of all earthly pursuits, sway his decision. Those which bear the impress of her high sanction are patent to his energies. Those which she disallows are unqualifiedly proscribed. That branch of commerce which comes not within the province of Christianity is beyond the pale of honourable

enterprise, and out of the circle of a Christian man's activities. If its prosecution be inconsistent with the claims and irreconcilable with the duties of the Gospel of God, it is by the law of God prohibited as illegal. If it cannot suffer the light of Christianity to shine in upon it, it is a work of darkness. It must be borne in mind that the Christian is required to enter upon all his worldly pursuits only in accordance with Christian law. He has no right of way where the God of the Gospel has interdicted his path. He is not free to engage in any enterprise which in its nature is hurtful to the growth of piety, or hostile to the development of Christian character; and he must therefore beware lest the choice he makes as a citizen of earth endangers his interests as a candidate for heaven. Let him not, Esau-like, sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. Let him not involve himself in any of those traffickings of earth which, instead of being conducive to the cultivation of holy desire and sanctified feeling,—which, instead of stimulating to the exercise of faith and devotion, tend only to stifle and suppress every breathing of his better being, and to alienate his soul from the love and the life of holiness. As he regards the law of Christ—as he values the consistency of Christian character,—let him connect himself only with such avocations in the discharge of the duties of which he can have the testimony of a good conscience and the smile of an approving God.

In determining, therefore, the particular branch of worldly enterprise in which to invest his energies, the young man should see that it be such as Christianity sanctions. Let him take the advice of God in a matter so important. Let him consult God's Word—the only infallible directory of human conduct, and under the influence of Christian principle, and guided by the spirit of Christian law, let him decide the part he is to take in the world's commerce.

Thus, and thus only, will he be in circumstances to look up with hope for the blessing of God to speed his labours, and to crown them with success.

But, taking for granted that a proper choice has been made, the next question that comes to be considered is, *In what spirit ought worldly business to be pursued?* It holds equally true in commerce as in religion, "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain who build it." We can neither plan nor execute successfully without His concurrence and countenance. We are so absolutely at the mercy of His providence, that it is vain and presumptuous to anticipate success if He has determined otherwise. With all possible sagacity we may devise and lay out for ourselves many promising schemes of commercial enterprise; we may sketch in the perspective many a fair scene of worldly aggrandisement; but one single move in the machinery of Providence may disconcert our most carefully adjusted plans, and we may be doomed to witness our brightest prospects darkened, and our most sanguine hopes utterly disappointed. The best-laid projects will fail unless God crown them with success.

Since, then, this is a fact beyond questioning, does not Christianity inculcate what is consonant with reason, when it enjoins upon us the distinct acknowledgment of God in all commercial enterprise? This is a duty which it most rigorously enforces. It is a duty which springs out of our relation as creatures, while it is pressed home upon us with irresistible force by all our obligations as Christians. We are dependent upon God alike for being and for well-being and therefore it is right and becoming that we should not simply realise our dependence upon Him, but that we should honour Him by its acknowledgement. He demands this of us, and He has the right to demand it. In all our connexions with the world He requires that we carry along

with us the spirit of a humble reliance upon His guidance and government, and that we be actuated in all our dealings by a sincere desire for His approval and blessing. The whole life is to be imbued with the spirit of the Gospel; and at no time are we to be dispossessed of that spirit, when the business of the world calls us to its service. Under its predominant and all-pervading influence every commercial plan is to be prosecuted. In no circumstances is God to be left out of our calculations. The recognition of God ought to be the primary, the elemental principle of action with the Christian. No plan should be formed but in subserviency to His will. No engagement entered into without a reference to His providence. Every scheme ought to be projected with a qualification—with a special reserve of deference to His pleasure and purposes. The Spirit of a humble acquiescent faith in God as the disposer of events, and the dispenser of blessings, ought to infuse itself into all our energies and efforts; for the command is co-extensive with our being, "In all thy ways acknowledge God." The rule is without any exception, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Such is the spirit which Christianity prescribes for its professors in all their transactions with the world. It announces the manifestation of this spirit as a plain duty, obligatory upon all. But it does more than this. It not only represents it in the light of a duty, it holds it up as a positive advantage. Connected with it are all the probabilities of success. Not that we mean to aver that the Gospel represents a devotional spirit by itself as the passport to prosperity. Very far from it. Success in any undertaking can only be rationally anticipated as the result of persevering exertion in the use of habile means. God will not work miracles to sanctify laziness. The farmer who prays for a crop, but never ploughs, when the harvest comes,

will find his barn-yard empty. The man who cries to God for his daily bread, but will not work for it, is certain to die fasting. When Moses prayed as the Israelites were circumvented on the banks of the Red Sea, God said, "Wherefore criest thou to me. Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Just so is it with the work of the world. While it is a duty to acknowledge God, it is no less a duty to acknowledge God's means. Diligence in business is as certainly connected with success as fervency of devotional spirit. But while this is true, the Gospel will bear us out in affirming that, other things being equal, ability and exertion corresponding, the probabilities of success are decidedly in favour of the devotional man. While God does not publish it as a settled principle in the economics of His providence, that He will own the prayerful activities of His people with invariable success in their secular affairs, yet we cannot think that He will leave unrewarded, even in this world, those who uniformly and systematically include Him as a party in their transactions. They who undertake all in His name, who prosecute all under His auspices, who thus identify His glory with their interests, will not be recompensed with failure and disappointment. God does not usually thus requite the confidence reposed in His promises of blessing. They who honour Him, He will honour. Without Him we can do nothing. With Him we shall not labour in vain, even in our earthly avocations. "We have toiled all night, and caught nothing," was the lament of the dejected fishermen on the Sea of Tiberias; but they needed not to repeat that complaint after Jesus joined them; and though such immediate and signal success as theirs was may not now be expected, yet we are still privileged to believe that the God whose exclusive work it is to make means effectual, will cause the outgoings of His providence to

contribute to the temporal prosperity of His people in as far as that is compatible with their good and His glory.

But while we thus speak of prosperity as being in given circumstances associated with the spirit of piety and prayer, let us not be mistaken as to what constitutes real prosperity. Men there are, animated only by a spirit of earthliness and avarice, who act as if they were independent of God; as if they were the carvers out of their own fortune, and yet they seem to prosper beyond measure. This, however, must not be allowed to stagger our faith in the wisdom and rectitude of the divine administration. Their prosperity is only apparent—it is not real. Can that be called prosperity in business, which is gained by the neglect of the noblest business—the trade of getting rich in grace? Such prosper just as the ox is fattened on the rich pasture-field for the day of slaughter. Real prosperity is not to be estimated by large estates or great wealth. It is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich. It is this which gives to the possessions of earth their true value, and which makes the little that the righteous man hath better than all the wealth of the wicked. It is a great mistake to suppose that because a man has much of this world's goods and gold, therefore he is prosperous. Why, his wealth may be under a curse. Unblessed riches are burdensome to keep, and they are far from being comfortable to enjoy. They more frequently secure their possessor than their possessor them. We see how much such a man *has*, and we are apt to envy him; did we see how little he *enjoys*, we should be led to pity him. It is not what a man *has*, but what a man *is*, that constitutes the secret of his happiness. Our Saviour tells us—and what a different world it would be if men would only believe Him—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth."

We take it therefore to be a fact confirmed by the highest of all evidence, that real prosperity accompanies the spirit of piety and prayer. But cancel all external advantages; the inward gain connected with it is incalculable. In proportion as this spirit is fostered, just as we allow our wills to be absorbed into the will of God, shall we be able to prosecute our plans with equanimity, and to enjoy what we have of this world in comfort and in peace. It is impossible to over-estimate the power and the preciousness of an habitually devotional spirit. Like oil upon the troubled sea, it calms and tranquillizes the mind amidst the harassing cares and incessant anxieties of laborious life; it soothes and equalizes the temper of the spirit, restraining it from those outbursts of impetuous passion which contact with the guile of the world is so apt to evoke, and preserving it from those fitful, melancholic feelings so easily engendered by the miscarriage of a favourite scheme. Amidst all the vicissitudes of this ever-shifting and changeful scene, where discouragements, perplexities, and disappointments so frequently unsettle our plans and defeat our purposes, it gives an evenliness to the course of human life which preserves us from being over elate with success, or too despondent under adversity. It yields a peace which the world cannot give, and which the mere worldling can never feel. It takes away reflections from the past, and forebodings from the future. Teaching us to recognise the hand above—the hand of God, from whom all blessing flow, and to trust that in His wisdom and benevolence the Lord will give us what is good; it leads us contentedly and submissively to cast ourselves upon His discriminating providence.”

“Humbly to take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.”

Having glanced at the spirit, we may next inquire as to the means of commercial enterprise. *By what means is worldly business to be prosecuted.* As respects the appliances of commercial enterprise, there is almost no limit set to the ingenuity of man; and here it may be said, without a figure, that "he hath sought out many inventions." Nowhere is his intellectual majesty more nobly evidenced than in the device of instrumentalities to do his work. Why, he has explored the secresies of every art and science, and laid them under contribution to his service. He has summoned every element, as with magician's voice, to his aid, and they have come at his bidding, and he has bound them over to be the ministers of his will. He has traversed all nature, and commanded her every available agency to be the executor of his purposes. He has wellnigh annihilated time and space, and brought far distant continents together by the might of electricity and steam. As Lord of the Creation he has vindicated his sovereignty, and made all her resources tributary to his power. All this he has done without overstepping the range Christianity has assigned him for the selection of means wherewith to develop his commercial plans.

The question before us at present, however, is, not the materiality, but the morality, of the means of commercial enterprise. While in the Gospel there is no specification of the particular means of worldly business, there is express stipulation as to their character. The class of means is not defined, but the character of the means is plainly prescribed. What, then, is the character of the means permissible in worldly business?

The means which the Gospel legalizes are those which are at once moral in their nature and moral in their application. And with regard to their morality, we are not left to judge according to the best of our opinion—to settle

their fitness by any gauge of human invention. There is a high standard by which all must be tried and tested, and by which all must be sanctioned or condemned. The law of God must determine their character, and decide whether they be expedient and right. Only such as stand the scrutiny and receive the permit of God are allowable. No means are proper or permissible except such as are found to quadrate with the Divine law. If they in the least degree entrench upon its sacredness, or come into collision with the morality it enjoins, or the duties it inculcates, they are inadmissible. That law sums up all practical religion into two precepts—“*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.*” “*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*” Now, in no case are we free to use means in worldly business which in their application infringe upon that law, or which interfere with the obedience we owe to its requirements. God must be loved and honoured supremely; He must be obeyed without reserve, and worshipped without constraint; and no means can be lawful in worldly business which lead to the neglect or omission of duties binding upon us by the highest of all authority and the heaviest of all obligations. God has given latitude enough to the boundaries of commerce to render its prosecution perfectly compatible with the strictest regard to His ordinances and worship. It is neither safe nor sinless to embark in any enterprise which cannot be successfully pursued without disregarding week-day devotions and Sabbath-day privileges: in other words, without robbing God of His rights, and His law of its honour. Commerce that is in itself honourable requires not to espouse means which Christianity cannot countenance; and commerce, because of its natural and necessary subjection to Christianity, should claim affinity only with such means as Christianity approves.

But while the means of commercial enterprise ought ever

to be such as are consistent with duty to God and love to our neighbour, we cannot overlook the fact that in this age, so intensely money-making, there are means resorted to in the transactions of commerce which go practically to abrogate the Divine law. The principles of truth and justice—the very pillars of all social and commercial morality—have been displaced by deception and cupidity. The mercantile spirit of the present day has grown impatient and restive under the restrictions of the moral law. The old-fashioned prescription of industry and honesty is treated as an exploded and obsolete theory for rising in the world. Commercial character has come to be cast in a different mould, and to be tried by a different standard. Mere wealth, no matter how acquired, is held in higher repute than moral worth. A thirst for riches, a greed for gain, possesses all classes of the community, from the banker at his bureau down to the huckster at his stall. Now, the Bible tells us, “They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare.” So we find it in the actualities of life. This general covetousness has led to the adoption of principles directly subversive of all Gospel morality. It has induced multitudes, in their haste to be rich, to spurn the maxims of a prudent moderation, and to run risks in business that are only akin to the ventures of a gambling-table. It has led the dishonest speculator to appropriate the hard-won earnings of honest industry, and to launch out upon a sea of uncertainties, well aware that he can lose nothing, though all is wrecked, and that he may, by some chance wind, be wafted to the treasures of an El Dorado. It has tempted the unscrupulous adventurer, with no capital but brazen effrontery and adroit management, to insinuate himself into extensive business connexions, and by means of fictitious bills of accommodation to involve multitudes in ruin.

“Blest paper credit, last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly ;
Gold, impud by thee, can compass hardest things—
Can pocket states—can fetch or carry kings.”

Now, what is all this but the sheerest infraction of the law of common honesty ? By this unhallowed lust for gold the whole machinery of commerce is overstrained, the honest profits of trade have disappeared, and hard-working integrity is rated at a discount. There is no principle upon which such exacting selfishness can be justified. It is morally wrong, and that which is morally wrong can never be commercially right. A system like this, which banishes God's law out of the marts of merchandize, can never permanently prosper under a rectifying and retributive Providence. It lacks the very first and most essential element of true prosperity—the enriching blessing of God. No insurance policy can conserve wealth or property that is got at the expense of God's law. The little that the righteous man hath is better—it will go farther—it will last longer than a fortune made by the wages of unrighteousness.

The great principle which the Word of God lays down to guide us in our commercial relations is founded in love and equity, and extends in its application to every department of life and action. The principle is this : “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” We are required to act up to the spirit of this royal law of reciprocity. Our intercourse, man with man, must be such as is consistent with love, and truth, and justice. No attempting to overreach, or circumvent ; no seeking to overpraise or to depreciate ;—all must be done in good faith and sterling straightforwardness. We are told that the Chinese keep their idol-gods in their shops, as well as in their temples, from the belief that they not only pre-

side over religion, but also take to do with trade and commerce, and that, overlooking the transactions of business, they enjoin justice to man. And surely, if these heathens acknowledge the propriety of fair dealing and honourable conduct in their business transactions one with another, how much more should we—the professors of that religion which commands, “Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report”—think on these things which our religion enjoins, and practise them.

Another question requiring to be considered here is, *For what end is worldly business to be undertaken?* Men engage in business for the purpose of making money. The question of gain is a very influential motive-power to diligence and exertion in the work of the world. The honest acquisition of money is not only a legitimate, but a very commendable object. We have no sympathy with that bastard piety which speaks contemptuously of money, which professes to regard it as glittering dust and gilded vanity. This kind of piety lacks sincerity. They who are in the habit of decrying money may be safely suspected, not only of having little of it, but of being the most covetous to get it; and they only raise the “Fox and Grapes” whine because it happens to be beyond their reach. If we could get behind the curtain of their hearts, we should find that this deprecation of money is due more to greed than to godliness. Moreover, this professed contempt for money betrays a want of sense, as well as of sincerity. Money is a good creature of God. There are few things in the world of greater importance. A man’s pecuniary relations are connected, in one way or another, with almost every portion of his life on earth. “Money answereth all things.” It tells upon a man’s usefulness alike in civil and Christian life. How can he do good and communicate without the means. How can he be generous and charitable if he have not the wherewithal.

Money even takes to do with moral and religious character. It has a currency co-ordinate with almost every one of the virtues. Justice, honesty, benevolence, frugality, hospitality, self-denial, are all very much dependent upon its possession. Shew me a man who has observed the moral law in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing money, and I will shew you a man of rare moral worth and Christian excellence.

There are few sane men, or sensible Christians, that will despise money. The general tendency is to the very opposite extreme. The prevalent opinion, judging of men by their conduct, seems to be that wealth and worldly substance is the great end of all human enterprise. Multitudes worship Mammon as their only divinity. An appetency for money is their ruling passion. They will work for it; they will fight for it; they will beg for it; they will starve for it; they will steal for it; they will lie for it; they will die for it. This love of money has complete possession of their hearts, and to it everything that is good, and true, and sacred, must be sacrificed. They think money will do anything, and thus they will not hesitate to do anything for money.

Now, while the making of money is not only a lawful but a laudable object, it must ever be regarded as a subordinate object. It is the office of Christianity to keep money in its right place, and to put it to its right use; and while Christianity sanctions its acquisition as an aim, it disallows it as the end of secular enterprise. It is infinitely beneath the moral and spiritual dignity of man to seek wealth for its own sake, to set his heart upon it as the ultimatum of human exertion, as the *summum bonum* of human existence. Money-making is not man's mission on earth. Commerce is not an end but a means. It is not the business of life, but the means of pushing it to greater advantage. The work of

the world is to be undertaken and prosecuted, with the view of furnishing us with facilities for increased usefulness. No man liveth for himself. The Christian has no right to work for himself. He ought never to have before him a lesser or lower object, as the end of all enterprise, than the good of man and the glory of God. In fact, everything that a Christian man does should be sanctified by being done for Christ. Ordinary employment ought thus to be transformed into Christ's service. Common life, and every-day labour should be consecrated to the Divine glory. The Christian, under the right influence of his religion, will lay it down as a principle, that he is to make all the money he can, and that he is to save all the money he can, not for the purpose of ministering to his carnal comfort, or selfish gratification, but for the purpose of enlarging his ability for philanthropic and evangelistic benevolence. This is the way to give dignity to common labour, by engaging in it with the view of making it tributary to the great cause of humanity and of God. This ought to be the high motive to human exertion. Nothing short of man's good and God's glory should ever be contemplated as the ultimate end of the business of the world.

Very closely connected with the preceding remarks is the practical consideration,—“*In what way are the proceeds of worldly business to be invested?*” The opinion virtually obtains amongst men that they are masters of their property,—that they have undoubted right to dispose of their substance, at the instance of their own will and pleasure. What they have gained by dint of industry and application to business they consider, to all intents and purposes, their own, the disposition of which is vested wholly in themselves. This mistake, in as far as it refers to mankind generally, originates in a misapprehension of human character. Men have not been promoted to a lordship. They have been only entrusted with a steward-

ship. Whatever they have, has been committed to them in trust, and they are responsible, and will yet be called to account for the use they have made of their Master's goods. Instead of fostering a spirit of independence and self-sufficiency, all they are is only a reason for humility, and all they have but an argument for gratitude.

But, apart from the fact that all are invested with the character of stewards, and therefore are bound to make disposition of their substance, subject to the will of God, Christianity imparts to this general principle a speciality and power not to be gainsaid nor resisted. It lays it down as an incontrovertible fact, that Christians are neither masters of themselves, nor of their substance; that they are in no sense whatever their own,—that they are the property of that Lord who bought them, and who has established an indefeasible right to them and theirs, by paying with his own blood the price of their redemption. Now, there is not only the assertion of this principle in the Gospel, but there is of necessity the admission of it by all who embrace the Gospel. The very name of Christian, if it means anything, implies that he who bears it has, by its very assumption, made a solemn renunciation, not only of *sin* but of *self*,—that he has resolved from henceforth not to live to himself, but to live to the Lord. Apart, therefore, from the assertion of Christ's right to us, there is the acknowledgment of the right on our part. Our own act of faith carries along with it the voluntary surrender of ourselves, and the free transference of our time, and talents, and property, and all to the Saviour.

If, therefore, we profess to be the purchased people of Christ, we, by our very profession, admit the property of Christ in us, and the lordship of Christ over us, and we recognize the principle which Christianity enunciates, "Serve the Lord with thy substance."

What, then, are the purposes to which the profits of worldly business are to be applied? We speak not, meanwhile, of those purposes which common prudence will suggest: we simply quote the Scripture aphorism, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." There are, however, two particular channels which Christianity has opened up, and through which Christian liberality must flow. First of all, ministering to the wants of the poor—relieving them in their necessity. This is a Gospel duty. The poor are the wards of Providence, and have peculiar claims—claims which God himself has endorsed upon those whom His providence has blessed with prosperity. "The poor ye have always with you," and Christianity lays your substance under contribution for their maintenance and support.

But there is one grand cause which takes precedence of all others when the Christian man comes to dispose of the proceeds of business—the cause of God. That cause which is identified with the moral and spiritual elevation of the race, with the reclamation of an apostate world to the sway and sovereignty of its rightful Lord. This is an object to which a portion of your worldly substance is, by an imperative law, to be devoted. This is a solemn duty which can never be set aside. It is a duty that runs parallel with the profession of the Gospel. To disown as a duty the giving of your substance for the cause of Christ is a practical recantation of Christianity. At the Cross Christ covenanted to be yours, and you covenanted to be Christ's; and to dishonour the claim which His Gospel makes upon your worldly means is a virtual revocation of that solemn contract by which you became Christians. It is denying the purchased rights of the Redeemer. It is sacrilege to withhold your substance from His service. He expects that, realizing the claims of redeeming mercy, you give practical exempli-

fication of the love you bear to Him, and the gratitude you owe to Him, by contributing to the support and spread of His cause. This is a duty which Christianity enforces by arguments the most tender and sacred,—arguments written in the blood, and expressed in the groans of God incarnate, and it accompanies the exhibition of this duty with the presentation of a motive that can never fail to influence a Christian heart, “Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might become rich.” This is a motive that can never lose its force. It presses home upon the Christian with all the weight of infinite love. If he has at all realized the obligations of the Cross, he will not only regard it in the light of a duty, he will esteem it a high privilege and a pleasure to honour the Lord with his substance. “The love of Christ constraineth him.”

Christianity thus lays down the broad principle that you are not masters of your means; that your substance, as well as your souls, are Christ’s; and it demands that a part thereof be set apart and sanctified as the Lord’s. But here the question may be raised,—If the proceeds of worldly business must be tithed at the instance of Christianity, what is the proportion to be given,—where is the scale for fixing the amount? The inquiry as to the proportion of worldly substance to be consecrated to Christ is most frequently put with the view of limiting it to the lowest amount compatible with a fair Christian name. The spirit that dictates the inquiry partakes very much of the spirit of the world. Christianity does not determine the amount of the Christian man’s benevolence. It presents motives to call it forth; it lays down rules for its guidance, and it thus appeals, “Freely ye have received, freely give.” The Lord Christ has such thorough confidence in the affection of His people,

that he would not wound the sensibility of their love by doubting or distrusting their voluntarism. Oh! it is a cold, calculating heart that can square its love to Christ by the rules of arithmetic, and that can settle by a process of counting-house computation, the exact sum, and no more, requisite to meet the demands of the Gospel. Here Christ leaves those whom He has redeemed upon their responsibility. He allows the grateful heart to dictate what shall be rendered to Him who hath delivered it from death. He appoints Love as His solicitor, to set forth His claims and to plead His cause, and He asks only so much, and He will take no more than what a heart-felt love to Him adjudicates. It is only the offering of love that He values. It is only the contribution which is the fruit of faith, and which is apportioned by the generous grant of a grateful heart which He will honour with His acceptance. It is not the gift of the Pharisee sounding a trumpet before him; it is not that benevolence which prides itself in its performances, and distributes of its bounty from the highest seat in the synagogue which He cares to remember or to reward. The gift precious in His sight is that which comes from the heart of love by the hand of faith. Such a gift cast into His treasury will neither be overlooked nor forgotten.

We take it, then, to be a clearly established principle of Christianity that in the allocation of the proceeds of worldly business, Christ has the foremost claim. The first fruits of all the increase is by virtue of a divine ordinance to be devoted to the good of His Gospel, and that not grudgingly, nor of necessity, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. There are many who rob themselves of all the pleasure of giving, and of all the profit too, by their own spirit of niggardliness. They cast their mite into the Lord's treasury with a grudging heart and with a reluctant hand. The blessed-

ness of giving they never feel, and the blessing promised to the cheerful giver they never receive. Nothing is more at variance with the genius of the Gospel than this narrow, selfish, parsimonious spirit. However paradoxical it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that he who gives most has ever the most to give. His ability is increased with the benevolence of his disposition. I never knew an instance where Christian benevolence brought a man to want. I never heard of a case where giving to Christ left a man houseless. But I have known and heard of many cases where God has prospered greatly, even in their worldly avocations, those who have devised liberal things for His glory. God will have no man His debtor. He does not need. No man ever yet was a loser or a sufferer by his sacrifices for the Gospel. I cannot believe that the God whose are the silver and the gold, the earth and all the fulness thereof, will fail to recompense, even in kind, the liberality of His people. Have you never seen those "who scattered and yet increased?" Have you never heard of the promise, "He who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Such, then, is the influence which Christianity should exert over commerce : let us only add still farther and in conclusion,—*That Christianity, if allowed its legitimate range, ought to indoctrinate the whole business of the world with its own spirit.* Like the little leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened, so should Christianity influence the whole routine of commercial duty, and impregnate with its own spirit the entire commercial life. Or, like the nervous system of the physical frame, which ramifies through every organ and tissue, giving sensation and motion to the whole body, so should Christianity be found to extend itself to every department of human action, and to make its influence commensurate with the business of every-day life. The

Christian, in whatever sphere he moves, and in whatever work he is engaged, ought to be acted upon by the impulse of a living faith, and to make his religion communicate of its own pure and generous spirit to all his intercourse with the world. It devolves upon him to demonstrate that worldly prosperity is compatible with Christian consistency.

Commerce should thus commend itself to the world of the ungodly by being Christianized. That it may take the place which God has assigned it, it must be Christianly developed. It should be the embodiment of all that is honest and true; of all that is upright and of good report. It should clothe itself in the garb of Christianity, and walk forth into the world as the handmaid of the Gospel. By the attractiveness of its virtues, and by the purity of its dealings, it would thereby gain upon the esteem and favour of men, and be instrumental in displacing all the iniquities and depravities which at present degrade commerce, and of banishing them from the world by the mere prevalence of better principles.

Let, then, the Christian commercialist realize the importance of his mission. His life and labours should be a model for imitation. Not only should his character be transparent, but his works should speak for him. His every transaction should reflect his Christianity. Let him not be betrayed into the world's practices, though he be sorely tempted by the world's gain. No matter though custom has given the stamp of legality to questionable schemes, and to unjust and selfish principles; and though thus he might not be lowered in public esteem by worldly conformity. It is the glory of the Christian that he is separated from the world; that he is set apart and sanctified for God; and it is the honour of the Christian, as it ought ever to be his aim, to shine as a light in the world;

to radiate all around him the purity and integrity of the Gospel. He is bound to carry his religion with him into all the business of life, making it the leavening particle which shall insensibly, yet irresistibly, diffuse its own spirit into all the commerce of the world.

And amidst all the cares and concerns of earth, never lose sight of your true character as the creatures of immortality. What will it matter though you have been successful commercialists, prosperous merchants, fortunate tradesmen, if you have neglected what is after all the main concern,—if you have given no heed to the salvation of the soul? This is the chief—the pressing business of life, and all your other pursuits are only important in proportion as they bear upon your spiritual progress and prosperity. Let the claims of the soul have the first place in your thoughts, and the foremost place in your activities. Let the things of time be subordinated to the outweighing importance of the things of eternity. “Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.” “What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

The Blessed Life.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. SAMUEL COLEY.

THE BLESSED LIFE.

ONE of the ancients divided men into "earthly" and "winged" souls. If the phrases of the Philosopher had been corporeally true, it is clear that rules for flight fit for the seraph-like adopted by the wingless would be more likely to put their necks in peril than to help their locomotion. Let them first be plumed, then leap from rocks and think of sailing in the azure.

How to get saved? and how saved men should live? are questions not less distinct than how to get wings? and how to fly? Yet, distinct as they are, the careful severance of them, though trite, will not appear unnecessary when we remember that men of such mark as Luther, Wesley, and Chalmers, at their outset practically ignored the difference.

The Ethic school, of whom you may take Jeremy Taylor with his "*Ductor Dubitantium*," and books of "*Holy Living and Dying*," as the noble representative; and the Contemplative school, of whom Thomas à Kempis is the profoundest and purest type, are valuable, incalculably valuable, to thoroughly evangelised men. But their writings meet not the case of the "anxious inquirer." They are for the "winged" souls.

Believing that more and better exemplars of Christian character are greatly wanted in these times, I on this occasion speak first and directly to Christians. Nor can

this be out of place when addressing the young men of a Christian Association. The denomination of your society, though sufficient to justify me in this method, is, of course, a foundation far too frail to support the weighty inference that all members of it in faith and virtue and joyful hope have reached the standard of the Christian name. When Whitefield spoke in Haworth Church, as if for the most part the congregation there were Christians, plain dealing Grimshaw cried out, "Sir, do not flatter them, I pray you. Christians! all Christians! no! not one twentieth of them." An estimate so sadly low would here, however, be untrue. Many of your number—a far higher proportion than that—I believe to be followers of Jesus; and, of the rest, to become such is, I trust, their desire. A certificated associate of a Christian Institute, careless of Christian life, might fitly be rebuked as the great Macedonian conqueror did a poltroon who bore but disgraced the name of Alexander; "Either change," said he, "thy name, or change thy ways."

We preface all our directions for conduct with the aphorism that Duty cannot have too much of our diligence, nor too little of our confidence. As for mounting to heaven in virtue of any self-done thing, we might as well try to climb by a ladder of cloud to the Pleiades.

We have no intention of fostering in anybody the practical mistake so common to men just awakened to serious concern of trying to live divinely when as yet they have not the divine life. Good issues of a bad heart are as little to be expected as roses from thistles. Let, then, the beauty and bliss of spiritual and holy life lead all of you that are wishful so to live, to resort humbly and believingly unto Him who alone can be its author and strength, as His glory alone is its end.

Many titles designate the style of living which exemplifies

the highest Christian excellence: this of "The Blessed Life" has been selected from among them; first, because sanctioned by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount; and, further, because it denotes the subject in that aspect of it which is most apt to win the young heart.

The way to bliss is the most interesting and oftenest repeated question of the ages. Every intelligent spirit desires happiness and hates misery. Men earnest in the pursuit have searched every forest, beat every bush, and analysed every substance in nature to find it. The wing of Genius has not reached it, nor the arm of Industry won it, nor the keen eye of Science penetrated its secret. The marvels of discovery, the curiosities of learning, the flowers of poetry, the gauds of fashion, the badges of honour, the treasures of wealth, the changes of travel, the achievements of adventure, the reciprocations of converse, the dulcet sounds of music, the glances of beauty, the flagons of wine, all—all have been tried—and all alike have failed to insure it. Your heart may be too bad for God to live in, but, assuredly, it is too big for the creature to fill. The things we have mentioned as little strengthen and sustain the soul as wind for drink and fogs for food would do the flesh. Merely animal delights, which seduce and ruin such crowds of youth, remind us of one of Ariosto's romantic legends. He tells of a tree, many-branched, and covered with delectable-looking bunches; but whoso shook that tree to win the fruit found, too late, that not fruit, but stones of crushing weight came down upon his head. The sensualities, which fools call pleasure, are such a tree. They who seek its fruit become its victims.

That godly life is blessed life is not popularly believed. Nor is this to be wondered at. How can men unreconciled and unrenewed know? They have felt strivings of the Spirit, woundings of conscience, fear of death, dread of

judgment, horror of eternity, and most unreasonably argue as if these painful things were samples of what religion is. But, plainly, these things arise—not from the possession, but—from the lack of religion. As wisely might a sick man form his estimate of health from the cut of a lancet, the bitterness of pills and potions, or the torments of a blister.

Dr. Barrow truly testifies of religion when he says, "It alone is the never-failing source of true, pure, steady joy; such as is deeply rooted in the heart, immovably founded in the reason of things, permanent like the immortal spirit wherein it dwelleth, and unapt to fade and cloy like the eternal objects whereon it is fixed."

How often and how strangely has the very essence of religion been mistaken. Many have minified it into a matter of rubric, a mere thing of ceremony, a set of cunningly devised bodily inflexions. They have converted the sanctuary into a theatre, and turned the Eucharist itself into a show. The self-examination of such turns upon ritual exactness, and grave observance of canonical hours. The service ended, the goal is reached, and, if they do not err, you are religious!

Others have shrivelled religion up into a set of dry and fruitless opinions. A chilled and icy self-asserted orthodoxy, an orthodoxy which after all only means their doxy, wins from them the esteem which is due to holiness alone. Barney Roche heard, unmoved, that one of the companions of his youth had become a thief; but when told that another had turned Methodist, the rumour of apostasy so sad awoke horror which the tale of immorality had failed to stir. "Ugh!" said he with disgust, "and is the spalpeen so bad as that now? Sure, it is all over with the villain, and he is the Devil's own entirely!" Poor Barney, in thus speedily handing the wanderer over to Beelzebub, only followed in the wake of many an anathematising pope and doctor, who,

if a man, however Christlike, could not say all their Shibboleths, and pass muster on each and every of their thousand and one sharp points of school divinity, cursed him as savagely, and we may well believe as impotently, as Goliath of Gath did David.

Multitudes have fallen into the mistaken notion that religion cannot live amid the rough realities of common life. Hence the absurd praise heaped upon celibacy and solitude. These things, however, being impossible to the million, in all communities where such ideas prevail two scales of morality are believed in—the common and the perfect; and the ascetics, who follow what are called “the counsels of perfection,” much to the peril of their humility, are accustomed to look on all ordinary folk as secular, and to absorb in themselves not only the honour but even the very name of “the religious.” That was a glorious sentiment of Martin Luther,—“Holiness consisteth not in a cowl or a garment of grey. When God purifies the heart by faith the market is sacred as well as the sanctuary. Neither remaineth there any work or place which is profane.” Alas! many found that Satan was not left behind at the monastery door; that the old heart still beat under the monk’s hood; that sin could live as easily in cell as city. Be well assured idleness is no help to holiness, and fleeing the duties we owe to man no way to get nearer to God.

As the essence of religion, so also the nature of the divine life has been much misunderstood.

The mystic, thinking the soul to be an emanation from God, and accounting the body to be its cross and clog, spends all his strength in attempts to withdraw himself from sense,—to attain quietness of spirit and contemplative union with God. He is wholly taken up with an *interior world*.

The devotee thinks and speaks of earth as a place of exile;

to him daily work is drudgery, and things visible are nothing but shadows and snares. He is wholly taken up with a *future world*.

The secularist, a noisy bustler, loudly lets you know that he is no dreamer; he is wide awake; he believes in common sense and minds his business like a man. He is wholly taken up with the *present world*.

Now, each of these has a fragment of the truth; but they are like boys who have mischievously taken a watch to pieces and cannot, for the life of them, either put it together again or make the isolated fragments go. They want some all-combining truth in the unity of which rite, and creed, and thought, relations to the inner world, the outer world, and the unseen world, will all find a centre, a support, and a rule of proportion.

That truth is found in the parable where the Saviour tells of a lord who called his servants, delivered unto them his goods, and, leaving with them the simple direction, "Occupy till I come," straightway took his journey into a far country.

That parable beautifully expresses the divine ideal of life. We are the Lord's. Life with all that life implies is a trust. Every endowment is a "talent" committed to us, for the use of which the great Master will hold us responsible. Every hour belongs to Him. In every employment we should serve Him. Our rule of value should be the relation of things to the furtherance of His plans. We only judge rightly when our estimate agrees with that which He will give in the final award.

As in the parable, so in life; He who has imposed the trust is out of sight. When He will require account is future and indefinite. This invisibility of the Master and remoteness of the day of reckoning, leave it possible for heedless people to act and feel as if they were unobserved

and irresponsible, and, at the same time, furnish to faithful servants the best possible opportunity to manifest their faith, their conscientiousness, and their unwearying love.

Our personal possibilities—physical, mental, moral—are a trust. The body is a trust. Virgil's horrid tale of Mezentius, who fettered living men to loathsome carcasses, had Platonic teaching been true, would have found its counterpart in every man. According to his theory, the spirit alone was the man. The body was a dungeon; corporeity, a curse; the flesh a filthy mire, into which the soul unhappily had fallen, and where miserably it wallowed.

Plotinus, thus believing, when besought by his friends to sit for a portrait, replied that, blushing as he did to have a body at all, he thought it bad enough to carry the shameful load without bequeathing the semblance of it to after times. Again, when his disciples, could they have learned it, would have celebrated the anniversary of his birth, he refused to tell the name of either father, mother, or town, assuring them that he would rather bewail than make festival about his coming into flesh.

No contrast can be stronger than that between this language of contempt and hatred and the reverential and honourable terms used by sacred writers on the same subject. How opposite to all this, the blessed fact of the Saviour's incarnation and the glorious Christian hope of resurrection!

The material organism hath its claims. Many a good deed was done by Jesus to the bodies of men. Our duty in respect of the body is threefold: first, to keep it pure. "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin." Then, so far as in us lies, to promote and maintain its vigour. Theology is not speechless, even upon Hygiene.

Laws of health are laws of God: as such they challenge from the Christian reverent observance. To disregard them is self-murder. Suicide does not become guiltless because the process is slow. A competent authority declares that "the numbers slain in war are but a fraction compared with the countless throng of human beings that vice and ignorance are constantly tumbling into their graves. Our Maker requires of us certain services, by and through our bodies, to maintain ourselves as far as possible in full capability to render which, we are plainly and religiously bound." Further, to consecrate it unto God. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." "Yield your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost."

Where these high views are taken into practical account, "Give us this day our daily bread" is felt to be no unworthy petition; care of health is keeping up a sanctuary; and Paul's noble lesson is learned, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Jeremy Taylor well says, "It behoves us to remember that God hath not merely *permitted* us to serve the common necessities of our nature; but hath elevated that service into duty, hallowed it into religiousness, and when rendered duly, temperately, obediently, and with devout regard unto His will, He accepteth those things in which we most serve ourselves as works done unto Him."

The mind is a trust. Legislators, sages, eminent authors, and such like magnates, are seen by every eye to be of great worth; but no man is valueless.

The sum total of any individual importance would be strangely reduced if every one could recal the share he had

in it. To the artisans who make it needless for our bright geniuses to dabble in the clay of the brick-field, sweat at the mouth of the oven, or botch at coats and shoes, they are indebted for their leisure. From hundreds of forgotten toilers, who through past centuries slowly accumulated and registered facts and principles, they have inherited knowledge. Nay, the very crowd of inferior people, who look up to them for guidance, by doing so, constitute for them the circle of their influence.

By this beautiful interlacing the Almighty teaches us His wisdom and our brotherhood. How wonderful the amplitude of design in nature! No two leaves of the forest are exactly alike. No two creatures are identical either in power or destiny. But though diverse from, we are necessary to, each other. Humanity is linked. Perhaps you are not, and never will be, great; yet, remember, you are somebody, and that great one may owe something to thee.

Set about the work of self-culture religiously. The work will both test your humility and tax your perseverance. He that aims to do all at once generally accomplishes nothing. You cannot become learned in a day, or wise at a leap. Many loads will move a mountain; and mile after mile carry you round the globe.

You need industrious *research*, to fill your mind with knowledge; *system*, to order and classify your stores; *concentration*, to make it bear effectually; patient *thoroughness* to make it producible at will.

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water—by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired. Daily exercise, and then you will daily develop, your judgment, your logical power, your taste.

You cannot all be great, but you all ought to be able, with Richter, to say, "I have made all that could be made of the stuff."

Your moral nature is a trust. *Know yourself.* This knowledge is not of easy attainment. The eye, which gazes upon external objects, cannot look inward upon itself; so the mind, curious inquisitor as it is of other things, feels baffled in its attempts at self scrutiny. But the work is not only difficult, it is distasteful. The sentiment is proverbial that men carry their faults behind them. A mind open to the monitions of the good Spirit—not shrinking from, but daily searching itself by, the light of the Word; willing to be advised by a friend; candid enough to learn from the taunts of a foe; habitually vigilant of its own ways; and carefully heedful of the lessons of experience, even though they be humbling—such a mind will not be long without valuable self-acquaintance.

Be yourself. Characters have fashions as well as coats. The chameleon tribe is numerous. Hence, in different seasons, the swarm of lipping children of the Lake school,—stormy Byronides,—mysterious Carlyleists,—and Thackeray wits. When Robert Hall was young, and, as he said, "foolish," he for a time neglected the culture of his native endowments in the imitation of those of another; but, at length, was cured by overhearing some one say, "How he reminds us of Robinson." He saw at once that he had been minifying himself into the shadow of somebody else; the mere signpost of another man. There is reason in Ruskin's wrath against paint and stucco. One would rather see the well-fitted logs in a western clearing, and the genuine brick in a London street, than a sham of granite in compo. But however it be with houses, do let character have a true front. Imitators have an odd, I think a penal, facility for catching defects. Many a Greek walked with

a neck wry as Alexander's, who never discovered how to lead armies, plant cities, and rule men as he did. The coronation of Louis XIV. was a happy circumstance for the barbers. If wisdom had been in the wig, that era must have been a wise one. The courtiers soon matched him in the thatch outside their skulls, though plenty of them utterly failed in the matter of its inner lining. Be yourself. Ape no greatness. Be willing to pass for what you are. A good farthing is better than a bad sovereign. Affect no oddness; but dare to be right, though you have to be singular.

Rule yourself. Your vocation is glorious. "The mind a kingdom is, and every Christian an anointed king." He rules an empire, the sceptre of which many of Earth's most masterful and strongest monarchs have never grasped; I mean the empire of the heart. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Czar Peter, certainly, was something superior to the vulgar herd of mere crown-circled fighting men; yet even he, whom the world, not altogether without reason, has called great, was not great enough for this. His anger, ungovernable and cruel, so often and so mischievously ran away with him, that he was compelled to confess, "I who can civilise savages, am but a savage myself." Would you attain unto self-control? Wait not for special occasions. That were foolish, as it would have been for our soldiers to have postponed their drill till Waterloo. Begin at once. Be in training every hour. What tries and tumbles you had before you acquired that supremacy over your limbs which gives ease and grace to all their movements now. Your hand, to-day, makes letters of elegant form, almost with lightning rapidity, with no perceptible effort; but it cost years of discipline to win that skill. Is not the mastery of the mind more important than that of the body? Were you with as much pains-

taking to set yourself to control the will—to fix the attention—to subdue the emotions, you would soon become right regal men.

Consecrate yourself. Lay your whole self upon the altar of your God. Serve the Lord fully. Persecutors cannot now kindle Smithfield fires; but you are mistaken if you think a devotion less complete than that which bore your forefathers unquailing through the flames will carry you unpolluted through the world. The tests differ; but the spirit which can triumphantly bear them must be the same. Without entire consecration, you can no more live the Blessed life than you could die the martyr's death.

The occupations and pursuits of this life are a trust. To multitudes of serious, but imperfectly instructed men, there appears to be an irreconcilable opposition between the attention they *must give* to the business of this world, and that entire devotion which they believe they *ought to have* to the hope of another and better. Their idea is that, much as possible, the religious man must divest himself of all interest in things of time; that all his thoughts must be about, and all his affections upon, the invisible, the future, the celestial. They imagine the labours imposed upon us by our connexion with this passing scene, to be so entirely different in kind from those which will employ us eternally, as to render any correspondence of interest impossible. The life current and the life everlasting being so utterly unlike, things present in their apprehension are, and must be, hostile to man considered as a moral and spiritual being.

This is not the teaching of Jesus. He revealed laws of heaven for life on earth. He told not only of a kingdom of heaven that we must go to, but also of a kingdom of heaven that comes to us. The heart is a heaven, ay, and earth is a heaven, when in them respectively the principles of heaven bear rule.

Worldliness is a term of quality, not quantity. The sin does not lie in the earnest doing of business, but in doing it, or dawdling over it either, without any sense of duty or upward motive. You have not, for the most part, done too much; some of you that complain of worldliness not enough, but you have done it all in a wrong way—done it godlessly.

This world is the appropriate, as certainly it is the only, field for the present exercise of our practical energies. Here we are, and we must either do earthly work or do nothing. Providence has fitted our sentient and corporeal natures for secular employs. Good sense urges, the Scriptures command, and necessity compels us to work. Disregard of common obligations is sin, and soon issues in sorrow. They are not to be neglected, but rightly conducted.

In every act, the process of which is defined by law, you and government face each other; an opportunity therein occurs in which either your laxity or your loyalty may become manifest; and that, even though the matter be small as a penny stamp, a government may be as truly disregarded, wronged, and defied about a penny as about a pound. The requirement of industry is not without the seal of God's authority—it is a duty. In front of every duty Divine right and human will meet. The Christian everywhere, as the soldier at his post, should be "on duty!" The commonest work, when done as duty, shows love and reverence to Him who ordained it.

Have I learned that the toils that win the daily bread, and the labour that sustains the daily cost, may not be declined without sin? How easy, then, the further truth, that they may be done as holy service!

Observe, I do not say that necessarily they are a holy service. Avoiding Scylla, we must not rush into Charybdis.

"Work is worship" is an aphorism widely current now-a-days, but not sterling for all that.

Does a manufacturer receive work from any craftsman who haphazard comes to his warehouse door? No. He "takes on the hand," then admits the work. This is the order of the Divine procedure too. Paul says, "God, whose I am," before he says, "whom I serve." God accepts no service but from a servant.

But is everything that a man who is a servant does accounted service? No. Only such things as the master's will requires, and the servant in respect of that will does. In like manner, only such earthly work is heavenly service as is undertaken and conducted by us in obedient deference to the heavenly Master's will.

Adoration in the sanctuary is no commutation for atheism in the shop. Religion is not one duty, but the soul of all duty; not an act, but a character. They who, to show their religiousness, recount the sermons they have heard, and the devotional services they have joined in, mistake the means for the end. True religiousness implies habitual regard of God. Though a man and a beast stand upon the same mountain, they are in two different worlds: the beast perceives nothing but the grass; the man is ravished with the beauty of the scene. Thus a money grub and a Christian meet on the Exchange, but their hearts are utterly unlike.

"That in all her words, works, and thoughts she may ever seek Thy honour and glory," is a prayer suitable to be offered alike for our gracious Queen and for the lowliest Christian maiden. That all thoughts be godly implies not that all thoughts be about God. Things latent are existent, and may be potent. I left home to reach this Hall; as I came, I did not either perpetually say, or think, I am going to Exeter Hall. I am going to Exeter Hall; that was very little before the consciousness of my mind; but it was in

my mind all the way; it was in reality the moving cause of every step. Evil acts are many-titled; yet sin is one thing—disobedience. In likewise, doing what God would have me do, *because* He would have me do it, whatever the thing be, is holiness. If in highest heaven, hard by the throne, an angel were harping and hymning the praises of the Eternal, and a fiat came forth, commanding that angel to descend to earth, as guardian of a wandered beggar's child, lost in a stormy, moonless night; I tell you, the blessed being would not stop to finish his tune. Knowing that holiness lies not in harping, but in obeying, he would spread his wing for flight, and though he left the glowing throne and pearly gate and golden pavement far behind, would bring both character and happiness along.

When Jacob worked for Rachel, sweet smiles lit up his shepherding; so life brightens when expended for Jesus. Nought done for God is drudgery. How we may thus, in common transactions, with ceaseless aim be following the Divine glory, is a divinity deeper than would avail to teach us how to bow at an altar.

“To keep our property and use it as stewards; to keep our station and fill it as strangers and pilgrims; to maintain our rank, and use the influence it brings for our Lord; to mix in society, that so we may leaven it with truth and love,—these are requirements needing a much higher grace for their fulfilment than that of selling all and leaving all; they involve the taking up the cross daily; that asked but for one heroic act at the commencement of the course.”

An aspirant after heaven need be shy of no genuine claim. The holiness of a mind by no means supposes that it shall not be healthy, vigorous, and active too. Joyous anticipation of the future will make us spiritual, but not apathetic, in the present. They who see the businesses of life in their relation to eternal results, will

look upon them with regards, by so much more tender and noble, as it is higher and purer than is possible to any other style of man.

Piety is not intended to detach us from business, but to direct us in it. We should be, not absorbed in the invisible, but godly in the visible. Let us aim, not to insulate ourselves from common concerns, but to bring the glorious revelations of the future to bear upon them, the rules of holiness to dominate over them, and the might of spiritual strength to live in them. Thus will common offices become Divine services; earth be hallowed into a temple; man consecrated as a priest; business be presented as a pure offering!

Our position is a trust. Hitherto rank and righteousness have been seldom married, yet occasionally the union has been seen. Moderate ability in high station, like a feeble army in a pass, becomes commanding by its very position. Ranker not after honours: coronets can only be the heritage of few, and a life—true, useful, and noteworthy—may well enough be lived without them.

Human allocation is a Divine work, and well done. If there were another place, which your occupancy of, on the whole, would be wiser and better, you should have it, though it were the throne of Gabriel. Do not complain, therefore, of your place, but fill it. Be faithful, and you will find your place and your gifts fit. Look not enviously upon the standing ground of somebody else, but make the most of the advantages of your own. Epaminondas, when appointed to an office until then lightly esteemed, instead of murmuring, cheerfully said, "I will so fill it as to make it hereafter honourable," and he did.

Vain men will not begin the work of life until they have gained an eminence to do it on, and often, like squirrels in a revolving cage, their day is wasted in climbing towards a top they can never reach. It is too common to say, "Had

I the knowledge of that great scholar, the sagacity of that experienced person, the means of that rich man, the influence of that revered leader, the rank of that nobleman,—then what plans I would originate, what good I would do!" Likely enough, not. You can do something, for none are so unimportant, impotent, and poor that they can do nothing; you can do something which none of those men can do; are you doing that?

If you would have me believe that you would do much good if abler than you are, prove it, by doing all possible to you as you are. Weep with them that weep, if you cannot relieve them. Bestow personal service if you cannot give gold. Teach children if you be not competent as an instructor of men. Be a support to the household if you are not able to become a pillar of the state. Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky. Gladden the circle of home if it transcend your powers to illumine the town. Talk to the few if you have no vocation to preach to the crowd.

Is the husbandman wise who neglect his farm because it is a small one? True, it is but a speck when compared with an empire. Yet, remember, that little spot, small as it is, is all to him; more to him than are all the broad acres in the rent-roll of a peer. There, or nowhere, his bread must be won. There, sphere and home, and hope of comfort and of competence, centre; neglect that, and he is an undone man.

No lot so narrow but it can afford scope for the out-working of the purest and noblest character. In Ethics, as in Physics, the same principles operate in things mighty and minute alike.

" The self-same law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And moves the planets in their course.

The humblest trade has in it elbow-room for all the virtues. That huckster can be true, and honest, and honourable; what more can Rothschild be? The excellence of a circle lies in its roundness, not its bigness. The rim of a three-penny bit is a true circle, and would not be mended, but only magnified, if swelled till it equalled in size the tire of a cart-wheel, or dilated till it touched the outline of a planet.

Holiness is a lovely picture, be the frame it is set in what it may. The lowliness of Jesus has given everlasting proof that poverty will not despoil its beauty. Men do not praise actors for their part, but for how they do it. Brother, however insignificant to human eye thy part may be, act in it aright; and thou shalt not miss the applause of Heaven nor the eulogy of the final Judge.

Opportunities are a trust. Opportunity is to some a misleading and perilous word. Life in their belief is a lottery, in which things go by luck. Heedless of the hundred to one against it, trusting a "peradventure infamous for lies," because the winning number *may* fall to him, the gambler puts to the hazard his all in the foolish hope of finding affluence in the shake of a dice box; so these leave unsought the rich harvests that toil would reap, for the vain perchance that a prize will tumble to their feet.

In the tale-books fairy helps and happy windfalls come in pleasantly at a pinch; but in actual life, Vigilance, that lets no chance slip, and Industry, that leaves no stone unturned, are the best harbingers of success. When England's foremost poet said—

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"

he meant not to excuse the "ne'er do weels" who sun themselves upon the beach, lazily expecting the flood to

fetch the boat which a little manful pushing would well enough get launched. Be a worker rather than a tide-waiter.

The inconsiderate man says, "What chances have I ever had?" He cannot see a chance unless it be huge as Teneriffe. The economic saws of the household might profit such. "Poor Richard" shrewdly reminds us that the big world is only a mass of atoms, and the countless treasure of England but a multiplication of farthings. His maxims of thrift—his "Sow and reap," "Gather and keep," are capable of a spiritual reading. In character as in wealth the great is often the outgrowth of the little faithfully used. The possibilities of good which occur in each passing hour may, individually, seem to be small; but it is in the earnest seizure and use of such small facilities that we are both educated and designated for nobler things. To people in a hurry to be either great or rich, such old-fashioned proverbs as we have adverted to are a bore. They want the pyramid, but detest the slow process of laying the bricks.

Many gifted men have died and made no sign, because through an overplus of self-esteem, they dreamed all common occasions to be unworthy the exercise of their powers. Mimic Alexanders, they would not run unless it were in a race of kings! Years, vacant of good, found their excuse in the glittering, but deceitful, vision of a by-and-by that never came, but which they fondly imagined to be pregnant with something vast, the doing of which would set the world agape.

Men who waste their day in idly sitting by life's wayside tarrying for great opportunities are oblivious of the important fact that, for the most part, great opportunities grow out of the proper use of small ones.

All seasons in which means and duty come in conjunction are opportunities. Such precious moments are the very

flowers of time; and, thank God, every day bears them; opportunities to battle with the native sluggishness of indolence; opportunities to deny the inordinate cravings of desire; opportunities to exercise patience; say, for instance, when pressed with the leaden dulness of humdrum company,—when infelicitously intruded upon to the hindrance of some much-loved work,—when waiting with “hope long deferred” for the “Lastly” of a wiredrawn, wearying discourse; opportunities to hold back the tongue from folly, and rein it in from harsh censures; opportunities to keep the temper gentle under the little frets of life, the judgment calm amid excitement, and the confidence firm in front of adversity; opportunities to form habits of courage, of hard work, and, above all, of perpetual submission to conscience.

Some of these things may appear minute, but they are not insignificant. An on-looker observing the slight taps given to a statue by Canova spoke as if he thought the artist to be trifling; but was rebuked by this reply: “The touches which you ignorantly hold in such small esteem are the very things which make the difference between the failure of a bungler and the *chef d’œuvre* of a master.”

Unfaithfulness in little and hidden things manifests the absence of principle in everything. Plainly, not duty, but reputation is the pole-star. Divine approval fails to move such. They must “be seen of men.” Virtue is not in them an inward law, or it would work utterly irrespective of such things. Does gravitation hold a mountain and loose a sand-grain?—work on a steeple and cease in a coal-pit?—attract in a crowd and lie dormant in a closet?

Do the good that lies next you; do it, however insignificant it may seem; do it, without waiting like a mountebank for the multitude to gather. Surely the eye of Heaven is witness enough!

Have no petty anxiety about being appreciated. The

world is much of the mind of Lord Bacon, who told Sir Edward Coke when he boasted, "The less you speak of your greatness the more I shall think of it." Mirrors are the accompaniments of dandies, not heroes. The *men* of history were not perpetually looking in the glass to make sure of their own size. Absorbed in their work they did it, and did it so well that the wondering world saw them to be great, and labelled them accordingly.

Trials are a trust. Unthinking people would like a world where corn should grow spontaneously and plenty ever lie ready to hand. They would have their path beautified by flowers fairer than those of Eden, and refreshed by zephyrs balmier than those of the sunny South. They would banish care and make work obsolete. How would all this issue? Doubtless in the degeneracy of our race into a crowd of soft and slothful Sybarites. God is too wise for this: He knows comfort to be of far less importance than character, and acts on that knowledge.

One clear frosty morning an eminent Cambridge Don, famous for encyclopædic information, accompanied some of his young friends to the ice, and in going talked to them, with such science, about skating, that they expected from him marvellous feats of clever gyration. To their surprise his skill proved to be but small, and his tumbles woful. "Doctor," at length cried one, as he lifted the fallen professor, "how is this?" "Easily explained, easily explained," was the ready reply. "I, you see, am up in theory, but down in practice."

Excellence in virtue as in the arts is only to be come at by practice. The boy is not talked into his handicraft, but apprenticed to it. We best learn to do by doing. Lectures on projectiles, however good, if alone, will never make a perfect rifleman. If you would be a good shot, you must shoot. Now the Bible teaches, but trial trains us.

There are many commonly received sentences expressing the value of faith and patience. We steal these adages of wisdom, these pearls of experience, the concentrated lessons of many holy and devoted lives,—into our lips much as lads at school sometimes do arithmetical answers into their ciphering books from the tutor's key: but Providence, like a wise master, gets the black board ready, and makes us work the problem and reach the result for ourselves.

How can a man walk by faith unless led where he cannot see?—how exemplify gentleness if temper never be tested?—how evince prudence if there exist no perils?—how show courage if there be no difficulties?—how exercise industry if there be no work?—how manifest fidelity if none tempt?—how win victories if there be no battles.

The dove, in the fable, annoyed because the wind had ruffled its feathers, foolishly wished for a firmament free of air, through the empty space of which it vainly dreamed its unimpeded wing would dart swift as “the nimble lightning.” Silly bird! without that air it could neither live nor soar. Do not ignobly wish every breath of opposition away. Difficulties met and mastered upbear us to the high reaches of honour. By deeds of daring Havelock won his glorious fame; not in the drawing-room, but amid the perils and alarms of war, “leal-hearted,” honest, brave Lord Clyde has earned his peerage.

Henry V. on the evening of Agincourt found the chivalric David Camm still clasping the banner, which through the fight his strength had borne and his right arm defended. Often had the monarch noticed that pennon waving in the foremost van of the men of England who that day pierced, broke, and routed the proud ranks of France. The king knighted him as he lay. The hero died, but dying was ennobled! How much more real—precious—beautiful the honours which descended on the martyrs in the struggles of

their final hours ! To a fearful Christian Cyprian says, " Do they persecute thee ? Exult, for then fidelity shines,—then crowns come within reach ! " And Bunyan, not less a father of the Church than Cyprian, tells the great adversary boldly, " Satan, thou art only binding garlands on my brows ! "

A Christian is like a well-tuned lute—touch what string you will music comes out of him. " Why should I murmur ? " said Henry Martyn in his last sickness ; " weakness, peril, and pain are but the ministering angels whose office it is to conduct me to glory. " The holiest weep, but their tears, as rain-drops in the spring time, are shot through with sunbeams : " they sorrow not as those without hope. "

The water that dashes against the wheel keeps the mill going : so trial keeps grace in use and motion.

Fire, and hammer, and file are necessary to give the metal form ; and it must have many a grind and many a rub ere it will shine : so in trial character is shaped, and beautified, and brightened.

Thuanus tells, that a Gallic lord being led forth to martyrdom, in company with some equally faithful, though plebeian confessors, saw that, out of regard to his rank, the officers put on him no chains, while each of his brethren bore them, upon which he cried, " Let me, I pray you, be clipped of none of my honours ; I, too, for love of Jesus, would wear a chain ! " That was nobly done, and wisely ; for trial shirked is glory lost.

A lesson may be learned from a passage in the life of Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great. He once expressed a desire that his friend Caligula might soon come to the throne. Old Tiberius, the reigning monarch, felt such a wish, however flattering to Caligula, to be so little kindly to himself, that he threw the author of it into a loathsome dungeon. But the very day Caligula reached Imperial

power, Agrippa was released. The new emperor gave him purple for his rags, tetrarchies for his narrow cell; and, carefully weighing the gyves that fettered him, for every link of iron bestowed upon him one of gold. Think you that day Agrippa wished his hand-cuffs and his leg-locks had been lighter?

Will Jesus forget the well-wishers of His kingdom, who, for His sake, have borne the burden and wore the chain? His scales will be forthcoming, and assuredly those faithful in great tribulation shall be beatified with greater glory.

Influence is a trust. It is hard to say what is really little: many things which appear so, turn out to be possessed of an importance beyond our foresight, and run on to issues over which we have no control. The difference of an inch, in the fall of a raindrop on a roof, may determine, according to the slope it hits, the whole course of its percolations, and decide which of two seas it shall finally reach, though their waters are wide of each other as the opposite shores of a kingdom. If we did not believe in the reign of God, it would be terrible to think that life has in it turns equally decisive.

For instance, Cromwell was actually on board a ship in the Thames, one of a company set upon emigrating from the country, which afterwards he ruled; when, lo, before they could get off, down came an "order in council" forbidding them to sail. Had the monarch been prescient, how gladly would he have let them go! Cromwell turned back to his fens, to become thereafter the Victor of Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Worcester fights; and to give that sharp Whitehall lesson to Royalties which a wit of the last age said has made kings, ever since, awake with crick in their necks on Charles the Martyr's day.

Take another case: money freely offered by an actor, cheered, aided, and held back Bonaparte from suicide.

Had the generosity of Talma been wanting to that nameless, unpatronised, needy adventurer, who can tell what the history of the nineteenth century would have been? We only know that, following that loan, came thrones emptied, kingdoms redistributed, millions slain, Wellington a duke, and the third Napoleon an Emperor.

Wisdom sees the great in the small. What could be more trivial than the heaving of the lid of a teakettle? Yet, in that motion lay the germ of ocean steamers, railways, and mills.

Development dilates the small into the great. By that law sparks flame into conflagrations, fountains flow into streams, and the minute swells into the magnificent. The seeds of many a world-famed change were dropped in silence,—night dews watered them when no eyes looked on; but, at length, they bore fruit in the hearts of millions; and the harvest of them waved over all the breadth of a continent.

The remotest things have relations. Herschell sees connexion between spots on the sun and wet summers on the earth. Objects apparently the most unique have underground coherences. Nothing is left unregulated. The speech of nature has no solecisms.

The atheism of this age is chiefly founded upon the absurd fallacy that the idea of law in nature excludes the idea of God from nature. As well might they say the Code of Napoleon in France excludes the idea of Napoleon from France. To me, no intuition is clearer than this, that intelligent control everywhere manifests the presence of a ruling mind. To me, physical law, in its permanence, expresses the immutable persistence of his will; in its wise adjustments, the infinite science of his intellect; in its kindly adaptations, the benevolence of his heart.

The attractive force of sun, or moon, or earth, is just

the sum total of the attractive force of their respective atoms.

That peasant, as he follows plough, lives, although he know it not, in the bosom of a celestial system ; nay, not only lives in it, but is part of it. All unconsciously to him, every atom of his body is every moment acting upon every atom in the remotest sister world. Had we a calculus refined enough, the planetary influence of each corpuscle of that ploughman's frame might be traced as accurately, and set down as truly, as Adams and Leverrier did the force of Neptune.

Nor are moral influences of narrower reach than physical. The tear of a penitent shed in an obscure nook of this world thrills principalities and powers in heavenly places, and diffuses joy among the stars of morning. Thus we dwell in, are part of, and have influence upon a system wide as the authority of God.

If you look at an inland section of the ordnance survey of Great Britain, you will see rivers marked in their courses without either visible source or end ; roads coming you know not whence, going you know not whither ; woods, plains, and hill-ranges, all cut through by the margin line which bounds the square of the sheet. That sheet is limited, but not therefore valueless. It does not, indeed, furnish a complete itinerary of England, but then it gives the geography of your own parish, and the turns of the road as far as you have to walk in it ; and when placed in connexion with the other sheets of the great map, is seen to be a necessary and well-fitting part of a harmonious whole.

Even thus creatures look at, and walk over, and know but a fragment of the realm of the Almighty ; but when all their separate fragments are fitted together, it will be found that all are parts of one plan ; that dependence marries and

unity underlies all visible variety; that one system prevails; that earth and heaven are different evolutions of a single scheme; that one Providence works through all—dominates over all, and guides the issues of all. In the glorious light of that revelation difficulties will vanish, and the hardships of the present lot find their explanation in their manifested relation to and influence upon things now hidden from us. We shall then learn that mystery was only another name for our ignorance of God's wisdom.

In a Sabbath gathering of Quakers, some years ago, an aged and venerable-looking man arose, and with prophet-like authority said, "Many say it is a solemn thing to die; but, bethink you all, and bethink you well, it is a solemn thing to live." That witness was true.

Think how present action tells upon our own temporal future. Nothing is insulated. Every act is embryonic. Like produces like. There are results, and not the less because we fail to trace them. Every evil assuredly subtracts from us some good, or entails upon us some ill. "He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and the flaw will be seen some time." Every good attained offers a stepping-stone to higher good. Nothing is ultimate with man. Endless progression is the rich capability of our nature. We should estimate our victories as the conqueror at Marengo and Austerlitz did his, not so much for the campaigns they terminate as for the fresh power they confer.

Think how our acts will influence others. Augustine of Canterbury remained seated when the clergy of Britain approached. That archiepiscopal etiquette caused them to resist him as proud, and thus a matter so small as keeping a seat kept two churches apart and perpetuated disastrous feud. The right or wrong direction of an immortal spirit often depends upon impressions made by our conduct;

and that at times when we least expect observance, and when the matters we are about seem to us of the most trivial import.

I have seen a curious computation of how a penny, by accumulation and use, by interest and compound interest, might grow into wealth equal to the existing debt of the nation. Influence is the compound interest of conduct. The everywhere acknowledged force of example is only another name for the energy of influence.

There is truth, beauty, and poetry in that phrase, "the ways of a man." Every man leaves "footprints on the sands of time;" footprints which mark the direction of his life, and either open, or keep beaten a path for followers.

An infant whose worldly sojourn is but a day, leaves impressions which will never be effaced.

You never write a letter, meet a party, take a journey, or even exchange a salutation, but you throw off impressions, and frequently they are abiding and important. What manner of men ought we to be, who know that our words and actions are striking an ocean, where wave impelling wave will roll on until they break at the foot of the judgment throne—are giving impulses that will vibrate through endless ages—are generating influences that will spread round indefinitely, and reach on everlastingly! One has strongly, but not too strongly, said, "The whisper of our lightest deeds will be thunder in the rebound of its echoes from the rocks of eternity."

Time is a trust. Each day is life in miniature. Each day should be spent rightly, as if it were to be the last. The 19th of May, 1780, is memorable as the date of a strange phenomenon of darkness which overspread the state of Connecticut. Domestic fowls retired to roost; the songbirds of the woods were hushed; the people for the most part believed the end of all things to be at hand.

Some members of the Legislative Council, which was in session, wished to adjourn. The chairman replied, "If the judgment-day be come, I would like the great Lord of us all to find me at my post, and in my duty; and therefore shall order lights to be brought in, and go on." To live always as we would have the Master find us is a wise rule.

Waste no time; every moment has its own duty, which, left undone, is undone for ever; for each succeeding moment is bespoke. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. Between our more important employments there fall brief intervals which, too often, are wasted. Separately, they are not considerable; but yet, from their frequent occurrence, form a very large fraction of the aggregate of life. Boyle remarks that "sand-grains are easily scattered, but skilful artificers gather, melt, and transmute them to glass; of which they make mirrors, lenses, and telescopes. Even so vigilant Christians improve these parenthetic fragments of time, employing them in self-examination, acts of faith, and researches of holy truth; by which they become burning glasses for their charity, looking glasses for their soul, and telescopes revealing their promised heaven." Jewellers save the very sweeping of their shops, because it contains particles of precious metal. Should Christians, whose every moment was purchased for them by the blood of Christ, be less careful of time? Surely its very minutiae should be more treasured than grains of gold or dust of diamonds.

I often find serious people in real perplexity how clearly to determine the time due to secret devotion. The character and the leisure of men vary so much, that no arithmetical rule would prove to be worth a straw.

Religion is bigger than ordinances. Ordinances end with the hour, but religion should live in, breathe through, and modify every moment, desire, and pursuit. Religion in the

life, like sugar in the tea, should mingle with and sweeten every drop. Sir William Jones had learned aright when, dividing his time, he said, "So much to rest, so much to law, but *all* to heaven."

If any one dreamed that he must be at his devotion when I knew Providence appointed him to be at his work, I should be sure that he was ignorant, and fear that he was idle. I should try to show him that his neglect of incumbent duty, on the plea of spirituality, was not less absurd than it would be for a soldier to decline to march when ordered, under pretence that he could not keep love and reverence for his general unless he lay lurking about his tent.

The closet is the soul's banqueting room. Devout exercises are its food. Now, as men do not live to eat, but eat to live, so Christians do not live to pray, but pray that they may rightly live. Men eat enough when the food taken suffices to keep them in vigour and comfort until the next meal-time comes. In like manner, we may be well assured that our seasons of seclusion are well used, well placed, and well proportioned, when the blessed influence Heaven graciously gives us in them abides with us, spiritualising and ruling us with unexpended force until the opportunity of retirement again recurs. If you have not yet attained to this, something is wrong, and you must either pray more or pray better.

The great Christian lesson we have been inculcating seems hinted at in the altered position of the Sabbath: it is not now the end, but the beginning of the week; a day not merely of rest, but of preparation. In scenes of holy fellowship I put on my armour and learn the art of fence; in the fields of the world I show my prowess, actually do battle, and win crowns.

How unspeakably the views we have advocated dignify

life. Explained by them life becomes a simple thing; multitudinous in form, one in spirit: nothing remaineth "common or unclean." We look upon our gifts as a trust, accept our place as a Divine allotment, do our daily work as Christian service. "One thing we do;" glorifying God takes up all the hours. Divine omnipresence becomes a precious reality; the thought of it overshadows like the wings of the cherubim. The heart finds God, as the creed declares Him, everywhere. His light radiates equally upon things mightiest, and upon things meanest; just as the sun gleams over the palace and into the cottage, flushing alike with its splendour the council-chamber of the monarch and the kitchen of the peasant. As the all-pervasive light fills the vast dome of the sky and the tiny cup of the flower, so religion illumines at once the heaven of our hopes and the earth of our cares. Secularities become hallowed; toil brightens with the smile of God; business becomes crystalline; light from God comes through it to us, glances from us, go through it to God.

The truth which underlies everything we have said is the sovereign right and all-comprising rule of God; a truth which at once reveals what should be the aim of holy life, and furnishes the basis of the simplest yet sublimest philosophy.

In this the men of faith have found what sages in vain have sought; the harmonizing truth; the staple ring of all things; the great combining fact in virtue of which nature, million-formed, is one, and the countless worlds are not a crowd but a universe.

Godless science reads nature only as Milton's daughters did Hebrew, rightly syllabbling the sentences, but utterly ignorant of the meaning.

Is a cathedral fully described by merely telling the height of its towers, the area of its enclosure, and the order of its

architecture? Is nothing to be said of its use? Was it not built for worship? Nature is a temple; the almighty Architect hath pillared it with mountains, roofed it with the firmament, illumined it with constellations. Amid the carved and golden furniture of this sanctuary they stand shrouded as an Egyptian gloom on whom the light of God shineth not. O let not the embroidery of the veil detain your vision from the glory of the Shechinah.

Heaven is a hymn of praise, every syllable of which is a star; earth a picture of beauty, every touch of which is divine. Knowledge without reverence is insane. Intelligence without faith is lifeless as a fossil tree. Philosophy fills not her office if she bear not incense as well as light. All sciences like the magi should bring worship and offerings.

Then electricity would not be an insulated jar; nor geology a mere thing of earth and old stones; nor astronomy a cold and lone nightwatcher; nor poetry a vagrant minstrel; nor art a slave of Mammon. To the mature Christian, Divine glory is the pivot of all thought, the nucleus of all encyclopædias.

Nature, with its beneficent arrangements; Providence, with its wondrous progressions; Grace, with its unparalleled expedients, are seen to be but three modes of one thing,—Divine manifestation; three provinces of one empire,—“the kingdom of God.”

The infinite diversity unfolds its essential unity to that man, and to him alone, whose unsealed eye perceives God over all, God in all, God all in all. The first truth, and the final—the Alpha and the Omega of knowledge, is this,—“By Him, to Him, for Him, all things are!”

The Formation of English Character.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JAMES BARDSLEY, M.A.,

RECTOR OF ST. ANN'S, MANCHESTER.

THE FORMATION OF ENGLISH CHARACTER.

THE subject to which I have to call your attention is The Formation of English Character. It is a subject, at first sight, which appears to possess nothing very attractive or very promising in itself; but I cannot help thinking that when it is broken up and beaten out, there may be found something in it both of interest and of instruction. When we speak of the formation of character, it instantly suggests, as you will perceive, that character cannot be *made*; it has to *grow*. As it is with a tree—air, light, moisture, and soil are all essential to growth—so also in the formation of either personal, provincial, or national character, there are certain influences at work which are silent and secret in their operation, but which at the same time give a potent and permanent impress to character. Now, my friends, it is to some of these influences I shall call your attention this evening. I have not time to discuss fully a large and comprehensive subject like this, and therefore my only object will be to suggest materials for thoughts, and to point out a few of what I consider to be the most potent influences that have contributed to the formation of English character.

The first, then, that I would name is the *amalgamation of* races. The aboriginal inhabitants of our island were, as

you all know, Celts, and that they were large in their numbers, and overspread the whole island. I infer from this little incident, amongst many others, that the names of all the streams, and hills, and mountains of England, and of Great Britain, are Celtic, and not Saxon. After the departure of the Romans from this country, in the beginning of the fifth century, our Celtic forefathers were harassed, as you know, by the incursions of the Picts and Scots, and therefore they invited the Saxons over to help to repel their invaders. Invited as allies, these Saxons became enemies, and took possession of the land which they came to protect; so that great numbers of our Celtic forefathers took refuge in the mountains of Wales and the fastnesses of Cornwall; and therefore the inhabitants of these localities of this day very much resemble the inhabitants of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Yet there can be no doubt that vast numbers at the same time remained in our own country, and became permanently intermingled with the conquerors. The Saxons came to this country in such vast hordes that there is no mistake at all in saying that the Saxon element forms the basis of English character. Not only am I sustained in this by a reference to history, but I will just name as a proof this little incident, that sixty or seventy words out of the hundred in our language are purely Saxon, so that our language is substantially the same as that which was spoken by our Saxon forefathers before they crossed the German Ocean and entered the island of Britain. After the Saxons came the Danes, not in such large numbers, perhaps, but still they must have been very considerable and powerful, inasmuch as they subjugated our country and established a dynasty. If any individual will travel from Hull to Lincoln, and from Lincoln to Leicester,—or, if they have not the opportunity of doing that, if they will consult “Bradshaw,” they will see that a large number of places in

those districts end in "by," which is simply the old Danish word for homestead, hamlet, or village; thus indicating that it was the south-eastern parts of our island which the Danes first subdued, and where they first pitched their habitation. After the Danes came the Normans; not in such large numbers, but still the army of William contained the very flower of Norman chivalry, and by one blow he overthrew the Saxon monarchy, and established the Norman dynasty. Our language contains traces of this great event, and many of our words reveal the social and political condition of our forefathers and their conquerors at that period. Dean Trench and Dean Hoare, in their admirable little works on Words, show that almost all words that express pre-eminence, distinction, office, or dominion, are Norman, showing that the Normans were the conquerors, while the Saxon inhabitants were the conquered. So also the names of foods. The word *ox* is Saxon, but *beef* is Norman; *sheep* is Saxon, but *mutton* is Norman; *calf* is Saxon, but *veal* is Norman; indicating—that while these animals were alive they were called by their Saxon names, but after they were slaughtered and placed upon the table of the baron, they became Norman; in other words, that our Saxon forefathers were employed to *feed* the cattle, but were not permitted to *feed on them*: thus teaching us that as fossil remains contain the history of *matter*, the words in a language often contain the history of *mind*.

These two races, for 150 years, lived in the same country, and yet they were not countrymen. They intermingled locally, but were morally and politically separated, the one party regarding the other with lofty scorn, and the other with sullen abhorrence. But just as a mountain torrent, when it dashes down the hill, rushes into the lake, and by its own impetuosity forms for some distance a separate stream, but after a time is mingled with the surrounding

element; so, by the lapse of time and other influences unnecessary to name, the Norman and the Saxon became blended together, bearing the same name and becoming the same people. From these four elementary races the staple of the English character has been formed. In looking abroad upon this assembly to-night, I cannot say there is a Celt, and there is a Saxon, and there is a Dane, and there is a Norman: they have all become fused into a mass; and as a number of pieces of iron, when welded together, are all the more powerful because they have been separate, so these different races, in this way amalgamated together, I have no doubt have very powerfully contributed to that concentration of will, that determination of character, that indomitable energy, and that untiring industry, which are found to characterise everywhere the Anglo-Saxon race. This character is making itself felt everywhere throughout the whole world, dominating everything to itself, subjecting everything before it, producing a wrench in every state of society in which it may be cast, and stamping its impress upon almost the whole population of the globe.

This, then, my Christian friends, is the first agency that I would name as having largely contributed, under God, to the "formation of English character."

The *second* is what we call the *Feudal system*. I am not now about to enter into that system in detail. It was in existence, no doubt, in the continental nations as early as the time of Charlemagne. Distinct traces of it are to be found during the reigns of our Saxon kings, but it was enlarged and consolidated under William the Conqueror: A few sentences will just set before you, popularly, what we mean by the Feudal system. The king, in theory, professed to be the owner of the whole kingdom. He made his grants of manors and of estates to certain nobles—great persons—whom we will call the earls. These grants of

land were not made *absolutely*, but under certain conditions. They owed the king "suit and service," as it was called, and were obliged to afford help upon every emergency. The earls, in the same way, or the great barons, made grants of their lands to others under them, whom we will call baronets,—not *absolutely*, but just upon the same conditions; they owing to the grantor suit and service. We might come to the *yeomen* in the same way. But you see the keystone of the whole system was the monarch. There was an *inter-dependence* between all classes, from the highest to the lowest. You will understand that I am not going, for one moment, to enter into a defence of the feudal system: not at all. It had its deep vices, and enormous abuses, when in existence. I am only going to show the influence which, in God's providence, it exerted in the formation of English character. It is most advantageous to us all to be linked together, and not to be independent of each other. We cannot be so in reality, but it is a great matter not to imagine ourselves so. I am persuaded that it is most advantageous for the *symmetrical* development of character to have somebody above us, somebody to look up to. Take a village, for example—I am not drawing a fancy picture; I have it this moment in my mind's eye,—where there is no minister of any kind, no 'squire, no yeoman, no "big house," no parsonage, but all the people are upon the same level: the result is, the type of character there is most unfavourable. I cannot help thinking that in this country the fact of our having different gradations in society is very advantageous. We have the House of Commons, who have their inalienable rights, and ought to assert them; then we have the House of Lords, and above them we have the Queen, who crowns and adorns the pyramid. It appears to me that our political constitution, in this way, is most favourable for the symmetrical formation of character.

I cannot help thinking that, upon the whole, the type of English character, from this circumstance, if I may venture to say so, is superior to that of our Transatlantic brethren. It would be a most unamiable and unnatural thing for any person, much more a clergyman, to make a disparaging allusion to our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic; they are our "brothers and our cousins." They speak the same language; they profess the same religion; they have embraced the same sentiments; and are identified with us in our most important interests. I may, therefore, venture to say, on behalf of this assembly to-night, that we are as intensely anxious, and as devoutly pray for the amicable settlement of their present serious disturbances, as the Americans themselves. Now, the first principle affirmed by the political constitution of America is, that all men are equal. It is a great truth: all men are equal before God; and how they reconcile their retention of four millions of persons in abject slavery, with the assertion of that great principle, it is not of course for me to say. But the too strong assertion of this principle is found to be most inconvenient, both in domestic and political life. If I were asked briefly to state in what I consider our type of character to be superior to our American brethren; it is simply this, to speak phrenologically, we have got a better development of what is called "the bump of veneration." This has been produced by the nature of our institutions. We have a glorious *past*, we have antecedents that we revere; ancient and hallowed recollections are interwoven in the national mind. With America it is very different. It is a new country altogether. Their institutions are but of yesterday. There is, therefore, more of anticipation for the future than reverence for the past. Their national feeling is more concentrated upon the present, and is expressed in that well-known phrase,—“Go ahead! Go

ahead!" If a steam-boat or a railway-train is going to start, the great watchword in America is "Go ahead!" With us it is different. In England, when a coach, or a steam-boat, or a train, is going to start, it is—"All right!" "All right!" Your Englishman will not only look *before* him—that he will,—but he will look *behind* him. He will not move but according to *precedent*. He will neither *legislate* nor *educate* except in the light of the past. God's Word having formed the staple of education in this country from time immemorial, Englishmen will adopt no national system of education where God's Word is ignored. In legislation you just see the same thing. All political parties, all ranks of the community now amongst us, while they are favourable to amendment and progress, insist that all must be done in perfect accordance with our cherished antecedents. Englishmen will *reform*, but not *revolutionise*. They will *repair*, but not *subvert*. They will extirpate abuses, and extend privileges, just as the growth of the population and the advance of education require; yet, at the same time, all parties will religiously maintain the great landmarks of our Constitution, in spite of either the experiments of conceited theorists, or the assaults and attacks of disloyal dissatisfactionists. Now, I am persuaded that this feeling has been largely brought about by the substratum which the old Feudal system formerly induced in the English character. You will find it amongst all classes of English society. I am prepared to say—and I speak from some knowledge of the labouring classes of this country—I believe that there is more reverence for law, more submission to authority, amongst the great masses of the labouring classes of England, than in any other country in the world. It is a very common thing for our neighbours across the Channel to say that Englishmen are cowards. The proof they give is this. They say

that one constable with his truncheon can put thousands of Englishmen to flight. It is so; but it is not because Englishmen are cowards. Englishmen, essentially, are not so. We might appeal to Cressy, Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo, to show that Englishmen are not cowards; and if they flee at the appearance of the truncheon of the constable, it is because of their natural instinct of reverence for law, and submission to constituted authority. I trust that Englishmen may ever remain as they are in this part of their character. I do believe that the permanence and safety of this mighty country depends very largely, under God, upon that very feeling to which I have referred; yet this has been superinduced by the Feudal system. As I said before, you will not suppose that I am defending everything in this system as it formerly existed, much less advocating its restoration in the present day. The idea is preposterous in itself. Such a thing would be eminently unsuitable to our present state of society. England has just as much outgrown such a system as a man has outgrown the clothes he wore in his childhood; or as the classic scholar has outgrown the education that he received in the nursery. But this should not cause us to overlook the beneficial influence it has providentially exerted in the formation of our national character.

The third influence which has helped to form our national character is our *insular position*. I believe that the localities in which we live, the professions into which we enter, the trades which we pursue, all contribute wonderfully to produce *individuality* of character. The clergyman is different from the lawyer, the lawyer from the doctor, the doctor from the merchant, and all distinct from each other. There was, last Thursday evening, upon this platform, a military gentleman of some distinction, with whom

I very well remember being associated in a certain city some time ago. We mingled with lawyers, medical men, and others in behalf of religious objects. There was one individual who gave money for the advancement of Christ's cause with great liberality. My military friend said, "I should think that gentleman has been a merchant." I asked him why he thought so, and he said, "He is a gentleman, but at the same time there is something about him different from those with whom he associates." It was a singular incident, but on getting back to Manchester I found, a week or two after, that the fortune which that gentleman was spending, like Araunah, had positively been amassed in one of our little back streets in Manchester. I give this as an illustration of the principle for which I plead. The same remark applies to operatives and handicraft-men. I may shield myself from the charge of vulgarity on this subject by taking refuge under the wing of Hugh Miller, in that admirable book which he has written, called "My Schools and Schoolmasters," which I am sure our young men will thank me for having named, if they have not read it. In that book, Hugh Miller says something like this in substance: "I can always tell a tailor, from the very nature of his employment: he sets up for a beau." He remarks that it is different with the shoemaker: "He has to deal with hemp, and wax, and leather; and, therefore, with him it is quite the reverse." I certainly concur with Hugh Miller, when he says that "whenever Crispin does not observe Saint Monday too religiously he is a noble fellow." The blacksmith cannot wield the sledge-hammer and talk at the same time, and, as a rule, you will find he is remarkable for his *taciturnity*; while the barber, who can both talk and work with great facility, is just as distinguished, as a rule, for his *volubility*. I say that the professions into which we enter, the trades we pursue, and also the *localities* in which

we live, all operate in producing a certain type of character. Nothing is more common than to say of a certain town, "It is fifty years behind such-and-such a place." You see what this means without explanation. I have a very intimate clerical brother who has been eminently successful in his work; indeed, I hardly know any man who has been so honoured of God in doing good. His district is a very peculiar one. It consists of three hamlets, not very remote, still, at the same time, there are no direct roads between them, and therefore there is no intercommunication between them. In those villages three distinct types of character may be seen in his parish. It is true, the difference is disappearing as they are brought more together to the house of God.

You see the same thing illustrated in Holy Scripture. There surely must have been a great difference between Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum, and Tyre and Sidon, because we are informed upon infallible authority that if certain works had been performed in the *latter*, as in the *former*, very different results would have occurred. I think the same principle for which I contend is intimated there; and just as *topography* operates to produce *individuality* of character in a person, so *geographical* position in the same way produces a difference in the formation of *national* character. All the nations of Europe have their distinct characteristics. Thus, the Scotchman is distinguished for his acuteness; the Irishman for his vivacity; the Frenchman for his politeness; the Italian for his enthusiasm; the German for his gravity; and the Englishman for his solidity. All this of course must have been the result of growth, and must have been brought about by different circumstances. But I am now speaking of the *insular* position of our country. We have been shut up in an island, and it has been very well for us that we have; it

has operated most beneficially. We have been shut out from all continental influences for ages, in a great degree. There never was a time when England was in danger of being conquered by France, but there has often been a danger to us—I mean of France being conquered by England. If that had been the case, what would have been the result? Why, England could never have been an independent country, but must have been simply an appendage to France. London must have stood in the same relation to Paris as Dublin does to London, and England must have stood in the same relation to France as Ireland does to England. God in His mercy has prevented such an event. If Henry V. had lived two months longer than he did—and he died a young man,—he would have been crowned King of France as well as of England, by the common consent of the people; and then, what would have been the result? Lord Macaulay, in a passage which I will read to you, strikingly shows it. “Had the Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates would have been men differing in race and language from the artisans and tillers of the earth. The revenues of her great proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors. No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman. But God in His providence took away Henry V., who was a warrior and a statesman, and gave us in His infinite wisdom Henry VI., a monarch more suited for the cloister than the camp, and

remarkable only for his weakness of character and *private* virtues." The result of this has been that we are an independent country ; we have been thrown upon ourselves ; *self-reliance* has been superinduced ; *patriotism* has been greatly engendered ; we are to all intents and purposes Islanders, not only in our geographical position, but as to our politics, our feelings, and our manners. And it will be found that an Englishman is remarkable for his attachment to his country wherever he may go. I believe that this distinguishes all Englishmen, whatever may be their political differences. There is not a person in the world, I believe, that can utter more conscientiously than an Englishman the words of Sir Walter Scott—

“Breathes there a man with heart so dead,
That never to himself has said,
‘This is my own, my native land’?”

You see this peculiarity of an Englishman comes out on every occasion and in every page of our history. It is about ten years ago now that that important event took place which is called the Papal Aggression. I only refer to it just to illustrate what I mean. Englishmen thought at that time that an Italian monk was subdividing this country at his will, giving territorial titles, and interfering with our national independence. An irruption of meetings throughout the country was the result. I am not saying whether this was right or wrong ; but it was so. Lord lieutenants and county magistrates came forth to speak at Protestant meetings, and uttered such Protestant sentiments as they had never uttered either before or since. The whole kingdom was in a state of intense excitement. Martin Tupper expressed this feeling very happily when he said,—

“What ! shall these Italian knaves
Dream again to make us slaves
With their foreign priestcraft ?

Out on such a false pretence !
 Common right and common sense
 Shout against such insolence :
 ‘ Down with foreign priestcraft ! ’”

Our poets, and warriors, and heroes, have all perfectly understood this peculiarity of our national character. In a very beautiful lyric, which celebrated our bravery and our arms in the Crimean war, there was one verse in which the Poet very strikingly brings out this idea. After the battle of Alma, as soon as the news came, that gentleman brought before us the English soldiers as thus speaking to themselves :—

“What will they say in England,
 When the story first is told,
 Of deeds of might on Alma’s height,
 Done by the brave and bold ;
 When Russia, proud at noontide, humbled ere set of sun ?
 They’ll say ’twas like Old England ; they’ll say ’twas nobly done.”

Casting back his eye upon the glorious antecedents of our country, and taking the history of a thousand years, the poet condenses it in a single line,—

“They’ll say ’twas like Old England ; they’ll say ’twas nobly done.”

Our *insular* position has, doubtless, contributed to superinduce this individuality of character, this innate attachment to country, which distinguishes the character of Englishmen. At the same time let me say, while we are *patriots*, we are not to forget that, in one sense, we are *cosmopolitans* ; and, while we are under the sway of our gracious Queen, we must not forget that we are members of the human family, and should labour and pray to do good to all men, and bring them to bow to the sceptre of the Prince of Peace.

Those influences which we have so far described as entering into the formation of English character have been of a *secular* nature. We shall now proceed briefly to delineate one or two of a *saered* kind. I must not forget that I am addressing a Young Men's Christian Association.

There is no agency which has exercised a more blessed and beneficial influence in the formation of our national character than a *free, open, and unfettered Bible*. For many centuries now, the Word of God has been free in this country—as free as the air we breathe, and as the streams which flow down our valleys. And it has been conceded to all classes amongst us, as the inalienable birthright of every man, to read God's Word for himself. The first person that ever distinguished himself, and that laid this country under an obligation by giving it a free Bible, was John Wickliffe. John Wickliffe had a mind characteristically English. Impatient of all subtilties, and indignant with all abuses, by his matchless intrepidity, and by his indefatigable labours, he moulded the characters and formed the opinions of both Houses of Parliament, and even challenged the protection of Royalty itself. But that for which John Wickliffe was most distinguished was, that he gave to his countrymen the Word of God “in a language,” as our forefathers had it, “understood by the people.” Of course at that time God's Word had to be multiplied by the *pen*, and not by the *press*; and therefore a copy of John Wickliffe's Bible was of great value. It is said that a single whole copy cost as much as to build one of the arches of London Bridge. Very few of the nobility of that time could possess “the volume of the book.” Many a yeoman devoted the savings of his life for the purchase of David's Psalms, or one of St. Paul's Epistles. Many a farmer gave a cartload of hay for a single chapter. “The Word of God was precious in those days; there was no open vision.”

Still, the leaves of God's Word, which are "for the healing of the nations," were scattered through the length and breadth of this country; so that it is said by contemporary historians, that if three persons were found to be walking and talking together, two of them were sure to be Lollards. Professor Blunt, in his invaluable little work on "The History of the English Reformation"—a book that has laid me under great obligations, and which I can conscientiously recommend,—referring to that state of things, says, "An angel had come down to trouble the waters, and it only required some providential interposition to put the nation in, in order that it might be made whole." After John Wickliffe came William Tyndal: but I must not dwell upon his character; if I were to attempt to do so I should at once become prolix, for it is difficult for any one who has read his life and labours, as set forth in Anderson's "Annals of the English Bible," to speak about him and not become enthusiastic. I will only say that I believe he was one of the greatest of all deceased Englishmen; and if ever the time comes when every man shall have his own, Englishmen will erect a monument to William Tyndal that will endure throughout all generations. As John Wickliffe was the first to give us the *written* Bible, William Tyndal was the first to give us the *printed* Bible; which, being poured into this country from the Continent with such wonderful rapidity, it is not too much to say that it determined the Reformation.

I might with equal propriety speak also of Cranmer and Miles Coverdale, James the First, and many others, but I forbear. I will only say of the latter, with all his pedantry, that when he caused God's Word to be translated, and to give us our present authorized version, he conferred upon this country a blessing that can never be overrated. That translation is not *faultless*, but it is *matchless*, and we may

say of it what was said of Goliath's sword, "There is none like it;" and, while marginal corrections may perhaps be made with advantage, I trust, upon the whole, its integrity may not be interfered with. Now just see the wonderful change that has been produced in the character of Englishmen, in their habits and feelings and minds, from the free distribution of God's Word in this country. At the time when William Tyndal left Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, because he had made the place too hot for him by talking about "the new doctrines," he told the abbots and bishops and priests of Gloucestershire, "If God spare my life, the time will come when I will cause that every ploughboy in England shall know more of God's Word than all the popes and priests in the world." At that very time John Hooper, as you all know, the Bishop of Gloucester, sent out a circular to his clergy asking a number of questions. What do you suppose they were? Recollect, they were addressed to ministers of religion. The Bible had not then, to any extent, been put in the hands of the people. Some of the questions were these: "How many commandments are there? Where are they written? By whom were they given?" Then other questions were, "Can you say the Lord's prayer? Where is the Lord's prayer written? Why is it called the Lord's prayer?" These were some of the questions addressed to the authorized teachers of the people when the people themselves had not the Scriptures. I am addressing, no doubt, a large number of Sunday-school teachers, and I venture to say that if they were to ask boys and girls of twelve years of age those questions—for I have tried the experiment—they would raise their heads in astonishment, as much as to say, "Pray, sir, what do you take me for? Do you suppose I was brought up a heathen?" What a contrast we have in England at the present time! We have more than 3,000,000 children gathered together in Sunday schools, and we

have 300,000 Sabbath-school teachers, who leave their homes every Sabbath morning for the purpose of breaking up and expounding God's Word, and applying it to the hearts and consciences of young children. What a different state of society! Just simply to show what has made the difference, I will quote an authority beyond suspicion—that of Dr. John Henry Newman, who has not only abandoned the Protestant faith and become a member of the Church of Rome, but has also swallowed all the preposterous fables of the Breviary. In the “Dublin Review” he has a passage of surprising beauty and great pertinency to our subject. He says, “Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego; its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words; it is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness; the memory of the dead passes into it; the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses; the power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words; it is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible; it is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.” I am afraid that the representation is a little too favourable and flattering; but then it is not from ourselves—it comes from an impartial witness, from the side of the enemy. No doubt there are many things amongst us which we have to

regret—Sabbath-breaking, lewdness, intemperance, and so on; and there is always a tendency—I do not mean to say it is always wrong, but there is always a tendency in every man to think that the age in which he lives is worse than any other. It is the old argument of Paley over again; we are affected by what is proximate—by what is about us. A man, for example, will feel more about the loss of his little finger than he will about the extinction of one of the states of America, because it is more remote, and does not come home in the same way. We repeat, we are all affected by that which is about us, and therefore there is always a tendency for us to think and to feel that the state of society in which we live is always the most unfavourable. We have, however, nothing to do but to compare the state of any of those countries where God's Word is under lock and key with the inhabitants of our own country—with all their faults—to perceive our mistake. May I give you a few plain statistics upon this subject, because, after all, facts are much more important than arguments? Supposing you were to go to Ireland—I mean those parts of Ireland that are under the influence of Paul Cullen—you would find that the little county of Tipperary, which has less than 400,000 people, had more offences against person and property, in a given series of years, than the whole province of Ulster with its 1,700,000 people. This is because the Bible is as free in Protestant Ulster as it is in England; and therefore Ulster is as quiet, loyal, and well-ordered as Lancashire or Yorkshire. But to quit Ireland, and go to other countries. I might adduce different forms of crime, but I forbear, as I have a mixed assembly before me. I will confine myself, therefore, to the highest form of crime—that of murder. In certain parts of Ireland nineteen persons out of the million—mark my words—are *accused* of the crime of murder. In

Belgium the proportion is eighteen, in France thirty-one, in Austria thirty-six, in Bavaria sixty-eight, in Sardinia it comes down to twenty—and I have no doubt very shortly it will be much lower than that, if all things go on well,—in Lombardy forty-five, in Tuscany fifty-six, in the Papal States, where “His Holiness” resides, where there is a religious teacher for every thirteen families, and where all ought to be light and purity and holiness, 113 persons out of every million are accused of the crime of murder, according to the governmental returns. Of course, as you would expect, Naples “out-Herods Herod.” Naples has been more Popish than the Pope; and therefore the number is 174. Still I hear you say, “What about England?” Remember this, that the Papal States have a religious teacher for every thirteen families, while I am sorry to say that in England we have, according to the highest authority, millions without any religious instructors at all; yet in England we have only four persons out of every million accused of the crime of murder!

This subject is a very large one, and I cannot enter further into it in detail; but it must be self-evident to every reflecting mind, that where the right of private judgment is denied to the people, and God’s Word withheld, stagnancy of mind must be the result; the judgment is weakened and passion is strengthened, and there is, therefore, less restraint upon conduct. It must be so. For example, if any limb of the body could be bound up for some months, it would lose its power. In the same way, if we are not permitted to exercise our mind freely and fully upon all subjects, whether political, commercial, and religious, I say intellectual stagnancy must be the result. Allow me to quote a passage from the works of Lord Macaulay, who, I am bound to say, does not err on the side of severity towards the Papacy. Speaking of this system, he says: “During the last three centuries”—

he might have said twelve—"During the last three centuries, &c., to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor; while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned, by skill and industry, into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation,—the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached,—teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise."

If any person here present has travelled from Chamounix in Savoy, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, and gone over

one of the mountain passes down to Martigny, which is the capital of the Canton de Valais, there he will see squalor, wretchedness, and disease of every kind, vacancy almost in every countenance, dirt and filth in every place. When you go down the valley of the Rhone, which shoots its mighty mass of waters with the rapidity of an arrow into the lake of Geneva, you come to a bridge at St. Maurice, and when you pass over it, and get into the Canton de Vaud, the contrast is most striking! On the one side you have filth, disease, and poverty; on the other side you have richness, beauty, fertility, and everything instinct with life and activity. In the one case the Bible is possessed and perused by the people; in the other it is withheld and placed under an ecclesiastical interdict. We have the same result in our own beloved country. It is God's Word, so long possessed by the people, which has made us to contrast so favourably with Popish nations; it has placed a restraint upon conduct by increasing the sense of responsibility, and by strengthening judgment it has relatively weakened the power of animal passion. In short, as Dr. Newman has it, "the Bible is a part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness."

Another of the great *sacred* influences which has contributed to the development of the English character is the Christian Sabbath. This is most forcibly expressed when it is called our English Sabbath. What a blessed thing it is that we can call it an English, and not a continental Sabbath! In London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and in many of our large towns, no doubt there is an immense amount of Sabbath desecration; but at the same time, even there vast multitudes of persons observe the Sabbath, and thus keep Sabbath desecration in check, and cause God's day to stand out before the nation as it really is—the queen of days. But when we go into

our smaller towns, where the church and chapel accommodation is adequate, where the amount of religious teaching bears a proportion to the extent of the people, and where we have not got what we are obliged painfully to call, the non-worshipping class, what a beautiful spectacle does our English Sabbath present; to see persons of every rank and grade wending their way to the house of prayer! Surely there is no Englishman endowed with sensibility and possessed of intelligence who has ever sojourned any length of time in continental cities, and witnessed there the systematic and public disregard of God's holy day, but must instinctively exclaim, when he first steps upon his native shores and sees the difference, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!" Religious worship, in this country, is a great reality, and not a mere exhibition. A young medical friend of mine was in Paris some time ago, and a young Parisian of the same profession said to him, "How is it that you can bear to go to a Protestant place of worship, where you are obliged to exercise your mind, and where there is such a close appeal to the understanding? It must be very tedious. With us," said he, "worship is a *spectacle*, an exhibition that is simply an appeal to the imagination."

We know the result of this. It never touches the springs of action or regulates principle. A person may be most enthusiastic in the admiration of worship of this kind, and at the same time be the victim of irregular passion and of notorious crime. But what that young man said was strictly true. In our country large portions of God's Word are read and expounded in public worship. I am not now speaking about the mode of worship, whether by form or otherwise, though, at the same time, I may venture, in passing, to give you the words of George Whitfield when he said, "It is not every one that

prays with a *form* that is *formal*; and not every one that prays *extempore* that is *spiritual*." But what I mean to say is, that in our places of worship it is a reasonable service; and the very nature of it is calculated to mature the judgment, strengthen the mind, and awaken conscience. And where it does not *convert* it *checks*; where it does not *renew*, it *refines*; where it does not produce an *inward* change, it does set up an *outward* restraint. But at the same time, thank God there are multitudes of individuals of both sexes, of all ages and of all ranks, to whom the Word of God preached, becomes through sovereign grace, the "power of God unto salvation."

Young men, let me seriously impress upon your minds that it is not sufficient to have the form of godliness without the power, the name without the life. It is not sufficient that we belong to the noblest race on earth, but we must have the blood-royal of Heaven flowing in our veins; that we possess the common privileges of our countrymen, but we must have that liberty by which Christ makes His people free; that we possess the common birthright of Englishmen to have the Word of God in our hands, but it must be hid in our hearts; that we regularly and reverently attend the means of grace, but that we really and richly experience the grace of the means. Believe me, there is no birth like that of being born again; no possession like an interest in the Covenant; no estate like the inheritance of the saints in light; no learning like that of an experimental knowledge of Jesus; and no prospect like that of being made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. However gratified we may be with our nationality—and we have every reason to be so,—yet remember that God the Holy Ghost can alone make you citizens of the "better country," and enrol you amongst His peculiar people. "This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise."

I will only name another *influence* which I think has very powerfully contributed to the formation of English character, and that is our *domestic habits* and love of *home*. We know that in some countries they have not even the word home, and know not what it means. They live in public, and therefore the marriage bond is not revered, and the formation of moral habits in children is neglected, and they are therefore never imbued with a reverence for home. I am quite sure that nothing is more important than "the domestic constitution." I hope that Englishmen will never become *undomesticated*; I hope that no institution you can form, will tend to draw Englishmen away from their homes. Even if the wonderful advantages of locomotion which we possess in the present day should tend to relax the ties which bind us to home, I should say that even they would be too dearly purchased at such a price. God's method of reforming society is to reform individuals; God's plan of building up communities is to train up families. When an architect was asked how he built one of the lofty chimneys which stud the face of some parts of Lancashire, he replied, "I built it up from within." Nations are to build up from *within*. Every additional well-ordered family gives increased security to the community. Family influence is more important in this respect than political enactments. "Train *up* a child in the way he should go"—"Train him *up*," says the wise man, "from earth to heaven, from man to God." Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But to whom are those exhortations directly addressed? Not to Sunday-school teachers—not to Christian neighbours. They are given to *parents*. An obligation rests upon all parents that can never be transferred to other shoulders. Whenever a child is born in a family, it is as though an audible voice spoke from heaven to the parent and said, "Take this child and nurse it

for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Every cottage should be a Sunday-school, and every parent should be a Sunday-school teacher. Remember, I am not undervaluing Sunday-schools. I do not agree at all with those who speak of them as merely *remedial* institutions. The Christian Church is a remedial institution. I believe the time will never come when Sunday-schools can be safely superseded. I believe the more the Church prospers, and the more real religion advances, the more the advantages of the Sabbath-school will be extended in our densely-populated districts. This does not at all interfere with the principle for which I contend—home education and domestic training. I bring this subject forward advisedly and seriously, because I know I am addressing young men, who, in the nature of things, are to be heads of families and conductors of our commercial establishments. I desire to lay it upon your consciences to give your serious and prayerful attention to this serious and important subject. It is a very prominent one in God's Word,—much more so than many people seem to imagine; it is wonderful in what various aspects it is brought before us there. I should hardly say it is wonderful, because we shall find that as much is said in two or three words of Scripture as would extend over pages of one of the wire-drawn publications of the present day. Scripture simply lays down great principles, and leaves us to apply them. I am anxious not to be misunderstood with respect to the nature of the domestic constitution. Piety is not hereditary, and grace does not flow in the blood. The best of parents have sometimes the worst of children, and the best of children have sometimes the worst of parents. Wicked King Ahaz was the father of good King Hezekiah, and Hezekiah himself was the father of the impious and idolatrous Manasseh. But while we acknowledge in this respect that God is a Sovereign, I believe that

the moral and spiritual condition of a family, *as a rule*, depends upon the amount of care and culture which parents bestow upon them. It is wonderful what a tenacity there is in real Christianity when it gets into a family, and how often it is blessedly perpetuated. Look at Boaz and Ruth: their union was formed in the fear of God, and you see their son Obed, their grandson Jesse, and their great grandson David, mentioned with distinction in Holy Scripture. The result of such an union seems to be transmitted. St. Paul, writing to Timothy, speaks of the "unfeigned faith which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice;" and adds, "I am persuaded that in thee also." Here we see the same precious principle lasting through three generations in the same family.

Thank God we have other instances besides those of sacred Scripture. Look at Philip Henry, one of the most saintly men this country ever possessed, and whose name I cannot mention without reverence. Not only did his son Matthew imbibe his heavenly spirit and import it into his matchless Commentary, but to this very day I know of many persons in different parts of England, all lineal descendants of that holy man, who are models of Christian character. I might also give you the case of Thomas Scott, of whom Sir James Stephen says, "He was one of the greatest men that England ever produced." Should any one hesitate to adopt this high estimate, no one will deny that this distinguished commentator was a truly good person. There was a reality about this venerable man; he was not an artificial character. He was one of those men who would bear to be measured by what we call "square measure." Few families have so ramified in this country as the descendants of Scott; and yet I speak very positively and very advisedly when I say that there are few families so decidedly and unequivocally on the side of Evangelical

and Protestant truth. I bring this forward, young men, to show you that domestic training is most important; and I insist upon it the rather because I remember so very well when Lord Shaftesbury came to Manchester some time ago, he said,—and I am afraid that there was too much truth in what he said—“In the present day there is almost a dissolution of the family compact. Children of all ranks in our country, from the highest to the lowest, have a freedom and a liberty in the present day which children had not in former times.” This is so, and I do not believe that the result enables us at all to speak favourably of it. Oh! how important it is to train up children,—to train them up for God; to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! Now, I do believe that our domestic habits in this country, and our love of home, have entered largely into the formation of our distinctive character as Englishmen, and have made us, on the whole, to stand out in this respect so favourably, when compared with other nations.

It only remains for me now to dismiss you, with this reflection. Certain obligations rest upon you, and especially upon young men. We are Englishmen, and I am sure we may well be pardoned if a glow of pride and patriotism swells in our hearts, when we call ourselves so. I believe there is not a nation in the world that enjoys the same amount of well-defined and well-regulated liberty as England. England is the Goshen of Christian privilege, and the centre of Evangelical light; the granary, if I may so speak, of the incorruptible seed of God's kingdom. England is now first amongst the nations of the earth. Our ships are to be found upon every sea, and our commerce in every clime. England exerts an influence, directly or indirectly, over one-third of the population of the globe; and our Queen sways a sceptre, as has been so often said, “over an empire upon which the sun never sets.” An obligation rests upon

us that we do nothing to tarnish the fair fame of our country; and, above all, an obligation rests upon us that we do what we can in our day and generation to transmit the glorious privileges we possess of an open Bible, a Christian Sabbath, and freedom of religious worship, uninjured and unimpaired to generations yet unborn.

Erasmus.



A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

ERASMUS.

THANKS to history and to the pencil of Hans Holbein, we are pretty well acquainted with this figure. Slim and of moderate stature, bending slightly, as is usual with one who has just risen from his book, or who is habitually absorbed in study, he has still the movements—self-possessed and graceful—of a man at home in every company. His garb, indistinctly clerical, has no affectation of the courtier; but its fur lining is suggestive of the cautious and catarrhal invalid. From under his quaint three-cornered cap, the cocked-hat's ancestor, there escapes a sufficiency of hair—now whitening, but once sunny—along with his fair complexion and light blue eyes, the token of his Teutonic pedigree. Over eyes half shut and hazy there usually hang lids heavy with thought or sorrow; but let these be lifted up, and forth flashes fire enough to light up an acre of countenance—that intuition which looks the spectator through and through, and sees, not only the mote in his eye, but the faults and foibles slung away in the basket behind his back—that electric glance which in a moment girds the globe, and which, revealing as it flies, takes in whatever it touches. The leading feature, the nose, is enough to make the fortune of any face,—so Grecian in its outline, so full of tact, so exquisitely æsthetic, with such an air of refinement all over it. And it is supported by a mouth in perfect keeping: the large thin lips firmly closed, but along the edges and angles so many bright thoughts visibly coming and going, that you see there is no shaft which that bow

cannot shoot,—no thought which these versatile lips cannot utter. Were they opening, the words would be Latin, uttered in tones soft and silvery: and as you listened to the discourse, wise, playful, and richly allusive; and as you looked at the expression, timid and triumphant by turns, and in which pensiveness and humour, benevolence and mischief, so rarely commingle,—you would have fully before you the specimen supreme of European scholarship,—the man who beyond all his fellows did the most to promote the Restoration of Sound Sense and the Revival of Letters in Europe.

When asked to give a lecture in this course, it struck me that the present subject might not be unsuitable. In a general way people do not know very much about our hero. They pass through Rotterdam, and they see his statue in the market-place; or at Basle, as one of its chief curiosities, they are obliged to visit his grave in the cathedral, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, “their thoughts trouble them.” “Erasmus! Erasmus! what was he?” They have heard the name, but cannot just remember whether he was a Roman emperor or a poet of the Augustan era, till they are told that he flourished in the days when Leo X. was pope and Charles the Fifth was emperor. Then he was a soldier or a statesman? “Ah, no, how stupid! now I remember, he was a great reformer, and took refuge in the Protestant town of Basle for fear that he would be burnt at Rome.” But being set right on this point,—by a Popish friend assured that he was no true Catholic, and by a Lutheran told that he never was a Protestant,—our inquirer asks no more questions and hazards no more guesses, but makes up his mind that Erasmus must have been a sort of nondescript, and the founder of the Erastian heresy.

It is really worth while to know something definite about the man who was the incidental originator of the English

Reformation, and who did more than all his cotemporaries to rescue from Romish thralldom the scholarship of Europe. It is worth while to know something about the man who gave a second life to many fathers of the Church, and to many of the best authors of Greece and Rome, by rescuing their remains from the tomb of dark and dreary ages. It is worth while to know something of the man who in the annals of literature bulks so largely, that the works of which he is author, editor or subject, fill, in the magnificent catalogue of our National Collection, a folio volume. And, as his life was not without its lessons, so we hope our survey may not be without some profit.

It is nearly four hundred years since he was born—October 28th, 1467.* His father and mother were never married, a circumstance which involved his childhood in much misery, and with which he was reproached all through life by coarse and heartless adversaries. But the poor little outcast was bright and clever. He had a musical voice, and was early taken to sing as a chorister in Utrecht cathedral; and at nine years of age he was sent to school at Deventer. Here he is said to have learned by heart the whole of Horace and Terence; and although some of his masters were severe, the down-hearted scholar was sometimes cheered by a gleam of casual encouragement. On one occasion Sintheim was so delighted with his performance that he kissed him and exclaimed, "Cheer up, you will reach the top of the tree;" and when he was fourteen years of age, Rodolph Agricola visiting the school, was so struck with one of his exercises that he asked to see the author, and taking him with both hands behind the head, so that the bashful lad was obliged to look full into the face of the awful stranger, he said, "You will be a great man one day." On the whole, however, it was a hard

* He died at Basle, July 12th, 1536.

and joyless life which the young creature led, and he always looked back with horror to the savage school system by which his gentle timid spirit had been early crushed and cowed, and which was enough to have destroyed his own passion for learning. In later life he did all that he could to introduce methods more humane and encouraging. To one of his correspondents we find him mentioning with glee the witty invention of an English gentleman, who, in order to make his son at once a scholar and a marksman, had a target painted with the Greek alphabet, and every time that the little archer hit a letter, and at the same time could name it, he was rewarded with a cherry. This was really teaching "the young idea how to shoot," and to the extension of the same kindly Erasmian hint we are indebted for alphabets made of gingerbread or sugar, which even in the nursery awaken the pleasures of taste, and which in our enlightened age make little John Bull, if not a devourer of books, at least very fond of his letters.

Such protection as he had in his parents he was destined soon to lose; and, although he inherited a little property, his guardians so managed that he never got much good of it. Their great anxiety was to be rid of their ward, and they were very desirous that he would enter a convent. But Erasmus demurred. He was young and loved liberty; and as he said very sensibly to Peter Winkel, his father's principal trustee, "I don't yet know what the world is, nor what a convent is, nor do I quite know what I myself am." On this, Mr. Winkel flew into a passion, and shouted, "You don't know what you are? You're a fool! You are throwing away the good opening which I have with much ado obtained for you: so, sirrah, I resign my trust, and henceforth you may look out for yourself." The pious Peter resigned the trust, but he thought it best to retain the young reprobate's money; and soon after Erasmus was

brought very low with a fever. Whilst recovering, and whilst his mind was still under the softening influences of his serious illness, he chanced to visit the convent at Stein. There he found an old school-companion, who had shared with him the same bed-room at Deventer. Cornelius was by this time a novice, and as he enlarged on the holy life that they led in the monastery—so innocent, so tranquil, and in the midst of such angelic society—the simple youth had no suspicion that his quondam playmate was acting the part of a decoy. And then, when he described the noble library, and the infinitude of books and leisure, no mouse could be more weak at the scent of toasted cheese than was Erasmus at this vision of folios; and he at once put his head into the trap and was fairly encaged in the cloister. For a little while the illusion was kept up; but by and by he woke to the painful reality. The monks were coarse, jovial fellows, who opened no book but the breviary, and who to any feast of the Muses preferred pancakes and pots of ale at the neighbouring nunnery. Nor was their religion in advance of their scholarship. They sang matins and vespers, and spent the time intermediate in idle lounging and scurrilous talk. Too late Erasmus discovered that he was not meant to be a monk. At his first entrance his disposition was devout; but he wanted to worship, and the genuflexions, and crossings, and bell-rings, seemed little better than mummary. He wanted to study; but except in one solitary inmate named Hermann, he found not a creature that cared for such pursuits. Nor did the rule of St. Francis agree with him. His circulation was languid, his nervous system extremely sensitive. If called up to midnight devotions, after counting his beads and repeating so many aves, a model monk would turn into bed and be fast asleep in five seconds; but after being once shaken out of his slumbers, Erasmus could only

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lie till the morning, listening to his more fortunate brethren as they snored along the corridor. For fish he had an unconquerable antipathy; the mere smell of salted cod brought on a headache, and whilst his capacious colleagues provided overnight for the next day's fast, our novice suffered such exhaustion from abstinence that he frequently fainted away; and when to this constitutional inaptitude we superadd the love of reality and the love of liberty, it is no wonder that "the heaven on earth" at Stein soon became an irksome captivity.

However, if all accounts are true, our novice occasionally indulged in pursuits which were not prescribed by the founder. It is said that in the garden of the convent there grew a pear-tree, which the prior had reserved for his own proper use, and all monks of low degree were warned against touching the same. Erasmus, however, indulging a philosophical curiosity, had taken a private survey of the forbidden tree, and was glad to find that in one point at least his taste entirely agreed with his ecclesiastical superior. The result was, that the pears began to disappear with alarming rapidity, and the prior determined, if possible, to detect the depredator. For this purpose he took up his position overnight in a window which commanded the orchard. Towards morning he saw a figure embowered in the jargonel, and was delighted at having caught the robber. But just at that moment he was obliged to sneeze, and the explosion scared the thief, who instantly dropped from the branches and limped off, mimicking the gait so admirably of the only lame monk in the convent, that the prior felt sure of his man. Accordingly, next morning when they were all assembled in the refectory, the prior, after enlarging on the eighth commandment, pointed out the lame brother, and in a voice of thunder charged him as the sacrilegious villain who had stolen the pears. The poor man was utterly confounded, but his protestations of innocence only made the case more

aggravating and the prior more angry, and probably added to the loss of his breakfast the repetition of the seven penitential psalms.

Frolics like these, however, cannot have been of frequent occurrence, for most of the time which he could redeem from sickness and from monastic ceremonies was given to those studies which laid the foundations of his matchless scholarship. At twenty-three we find him writing, "There is nothing else that I desire but leisure to live to God, to lament the sins of foolish years, to study the sacred Scriptures, and to read or write something." By this time he had found a patron in the Bishop of Cambray, who, if he did no other service, by inviting him to become his Secretary, rescued him from captivity in the convent at Stein, and by bringing him to France, gave him the opportunity to pursue his studies in the University of Paris.

Of all the incidents of his Parisian sojourn, Erasmus regarded as the happiest the acquaintance which he there formed with Lord Mountjoy. This young nobleman was a devotee to classical learning. On the destitute Dutchman he settled a pension of 100 crowns, and he was the means of inducing him to pay his first visit to England. That incident had considerable influence on the future career of our hero; and as it is a period of his history naturally interesting to ourselves, we may say a few words about it.

When Erasmus came over to this country in 1497, he was thirty years of age, and had already acquired a considerable reputation as a wit and a Latin scholar; but his expectations from England were not high. We were at that time chiefly famous for high living and hard fighting, and from hints dropped in his letters, our Dutch visitor found some deficiencies. For instance, in a letter to the Archbishop of York's physician, Dr. Francis,* who was perplexed at the plague never leaving England, he throws out some

* Epp. col. 1815.

judicious sanitary suggestions. "It would be a great improvement if your windows were made to open, or if there were some contrivance for letting air into your houses; and it would be well to have some receptacle for refuse and offal other than the public street or king's highway. Nor is it a good plan this universal system of strewing the floors with rushes. The floors themselves are clay, which is not good; but the rushes are worse, for they sometimes lie unchanged for twenty years, concealing fish-bones, cabbage-leaves, and all the other aliment of fever." Such drawbacks notwithstanding, Erasmus thrived in England. After the stock fish of Deventer and the rotten eggs of Paris, the roast beef of Oxford and the stout of London were nectar and ambrosia; and to most of his correspondents he speaks with rapture of the climate, the nobility, and the hospitable burgesses. But there were two friends whose acquaintance he speedily made, and who beyond all others helped to endear the country.

One of these, when Erasmus first knew him, was still very young, although in literary circles already quite famous. On the first occasion of their meeting it is said that they had not been introduced, nor had the one caught the name of the other; but as dinner proceeded, and as the slim, high-shouldered youth kept the table in a roar with jokes, which, being English, the foreigner could not understand, and at the same time met his Latin jibes with the richest repartees, Erasmus exclaimed, "Aut tu es Morus aut nullus!" and got the reply, "Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus!"* This mutual introduction ripened into a thorough and ardent intimacy, and Erasmus became a frequent guest of the future lord chancellor. To his pen we are indebted for the well-known picture of the villa at Chelsea, where, surrounded by his wife, his son and

* Which may be freely translated, "You are either Thomas More or his ghost!" "And you are either the foul fiend or Erasmus!"

daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, and eleven grandchildren, he was at once so wise and so playful, so affectionate and devout, that it seemed "the academy of Plato and the school of Christ united." And although we well may wonder how a man like Sir Thomas could unite to such free intellectual speculation so much superstition and bigotry, and how a man so kind to all others could be so cruel to heretics, yet we can feel no surprise at the hearty companionship which sprang up betwixt him and Erasmus. Each fond of books, and with tastes alike classical, it would be hard to say which was the wittiest ; and although More had no mercy for an Englishman who denied Transubstantiation or doubted the Pope, he allowed every freedom of speech to the learned Hollander. If all tales be true, they were not the opinions alone of Sir Thomas with which his guest made free. After one of these debates as to the real presence in the Mass, Erasmus set out on his return to the Continent. Sir Thomas had lent him a horse to carry him as far as the seaside, but the paces of the palfrey were so pleasant that he could not find in his heart to part with it, and in due time sent the owner this epigram instead :—

“ Remember you told me,
 Believe and you'll see ;
 Believe 'tis a body,
 And a body 'twill be.

“ So should you tire walking,
 This hot summer-tide,
 Believe your staff's Dobbin,
 And straightway you'll ride.”*

* “ Quod mihi dixisti
 De corpore Christi,
 Crede quod edas, et edis :
 Sic tibi reseribo
 De tuo palfrido,
 Crede quod habeas, et habes.”

Still more influential on Erasmus was the friendship of Dr. John Colet, soon afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. Opulent, well educated, with a vigorous understanding, and an intense love of truth, this handsome, open-visaged Englishman was that manner of man to whom cant is an abhorrence, and who can be anything that is genuine—preacher, trader, soldier—anything but a mummer or make-believe. Too much the Briton to be a Roman vassal, and too much the gentleman to be a Popish priest; too rich to care for preferment, and too public-spirited to spend his riches on himself, the founder of St. Paul's School stands out one of the noblest characters of the time, and makes us wish that he had lived a little longer so as to be reckoned among the fathers of the English Reformation. As it was, his tremendous sense and grand sincerity made great impression on Erasmus. The two were of equal age, and alike devoted to Greek; but Colet had a great advantage in the firm foot-hold which he had found for his intrepid truth-loving understanding. At college, and amongst most of his contemporaries, the question was not, What saith the Scriptures? but, What say the schoolmen? What says Occam? What says Duns Scotus? What says Aquinas? What says the Master of Sentences? And instead of a text from the Bible, it was usual for theological aspirants to take a saying of one of these subtle doctors, and then they defined and explained, and distinguished, and wrangled, till in the dusty pother the original particle of sense was hopelessly lost, and to the hearers nothing remained but a war of words and a general sense of confusion worse confounded. To the mind of Colet, at once masculine and devout, all this seemed an idle waste of time, an impertinent foolery. To him the Bible was the Word of God—the one window through which, on our dark world,

streamed in the light from heaven; the Bible was the window, and scholastic glosses were the cobwebs which monkish spiders had been spinning through all these dim and drowsy years. Clear the windows! cried Colet. Down with the spider-webs, and the dust, and the desiccated blue-bottles, and through the cleansed limpid casement let the light come in—God's own light, for it is pleasant. Let us get at the very Word of God, if possible in its own original tongues; and, when we get at it, let us give it forth as clearly and exactly as we can.

On a subsequent occasion Colet and Erasmus paid a visit to the two great centres of religious resort in the England of that day—St. Mary's Abbey, at Walsingham, and the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury; and with the bluff outspoken humour of his companion, the more waggish of the pilgrims must have excessively enjoyed this holy tour. Standing before Becket's tomb, all ablaze with gold and jewels, says Colet to the attendant priest, "Is it true what I hear, that whilst alive Thomas was remarkably kind to the poor?" "Nothing can be truer," exclaimed the guide, and mentioned some of his extraordinary acts of beneficence. "Well," resumed the visitor, "I have no doubt that his disposition is still unchanged; and as he was so charitable to the poor whilst poor himself, now that he has all this wealth and is in need of nothing, suppose a poor woman with a sick husband and starving children were to ask the saint's leave and help herself to some portion of this enormous treasure, do you think he would take it amiss?" At this the priest looked as if he could eat them up; and had they not been friends of the archbishop, he would have bundled them out of the church. They were then conducted to the sacristy, as the crowning act of the performance. There a black box was produced, and with much reverence was placed on the table. As soon as it was opened all fell

on their knees and gazed at its contents awe-stricken. Nothing, however, was perceptible except some dingy rags of old linen; but these they were told were very sacred, for they were the actual remains of the saint's pocket-handkerchief, which had dried so many tears from the eyes of St. Thomas, and with which he had doubtless often blown his blessed nose. Here, however, the Dean of St. Paul's once more forfeited his credit; for by that time the prior had come in, and knowing his visitor to be a man of no small consequence, he graciously offered him one of these rags as a present. The pilgrim, however, not sufficiently grateful, only took it between his finger and thumb, not without signs of disgust, and threw it back into the box with a contemptuous whistle. "At this," says Erasmus, "my heart failed me, and I was agitated with shame and fear;" but the prior was a sensible man, and, pretending not to notice it, he invited them to take a cup of wine, and dismissed them with due courtesy.

Much as he quizzed the monks, and merry as he made with their miracles, Erasmus would hardly have shown his contempt so openly as the blunt and courageous Englishman. On the other hand, Colet's contempt of monkery was only an accidental result of his general sincerity, and to his more sportive companion it was a great advantage to be in contact with a mind so profound in its convictions, and so serious in its search after truth. By his manliness, his piety, his large understanding, and his love of letters, Colet had from the first possessed the respect of Erasmus, neither purchased nor impaired by a handsome pension, which, during the rest of his life, the divine continued to pay to the scholar; and whilst the gentlemanly hospitalities of Colet, like the home-life of More, and the hereditary splendour of Mountjoy, all helped to enlarge the tastes and open the heart of one who commenced existence so joylessly, pro-

bably the happiest and most important influence of all was the earnestness and elevation of the high-souled Christian minister. It was hardly possible to be in that good man's company without feeling that the pearl of great price is the knowledge which saves and renovates; and whilst he shared the joy of his guest at the revival of Greek, it was not so much because fountains of old philosophy were allowed to flow again, as because from the well's mouth of revelation the stone was rolled away; and whilst he could perfectly enjoy the wit which girded at cross and surly superstitions, his own anxiety was to set forth God's great message in the words which would be best understood by the plainest of the people.

We have spoken of Greek. Unfortunately the learning of a language is usually associated with tasks and drudgery; but if, as in the instances of the younger Beattie and Mrs. Barrett Browning, Greek has been acquired so easily or so agreeably as to be a pure joy to its possessor, happy he who attains this sixth sense betimes, and who on his existence, intellectual or æsthetic, enters through this golden gateway! True, the Latin moon gives back some rays of the Grecian sun; but the *Eneid* is not the *Iliad*, Horace is not Pindar; and the appeal must be made to one who has read with something of enjoyment the bards and sages of old Hellas: and if he remembers how the romance of Xenophon "struck a bliss into life's opening day"—

"A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning:"

if he remembers how pleasantly he was beguiled by that archest of simpletons and most straightforward of storytellers, Herodotus: if his sides ache once more with the tickling pokes of Aristophanes, and as the fun grows fast and furious in the "*Clouds*" or "*Frogs*," if he remembers how he had to lay down the book till he should die, or be able

to begin again: if he can recall the spell-bound terror with which, in the double coil of fate and mystery, he followed the car of Æschylus: or recollects how, amidst the iron energy, the multitudinous march, and trampling grandeur of Homer, he felt himself for the moment gigantic or heroic: such a one will be able to understand the rapture with which the finest minds of Europe re-entered the long-closed temple, and the delirium of delight which made some of them sit out their remaining days at the unexpected and inexhaustible banquet.

The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1444, conferred this boon on Western Europe, by scattering Greeks and Greek manuscripts through Italy and Germany; but the language of Plato, of Chrysostom, and of the New Testament was still the monopoly of a favoured few. Before he left Paris Erasmus had already made marked proficiency; but in England one great attraction was Oxford, with its distinguished Grecians, Grocyn, Linaere, and William Latimer. In their congenial society he added largely to previous acquisitions; and the hospitalities of Oxford he repaid to England a few years afterwards when at Cambridge, as professor of Greek, he gave to the mathematical university a classical renown, which in the persons of Barrow, and Bentley, and Porson, has been nobly perpetuated.

In 1500, Erasmus published the first of his larger works, a collection of "Adages," or proverbial sayings, compiled from authors, Greek and Roman. It is a work of wonderful industry, in its ultimate form containing upwards of 4,000 phrases, all of them explained, many of them traced to their origin, and not a few of them commented upon and applied with great frankness and pungency. Like Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," like Southey's "Commonplace Book" and "Doctor," the "Adages" of Erasmus are an inexhaustible repository; a sort of fireside

museum or curiosity shop, with contents so droll, so ingenious, so beautiful, as might suffice to beguile the longest winter that ever snowed up Iceland, and brighten the densest fog that ever brooded over London.

He had reached his fortieth year when he set out on a visit to Italy. To the scholar of that age Italy was what Mecca is to the Moslem, and in the universities of Turin, Bologna, and Padua, he found a requital for his pilgrimage. At the same time, his visit to the head-quarters of the Papacy was not calculated to increase his devotion to the Church, for it was the pontificate of that sanguinary ruffian, Julius the Second; and although cajoled and flattered by Pope and Cardinals, Erasmus came away from Rome with his eyes opened to the hypocrisy of the higher ecclesiastics, and with his heart sickened at the wars and the wickednesses carried on by the so-called Vicar of Christ. As he slowly jogged back over the Alps and down the Rhine, his musings on mankind in general and monks in particular, shaped themselves into a satire, which, as soon as he found himself safe under the roof of Sir Thomas More, he sat down and wrote off in nine days. "The Praise of Folly" ought to be a continuous irony; but when he has occasion to show up the silly trifling of the schoolmen, the low lives of the mendicant friars, the greed and grasping of the successors of those Apostles who forsook all when they followed their Master—the ink grows so caustic as to burn holes in the paper, and from the time that this *jeu d'esprit* came forth its author could expect nothing but rancorous hatred from the clergy. "Pray, walk into my parlour," said the spider to the fly; and after the appearance of "The Praise of Folly," the writer received pressing invitations to return to Rome; but he had been in the Pope's parlour already, and he was too old and wise a fly to venture back again.

This humorous and plain-spoken book preceded the Reformation by many years, and must have had a great effect in opening the eyes of men to ecclesiastical abuses, as well as to other crimes and follies of the time. But its popularity was surpassed by a work which appeared in 1524, the success of which we believe to be quite unmatched in the annals of modern Latin literature. The "Colloquies" came out at Paris, and by spreading a report beforehand that the work was prohibited, the knowing publisher had so excited people's curiosity, that an edition of 24,000 copies was exhausted in a single day, and the reprints are all but numberless. With its happy sketches of men and manners, with its sparkling vivacity, with the good feeling which is constantly gleaming out, and with the cleverness which can never be hid, there is no wonder that it has proved a universal favourite; but it contains little that was calculated to reinstate him in the good graces of the Romish clergy.

Early in life Erasmus had published an admirable work, "The Handbook of the Christian Soldier," which, like most of his religious treatises, evades the doubtful disputations of scholastic theology, and is an effort, earnest and enlightened, to explain the truths and enforce the duties essential to a Scriptural piety. And although a charm would be added to these writings by more fervour and unction, we must accept them as the effusions of a mind sagacious and sensible rather than glowing or imaginative, and more intent on the practical than the ideal. They are singularly free from the asceticism and ceremonial observances of Popery, and they exhibit the Gospel and the way of salvation much more clearly than you will find them in "The Whole Duty of Man," or the sermons which formed the Sunday reading of many a "good old English gentleman" last century. Comparing the "Enchiridion" with

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," most readers would say that the Englishman is the most devout; but I think it must be confessed that, Papist as he is, the Dutchman is the most evangelical. Nor should we forget the courage with which he assails popular vices; amongst others, that splendid folly or specious crime which we all lament, but the guilt of which it is always so difficult to fix on any perpetrator—war, I mean. Erasmus is the true father of the Peace Society.

But the greatest services which Erasmus conferred on theological truth, and on the cause of religion pure and undefiled, remain to be mentioned. The first of these was the publication of the New Testament in Greek in the year 1518, when he was fifty-one years of age; the other, his Paraphrase or Exposition, which appeared in 1522.

Although the art of printing had existed for eighty years, it is remarkable that the original records of the Christian faith were still only to be found in manuscript. Of these Erasmus compared some five copies, for the sake of ensuring greater accuracy; and with a Latin translation subjoined—his own amended version of the Vulgate—the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles were handed forth to the learned of Europe in the language originally employed, from the press of the editor's friend, Frobenius of Basle.

To this work was prefixed a letter from the Pope, praising the attempt and patronising the author. A Papal bull in favour of the Bible! How odd! You would as soon expect to hear a free Gospel preached by a seller of indulgences, or to see an edict of toleration issued by the General of the Inquisition. But Leo had a kindly feeling towards Erasmus, and, like the rest of the Medici, he was fond of Greek; and so, as Peter's successor, he employed the seal of the fisherman to sanction the publication of Peter's Epistles,

and those other documents which are destined to explode the Papacy.

In truth, Leo—a scholar, a voluptuary, and a gentlemanly infidel—in the chair of St. Peter was in a false situation; and in permitting the publication of such a book, he committed the mistake into which a bigot or a wary churchman would not have fallen. The monks and the inferior clergy knew better. They looked at the book, with the bull prefixed, and felt very much as you may suppose that his attorney would feel, if, in a fit of antiquarian noodleism, some country squire had gone to his charter chest and published the documents which prove that he and his line are intruders and impostors, and that the estates ought all this time to be in the hands of others. There, if that infallible idiot had not gone and put his name to a book which told all the world that the vineyard belonged, not to the old Roman husbandmen, but to Wicliffite upstarts and Waldensian claimants! You never saw such a sensation, unless you may have happened to be present when the roof was taken off from some ancient barn, and amidst hisses and wheezing and various anathemas, the owls remonstrated with you for disturbing the darkness of ages. A storm was raised, not only against the book, but against the language in which it was written. The orthodox thanked Heaven that they could not read Greek, and the more knowing circulated a rumour that a language had been lately invented, with characters crabbed and unchristian-looking, and of such a deadly quality, that whosoever learned it was sure to become a heretic.

The “sign” was “spoken against;” but the book was largely read, and its work went on. Amongst its earliest students was a young graduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. He had become concerned about his soul, and his confessor prescribed penances which emptied his purse and

exhausted his body, but which neither lightened his conscience nor weakened the evil within. At last he heard of this wonderful Testament. He longed to possess it; but the confessors had warned him against books in Hebrew and Greek, as the sources of every heresy. But his heart was on fire, and in order to get at the water which would cool this fever he could risk some danger. He stole out, bought the new volume, and secretly conveyed into his chamber the Testament of our Lord and Saviour. "Opening it," says Merle d'Aubigné, "his eyes caught the words, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' He laid down the book, and meditated on the astonishing declaration, 'What! St. Paul the chief of sinners, and yet St. Paul is sure of being saved!' As he continued to ponder, it seemed as if a refreshing gale were blowing over his spirit, or as if a rich treasure had been placed in his hands. 'I also am like Paul, and more than Paul: I am the greatest of sinners. But Christ saves sinners. Christ, and not the Church: Christ, and not masses and indulgences.' And Bilney was saved." And a like process, from a like origin, passed through the mind of Tyndale at Oxford: and thus, as has been shown so admirably, the true hero of the English Reformation was neither Henry, nor the better men who gave their bodies to be burned,—Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer; but the real Reformer was that blessed book which England since has multiplied by at least fifty million copies, and which first found currency as the Greek Testament of Desiderius Erasmus.

The labours of our author did not terminate with his Greek edition. Four years afterwards he brought out his "Paraphrase, or Explanation of all the Books of the New Testament,"—the Apocalypse excepted: a book which found such favour that it was soon translated into the

different European languages, and in England, by royal proclamation, it was ordered that a copy should be procured for every parish, and fastened securely to the reading-desk. This was entirely in the spirit of the author, and carrying out the object with which his task had been undertaken. In his preface, he says that he had never agreed with those who would keep the Scriptures from the laity; and with his characteristic shrewdness he asks, "Who were Christ's original hearers? Were they not a promiscuous multitude, including publicans, beggars, centurions, artizans, boys and women? And would He refuse to let His words be read by the people whom He allowed to hear them? For my part, I say,—Let the farmer read, and the carpenter, and the mason: let the wretched Magdalene read: let the Turk himself read. I should be sorry to shut out from His book, those whom Christ did not shut out from the sound of His voice." And further on, with a slight touch of sarcasm, he adds: "I know that it is assigned to pastors to take this bread of life, broken by Christ, and distribute it to the people. But what if pastors are wanting? and what if they are turned into wolves? Their province it is to dig the wells, and draw the waters of salvation, and present them to the people, that they die not of thirst in the desert. But what if the shepherds are changed into Philistines? what if they stop up with earth the wells? What shall the flock—what shall God's people do? They must betake themselves to the Prince of pastors, Jesus. He still lives, and has not abandoned the care of His flock." He then goes on to say, "The laity may not be learned, but they are rational. They are the sheep from which our shepherds are made. And before now, it has happened that a sheep has shown more sense than his shepherd." "Nor will the Spirit of Jesus be wanting even to the solitary worshipper searching the

Scripture in Christ's name; whilst in vain will thousands congregate, unless it be in that name that they meet together." 4

For this Paraphrase we confess a high admiration. It is fair, straightforward, acute, and, like the other religious treatises of its author, it is written in a tone very different from the jauntiness and occasional buffoonery of his less serious productions.

Erasmus is one of those characters to which it is not easy to do justice. Both Papists and Protestants agree that he had no business to die in the communion of the Church of Rome, and yet he never left it. To the wilder Romanists, it would have been a great relief if he had gone away; for, although both the bull and the porcelain may be your own property, you would rather part with the bull than have him always in the china-shop; and although Mother Church offered him a choice of stalls, and no end of provender, Erasmus was a mischievous creature, who was always putting his horns amongst the old lady's crockery. The consequence is, that to make a decent Catholic of this irreverent scapegrace is now-a-days very difficult; and, to see a copy of one of his books—say, the Paraphrase—expurgated for the use of the faithful,—all the Gospel clipped out,—all the skits at friars and confessors pasted over,—and whole leaves torn away as incurably tainted with heresy—it is one of the greatest curiosities of literature; and we can well forgive the bitter epigrams which the sons of the Church have heaped on his memory.

On the other hand, the last Protestant critique which we have read on Erasmus,* doubts if he could have been a Christian; and if they did not stand in doubt of him, to many of the Reformers he was a perplexity and a provoca-

* An able article in "The Christian Review," (U.S.,) reprinted in "The British and Foreign Evangelical Review," for October, 1858.

tion. With the sentiments he had openly avowed, they held that, in all logical consistency, he was bound to come over to their side; and as he never came, Luther, Von Hutten, and other heroic spirits, ascribed his position as a sort of Protestant within the pale of Popery, to insincerity, pusillanimity, the want of moral courage.

For such charges we wish that there was no foundation; but the fabric of reproach which has been erected by the maligners of Erasmus, is far higher than that foundation will carry. In order to estimate his procedure aright, we must try to ascertain the view which he took of his own procedure and policy. Had he any theory of himself? Was he conscious of any calling? Was he governed by any principles?

To answer these questions by document and quotation would detain us till next Tuesday; so, perhaps, you will accept for what it is worth the conclusion to which we have been brought by some consideration of his works and history.

The basis of his character was, so to speak, literary or æsthetic. His birth and upbringing were most unhappy. A poor little outcast, continually taunted and buffeted about, he well understood the force of the maxim—"Hit him hard, he has got no friends." But the same treatment which was so unfavourable for the growth of the affections, was well calculated to sharpen the perceptive faculties; and, like other hunted creatures, he grew keen-scented, sharp of sight and hearing, very timid, somewhat coy and secretive, affecting neutral tints and twilight hours; and, as he munched his morsel in secret, after every other bite pricking up his ears and listening for an enemy. It needs no Darwin to tell us that this mild little rodent will never develop into a Leonine Luther, or rhinocerostic Hutten; and with roguery and baseness on every side, with kindred

that disown him, with guardians who strip him of his patrimony, with a comrade who, under false pretences, entraps him into a convent, and, within that convent, in contact with the coarsest and meanest of mankind, the wonder is that he did not yield to "fate," and settle down in monkish sottishness, steeping his sorrows in alternate beer and buttermilk, according as the days were full or fasting.

From this he was saved by being opportunely ushered into an unexpected and sublime society. There was a room at Stein which only one besides frequented, but it was the haunt of the mighty ones unseen; and there, in that library, as he grew into the acquaintance of fathers and apostles, and grand imperial Romans, his eyes dazzled with delight, and he felt that a perpetuation of such fellowship would be little short of an earthly paradise. Books, or rather the master spirits who survive in books, became his friends; and, whilst the contrast between these glorious thinkers and the inglorious guzzlers round him edged his spirit with contempt, he was no longer without a purpose and a joy; for, divested of idle ceremonies, he had found in Christianity a reasonable service; and, in the literature of Christian and classical antiquity, he had discovered a life-long solace.

A man with an awakened conscience like Luther, and with a vehement forthgoing spirit, reads also in a convent library,—but it is not literature at large. He ranges through one Book, for it is within that enclosure, if anywhere on earth, that he will find the food convenient for his famished soul; and now that he has sprung upon the long-sought truth, the whole place is startled with the roar of the lion proclaiming his discovery. Burning bulls, defying popes, dauntless before emperors, it is soon seen that Rome has got no trap, and Christendom no cage, for this tremendous king of the German forest.

But the conies are a feeble folk.* Erasmus had found great spoil. He had found a religion at once rational and spiritual, and which, to his now languid affections, gave a certain seriousness and tenderness. And he had also found a treasury of thought, sublime and beautiful, which, for his remaining years, might furnish pleasant pastime, as well as honourable occupation. Philosophy and faith, intelligence and piety, sound sense and Christian sanctity, he deemed were helps meet for one another; and the partners which God had joined together, he grudged that man should put asunder.

After his cautious fashion he began to experiment, and published books which were at once pleasing and edifying, and not the less Christian for being classical. They found great favour. Men's eyes began to open. Soldiers were becoming scholars; and even monks were growing studious. Preachers, like his friend Colet, and Fisher of Rochester, were addressing to crowded audiences sermons full of Scripture and full of earnestness. It almost looked as if a reign of good sense and reality were about to arise, in which the superstitions and follies of Popery would gradually pass away, and Europe would one morning awake and find itself peaceful and moral, refined and religious. Merry as a marriage bell, it was advancing so nicely, when, all of a sudden, there came rolling and roaring from the heart of Saxony that terrible earthquake. Bells jangled, convents tumbled, and, in the horrible hurly-burly, what could the conies do but scamper off, heels over head, back to their hiding-places in the rock?

* From the use of the word "rodent" in the context, it may be as well to warn the reader that the "coney" of the Bible is, according to Cuvier, a pachyderm; still, his habits will always suggest to English readers the rat, the rabbit, and such other furtive and absconding rodents.

The temperament of Erasmus was cautious and timid, and we must not forget that he was fifty years old when Luther first published his "Theses:" and although our own Saunders and Latimer, and many besides, are examples of men nobly renouncing the errors of a long life, and still more nobly surrendering that life in allegiance to newly-discovered truth, good feeling will not always ascribe to want of principle what may be mainly want of ardour. When his reforming friends urged Erasmus to turn out of his lurking place and take the consequences, he answered with some irony and equal candour, but perhaps with too much levity, "It is not every one who receives the grace which makes a martyr, and in the day of trial I fear that I should repeat St. Peter."

Still more important is it to remember that Erasmus was not a professed theologian. He was THE SCHOLAR and THE SAGE of Rotterdam, wishing to lead a studious life, and, like most men of critical conformation, keenly alive to the faults on both sides. Luther he admired for his intellectual vigour and gigantic honesty, but he owed him a secret grudge for his embroilment of Christendom, and for that universal overturn which had rendered impossible Erasmus' scheme of a gradual and gentle self-reformation; and it need be no secret that he looked with disfavour on noisy controversies which seemed to call off men's minds from the duties of practical piety, and which threatened to postpone indefinitely that golden age of general culture and brotherly kindness which he had once dared to dream as the future of Europe. To this must be added, that although on many points he had anticipated the Reformers, he seems never to have dreamed of seceding from the Church of Rome. He laughed at the monks—he proclaimed the crimes of Pope Julius—he advocated the translation of the Scriptures into the modern vernaculars—in his last illness he would confess to no other priest but Jesus Christ, and

he died without absolution; and yet, having lived for half a century in the belief, implicit and undisturbed, that there was only one Church on earth, we can well understand how, with a nature like his, and so late in the day, it would have required no ordinary grace to cut himself off from the ancient communion, besides incurring the too probable results of bonds and martyrdom.

The industry of Erasmus was enormous; and besides works of his own which fill many folios, he was the first, or among the first, who gave to the world the printed works of Demosthenes, Galen, Aristotle, Quintus Curtius, and other Greek and Roman classics; besides fathers of the Church, such as Ambrose, Athanasius, Augustine, Cyprian, Epiphanius, Gregory Nazianzen, Jerome. But undoubtedly his greatest benefaction was first his Greek Testament, and then his Paraphrase; and although he missed the opportunity of becoming a more brilliant Melanchthon, it must never be forgotten that amongst the scholars of Europe, beyond all other men, he was the means of breaking the spell of superstition, and that he gave, even in Papal lands, a freedom and independence to intellect which it has never since surrendered.

But, after all, "The foolishness of God is wiser than man." His solicitude for letters made Erasmus half-hearted towards the religious Reformation; the event has proved, that for emancipating or ennobling mind there is no power comparable to the truth as it is in Jesus. Could Erasmus revisit the scene, he would find that in Italy no second Petrarch or Dante has sung; that in France the Muses have a terrible time of it in the perpetual see-saw betwixt military despotism and fierce revolutions; that even in orthodox Austria and Spain his own works are odious as those of a traitor and heretic. But during the interval he would find, that in countries where Luther and his sturdy

pioneers had cleared the copse and stirred the soil, over and above a splendid crop of industry and liberty and piety, there had sprung up no despicable samples of mind and taste and scholarship. Even in far and forgotten Scandinavia he would find Tycho Brahe, Thorwaldsen, Berzelius, and Linnæus. In his own Holland he would not be ashamed of Grotius and Rembrandt, of Hoofd and Bilderdijk and Tollens. Even if Newton and Bacon could be got at in Latin, he might at last deign to learn English for the sake of Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Cowper, Walter Scott and Bulwer Lytton—for the sake of Locke, Reid, and Hamilton—for the sake of Prescott and Mottley, as well as Gibbon, Hume, and Macaulay. And on the very homestead of that tremendous overturner he would find flourishing reputations which required large room to grow in, and would soon learn to appreciate Leibnitz and Kant, Humboldt and Leibig, Klopstock and Wieland, Goethe and Schiller.

THE
Relations between Religion and Art.

A LECTURE

BY

REV. WILLIAM POLLOCK, M.A.

THE

RELATIONS BETWEEN RELIGION AND ART.

ALTHOUGH my subject has to do with Art, I must begin with the frank avowal that I have no pretensions whatever to call myself an Artist. My whole acquaintance with Art simply amounts to this, that, with perhaps some natural appreciation of colour, and proportion, and harmony, it has been always a matter of choice, and, indeed, I might almost add, a matter of conscience with me also, to lose no opportunity of visiting and of studying, as I might, whether in this or in other countries, whatever higher works of Art might be found at any time around me. And thus I have been able not only to enjoy many a delicious treat, but also to store my memory with many an agreeable, and I think, too, with many an improving recollection. And I say this, my dear young friends, not for my own, but for your sake. Rely upon it, you will be helped upon your way by all that multiplies your resources, and refines your tastes. Acquire a painter's eye, even though you cannot handle a painter's brush, and the objects of every landscape will group themselves in new attractions; there will be new richness in every gleam of light, new emphasis in every deepening shade. Investigate the principles, or search out the history of Architecture, and every stone in ancient Church or ruined

tower will speak with you of the forgotten past; nay, many a time you will stumble on some point of surpassing interest, while you thread the darkest alleys or most crowded thoroughfares of the City. Endeavour to attain for yourselves to some artistic exercise, and many an evening hour, which would otherwise hang heavily on your hands, will then be gladly set apart for pursuits which are at least innocent and elevating, and which often help to hold the breach against the ingress of temptation and self-debasement.

But, to come to the matter in hand,—the Relations between Religion and Art. Are there then, indeed, any such relations? To this question I believe that there are some good men who would not hesitate to answer, No. Religion, they would argue, is a purely spiritual, and Art, upon the other hand, a purely material thing; and, therefore, these two are plainly incompatible with each other. Let Art, by all means, range the universe of Sense, and there set up her studios, and achieve her triumphs; but Religion—it is for her to confine herself within the limits of the intangible and the unseen, and every alliance which she forms with matter can tend only to her depravation and enslavement.

There is at first sight, perhaps, a seeming truth in reasonings such as these. But their value is, I am persuaded, less real than apparent. The absolute divorce of matter from spirit, as though they had no common interests, is rather a dogma of human imagination than a verity of the Divine ordainment. Man himself, and especially when he rises to his true and normal type in the great Son of Man, is God's own living answer to the cavil that matter is essentially a corrupt and unhallowed thing. And the Sadducee, who denied all spiritual existences, was scarcely a greater blasphemer against the Father of spirits, than was the Manichee of a later day, who boldly impeached the Creator of men's bodies as the author of a foul creation.

But, not to pursue such disquisition further, it is enough for my present purpose to say that, complex beings as we are, God requires at our hands not the homage of our spirits only. The presentation of our bodies also as "a living sacrifice," appertains just as emphatically, even at this present time, to our "reasonable service;" while in the vision of the pregnant future and of its splendid destinies we see the risen body reunited to the ransomed soul, and both alike engaged in His worship, and setting forth His glory.

Now the laws which thus govern man rule also in all around him. The complexity of his nature reflects itself in everything with which he has to do. A spirit without a body, a form, or a letter, in which to dwell, and act, and manifest itself, except only in our abstract conceptions of Deity, is a thing utterly unknown to us. The most sublimated revelation demands some vehicle for its conveyance, if man is to receive and understand it. The most abstract truth had no abiding place among us if it were not for the work of the pen, or the impression of the type, or the illustration of the diagram, or the utterance of the tongue. The wildest irregularity of the Puritan was after all a form—a form of protest if you will—but yet, in spite of his aversion to forms, an informal form of worship, a formal nonconformity. In a word, do what we will, we never can get wholly rid of the sensible, nor is the purely spiritual ever to be attained to. Meanwhile, the sovereignty of God is an universal sovereignty. He is the liege Lord of all creation, and His righteous requirement is the fealty of every power that He has given, and every creature that He has made. And it belongs accordingly to true Religion, instead of withdrawing herself, even if she might, within the narrower circle of spirit, to go forth rather in her Master's name, claiming for Him the realms of sense

also; nor ceasing from her loyal labours until "Holiness to the Lord" is stamped on the whole mechanism of existence, and man is serving God with the best gifts that he possesses, the best conquests he has achieved, and the best member that he has.

If this be so, Art is no longer a thing essentially secular and profane; nor is the painter, or the sculptor, or the architect, or the musician exempted from the lien which God holds on man and all that appertains to him. Nay, but rather there is both room and work for each and all of them amidst the manifold services of His household. Let them but sanctify themselves before the Lord, and He will both smile upon their labours, and perhaps even expand their powers. Is He not the same who "filled" of old Bezaleel and Aholiab with "His Spirit, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship," to carry out His designs and specifications,—to execute, so to speak, His own working-drawings of the Tabernacle? And although the works of these God-taught artists were not destined to endure, yet they "served" in their day "unto the example and shadow of heavenly things," such as are for us and our children. And among the rest I seem to learn from their striking history, that Art itself also may be birthed in heavenly inspirations, and haply bear its hallowed gifts, a rich and accepted offering, even into that "true tabernacle, which the Lord hath pitched, and not man."

In defending Art from the aspersions which have been cast upon it, I would venture upon a further observation. The whole plausibility of the objection, such as it is, to the employment of Art in the service of Religion, lies in its assumed materialism. Now I have been arguing hitherto that, even admitting this assumption, the separation of Religion and Art would not necessarily follow, since God has His own claim upon matter, not less than upon spirit

and mind. But still, I might have taken stronger ground again. There is no other position, perhaps, more untenable than this, that Art is material only. Who has not rather felt that all Art which deserves the name has in truth what in a sense may be even called a soul? And that soul has many a time seemed to commune directly with our own, as it looked out upon us from the silent canvas, or moved before us in the rigid marble, or discoursed with us in the gushing melody. We have seemed, spirit as it was, to detect its characteristic attributes, whether social, political, or ecclesiastical, as we have trodden the courts of palaces, or stood in the naves of Churches, or visited in turn the frowning fortress, or the stately forum, or the lightsome mansion. In vaulted roof and pointed arch, in fluted pillar and sculptured capital, in every minutest detail the soul of Architecture has found for us a voice and utterance, the very "stone crying out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answering it." And shall not this, too, be regarded as abundant evidence that to cast out Art as an anathema were to sin against the providential purposes of Him who has ordained all things for His glory? Where He has bestowed such full-fraught influences as Art can surely sway, whether for good or evil, over us, is it not fitting that those influences be employed for Him, and not against Him? He Himself has set us an example, making Nature all around us to bear witness to Him. And Art, which after all is but Nature's humble copyist, will then, and then only, as we understand it, have perfectly fulfilled her mission, when she too is pleading for His honour, and has become vocal with His praise!

And a great deal of all this has been happily conceded in the day we live in. Many of the old prejudices against Art in connexion with our holy things, many indeed which once were wont to issue in bitter and angry heart-burnings,

have now been practically abandoned. No man seems nowadays any longer to imagine that we are bound to make the house of prayer as like a barn as possible; or to leave, as good John Wesley put it, all the good music to the Devil. The Church, architecturally considered, promises to become once more, not the reproach, but the ornament of the parish; and the Chapel, with advances yet more startling toward artistic style and decoration, seems resolved to rival, if not to outshine our Churches. The organ in each alike peals forth its sounding diapason, such as you might almost think would waken up from his slumber near some stern old father of Nonconformity, and make him sure that, by some fatal turn, things had lapsed again to Babylon! And Churchmen and Dissenters are meeting every day, not alone in the Young Men's Christian Association and on the Bible platform, but also in the Hullah class or the Choral Society, to find that, after all their differences, both heart and voice can blend harmoniously together in the praises of their common Saviour! Meanwhile, a glance at the catalogue of any of our exhibitions will show that sacred subjects are once more attracting largely the attention of the painter. Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise; for the cultivation of Art generally has of late years received so marked an impetus among us, that it must needs, more or less, have come in contact with sacred things; Religion, blessed be God! having at the same moment marvellously revived in our midst. And this itself is another proof, if it were yet wanting, that Art and Religion are not necessarily antagonistic powers, but rather that legitimate relations undoubtedly subsist between them.

But now comes the real difficulty of the question with which I am dealing. What are those legitimate relations? and how shall they be defined? And here I answer frankly that, as far as I know, it is not, perhaps, possible very accu-

rately to define them. In the solution of inquiries such as this, Revelation has not indeed been silent; but still it has done no more than to lay down some broad and general principles of action, leaving their application in detail partly to the individual conscience, and partly to the wisdom gathered from observation and experience. What my conscience, carefully informed, condemns, or even disallows, that I should avoid, on the one hand; what I have plainly seen to be mischievous in its tendency, even though my conscience is silent, that I must at any rate refrain from advocating, on the other. As regards the matter in hand, we can go, perhaps, no farther than this—The Holy Ghost saith, “Let all things be done unto edifying.” And again, “Whatsoever ye do, whether in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him.” Such are the commandments given. It seems to me that the relations after which we seek may be discovered in their light. Let Art be subservient only to the edification of God’s elect, not to their perversion from the faith; let her oblations be a grateful tribute rendered as to a loving Father, and not a vainglorious effort of self-exalting arrogance; let her movements have regard not to human follies or falsehoods, but let them have a single eye to the supremacy of Christ, to His honour, to His truth, to His salvation—then will the relations between Religion and Art be at once lawful and sanctified, just as under the alternatives imagined they will be forbidden and illegitimate relations. I must now say something, but it must be very cursorily—the subject is one for folios, not for a single lecture—on the application of these principles to the four great Arts, Music, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting: reserving myself, however, chiefly for the latter.

I. First, then, as to Music. Of its intimate connexion with religion none have ever doubted. In its ravished utter-

ances the soul has still sought vent instinctively for all its deeper fervours. Whether the exulting Song of Moses rose higher than the surge's roar, where the royal people had passed unscathed, and the chivalry of Egypt perished; or whether David waked his harp to many a tuneful strain—that sweet Psalmist of Israel; or whether the voices of Paul and Silas broke upon the stilly midnight,—it was the Lord's song they sung, though in a strange land; what wonder if the doors were opened and the foundations of the prison shaken? or whether there still lies before us that unrepealed statute of the Kingdom, "Is any merry? let him sing Psalms;" the practice of the Church of God has been the same in every age. The voice of melody has been still in the midst of her a frequent voice of prayer, and the chosen voice of praise. The only points of discussion here concern not the introduction of music into the service of religion, but only the style of the music to be introduced, and the limits within which it is to be confined.

And not venturing upon the details of so large a subject; not daring to decide absolutely between the Ambrosian type and the Gregorian, the more popular and harmonious, or the more classic and severe, I would simply say, that in order to be edifying, all such sacred music as is meant for public worship—and with this only I am dealing now—must, at any rate, be strictly solemn, strictly simple, and strictly congregational. It must be what the heart can immediately adopt as a true channel of devotion, and what the ear, if one has an ear, can immediately take in and appreciate. It must help the sense of the words employed, not hinder it. It must kindle and elicit united worship, not chill and veto it. The great fault to be found with the music of our Churches is, in nine cases out of ten, that the choir is too small. It should include the whole congregation. In very many instances, again, we could well afford

that such choir as does exist should instantly be abolished. Oh, that miserable compound of unhallowed levity, impracticable self-conceit, and pretentious pedantry, which, sheet of music in hand, often occupies the organ loft, or as it is then more properly called the "orchestra," in our Churches ! It is little to the credit of religion that the singers, it may be, of the free concert-room, or the casino on the week-day, should lead the praises of the Sabbath. And yet, practically, the result is little better, when highly artistic "services" are "performed," however correctly, by decent and surpliced choristers. I would not willingly give expression to an uncharitable judgment, but I feel that I ought not to shrink from recording a deep conviction, which is founded not on prejudice, for it would rather lead me in an opposite direction, but on the observation of many years. However undesirable it is that cultivated taste should be offended by debased and screaming psalmody, still the growth of spiritual religion is not favoured by a large and preponderating importation even of the best music into worship. I find that, wherever this practice prevails, men become less careful for worship itself than for the manner of it. They will probably, indeed, themselves confess that, apart from such artificial stimulation, devotion languishes and dies ; which is only too sure a proof that they are strangers to its living power. Accompaniments, too, will be seldom wanting, such as point towards a declension from "the simplicity that is in Christ." The tendency is to run into a mere external ritualism—and that is death indeed.

II. Of Architecture I have already said a passing word, to which time warns me that little can be added now. I am bound to confess, however, that I never was able to understand how it is for God's glory that we should meet for His worship in buildings, of which, if they were to be used for any secular purpose, we should be positively ashamed ;

unless indeed it be true, as doubtless it sometimes is, that such buildings represent after all a loving and worthy effort on the part of some impoverished community, who have done their utmost in erecting them. Where this is so, God forbid that one should dare to criticise what He has unquestionably accepted, and what He surely lights up with His presence, and visits with His salvation. But apart from such extreme cases, there can be, I apprehend, no piety in disproportion—no necessary connexion between galleries and grace; and in naked whitewash, or paltry lath and plaster, no especial helps for worship. Nor do I think it for the soul's health that we should surround ourselves in our own dwellings, each according to his station, with more or less of artistic ornament; and forget all other considerations but those of a pinching parsimony, such as ignores every demand of taste and sentiment, in our provision for the house of prayer. Such was not the thought of him who would not "dwell in an house of cedar, while the house of God dwelt in curtains;" neither would he "offer to God that which cost him nothing." And though God indeed dwells no longer in temples made with hands, and though His true sacrifice is a broken spirit, and no gifts are half so precious to Him as the prayer of the penitent and the poor; yet still, as I read the Gospel, He will not frown upon, but favour, the lavish offerings of love. I understand not otherwise the warm acceptance which loving Mary met for that "alabaster box of spikenard, very precious." Unless it were meant to teach that there can be no waste at all in whatever the heart demands and the hand expends for Jesus, I know not why it is that "wheresoever the Gospel is preached," the thing which that woman did is "told for a memorial of her."

But for the rest, let your structure be not more rich and solid and beautiful, than it is chaste, and simple, and severe.

Let no gaudy glitter shame the place of your solemnities. Let no sensuous symbolism court the vagrant thought, and so imperil the spirituality of worship. Away with that would-be Altar, however gorgeous its outfit, which suggests another offering than that once offered on the cross, the which has "for ever perfected them that are sanctified!" Away, too, with that Popish Rood-screen, however elaborate its carvings, which allows the priest only an access to the Holiest of all; which ignores the true priesthood of all Christian people; and which exiles God from the nave and from the aisle, to shut Him up within the chancel! And angels nodding overhead, and evil spirits trampled on beneath; and words of Holy Writ enscrolled, not legibly and unto edifying, but only used, in irreverent folly, as mere architectural decorations; and grinning monsters, too, in reredos, or corbel, or gargoyle, caricatures of God's creation, in God's own holy house—away, I say, with all of them! In a word, let the house of prayer be so fair in all its features, so like an earthly threshold to the upper sanctuary, that on every account alike, if it be possible, it shall be in the heart to say, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand!" Let it so possess an atmosphere and breathe a sentiment of its own, and let everything it presents withal be so plainly in the interests of truth and righteousness, that it shall seem to be written on every wall, "This is none other than the house of God;" and men shall enter in with lowly step, and bated breath, as to seek audience of a present Saviour.

III. Of all the Arts, the relations of the art of Sculpture with Religion seem to be the most obscure and remote. I know not whether this is distinguishable or no in the seeming specialty which some have discovered in the commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any *graven* image;" but I do know that wherever any sculpture is

introduced in our Churches, except that which confines itself strictly to mouldings, traceries, bosses, and other matters of mere decoration, the effect to my own mind is nearly always most unhappy. I never saw an angel yet appear to any advantage who was sculptured even in the most massive oak, or in the richest marble, or the finest Caen stone. Nor does it help me at all to appreciate the true terrors of the powers of darkness, to see them embodied in the misshapen forms to which I have before alluded. There are doubtless some exquisite pulpits, which are very marvels in sculpture; but somehow or other they almost invariably present something offensive to taste or truth. Verbruggen's masterpiece, for instance, in the Cathedral at Brussels, represents the history of the Fall otherwise with no little beauty, but above is the Virgin directing her infant child to crush with the foot of the cross the head of the serpent! Nothing can be more utterly abominable than the cage-like Purgatories, with their solid souls in gilded flames, which disfigure the noble entrances to many foreign Churches. And the crucifix, that staple of religious sculpture, apart from all other objections, and regarded but as a work of Art, is almost in every case an unpardonable failure. Many a time as I have looked on the emaciated and distorted form which is meant to set forth the world's Redeemer, in the very act of redemption, I could have almost imagined that it was rather some hideous Fetish of the heathen which had been set up before me; and in all the falsehood of the representation, all the vulgarity of the conception, and all the coarseness of the exposure, I have felt as if the Son of God was visibly "crucified afresh, and put to an open shame." For the rest, I do not see that there is much gain for religion in those monuments to the dead which sometimes occupy so large a space in churches; and in which too often the heathen

emblems of inverted torch, or funereal urn, or weeping cypress, preserves a sad consistency with the fulsome and unchristian epitaph. The confession which I am about to make may be at variance with the popular sentiment, and expose me perhaps to some degree of censure. But for myself I am bound to acknowledge that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's would be to me at least quite as solemn in their aspect, if, maintaining still the purity of their primitive architectural outlines, they were more like places simply where prayer is wont to be made, and had ceased to be to so large an extent chiefly galleries of statuary. The tombs of kings and heroes, of statesmen and poets and historians, ay, and of artists too, I value as much as any man for the honour done in them to the mighty dead, and for the associations that hang around them. But not even to say that many of them represent at best a most debased type of Art, I would rather visit them if it might be within a structure set apart for themselves; or at any rate I would confine them within the antechambers of our holy places. I would rather be without their presence where we actually meet for worship.

To repeat what I have said already. So far at any rate as my own observation extends, the presence of sculpture within the Church, except in the form of enrichment only, has rarely much to recommend it. The true relations between Religion and Sculpture, in its higher walks, amount probably to this, that Revelation supplies many a subject which might form a most legitimate study for the sculptor. But, for whatever reason, it is certain that he, above all the sons of Art, has dealt hitherto both the most abstemiously and also the least successfully in holy things.

IV. I come now to painting. And here I begin by saying that while the subject is a large one, still there are certain clear limits within which we may confine our atten-

tion. The arts of Music and Architecture are in direct contact with Religion, as regards the manner or the place of her celebrations; and because of its affinity to Architecture, and its capability of being blended with it, the same may be said to a certain extent of Sculpture also. But it is not so with Painting. Except only in the painted window, and then it is for the light's, not for the painting's sake, I know no lawful place for it within the house of prayer. If it be employed to supply remembrances of the unseen, this is plainly forbidden. On the other hand, the picture demands attention for itself, and never can contribute anything to the general effect of a building. So that at best it can but distract attention, and is always out of place in Churches. In examining the relations between Painting and Religion our field of observation is reduced accordingly. We exclude all idea of the introduction of that art within the scene or the solemnities of worship; and we shall have simply to inquire how far the treatment of religious subjects is fairly within the province of the painter, and how and in what spirit he is bound to treat them.

I say, then, without hesitation, that here a vast field of labour, and one full of the most inviting material, legitimately lies before him. In all the range of literature or history it is simply impossible to meet the picturesque, the graphic, the beautiful, in richer and more complicated variety, than where with ever-shifting combinations, as in some magnificent diorama, they present themselves continually on the face of the Bible page. What stories after all so tender, so wild, so touching, so full of dramatic incident as Bible stories! What heroes so puissant as the Bible's in heroic deeds and darings! what characters standing forth in such massive development and in such intensest light! Look at the whole histories, for instance, of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joseph, of Moses, of Joshua, of Samson, of

Samuel, of Saul, of David, of Elijah and Elisha, of the Baptist, of Peter, of Paul—there is scarcely one recorded scene which does not suggest a study for the artist. Look at the Gospel narrative, even if it stood alone—its mighty marvels, its defined details, its effective groupings, its varied landscape, its imposing imagery—and see the same great Figure still central in the scene, speaking as man never spake, working as man never wrought, suffering as man never suffered, and dying as man never died. The life of Christ alone, and, with the exception of a few leading events it has never yet been painted, might elicit the genius and employ the brush of every true son of Art for many a succeeding age.

But here I may properly be asked whether I consider all Bible incidents as fitting subjects for pictorial representation. And I answer distinctly, No. Some, of course, are morally inadmissible, because it were evidently against the purposes of revelation that those darker things of its truthful history should be enriched and illustrated to the eye, which are only recorded in it that they may be rebuked and made hateful to the heart. And others again are of such a character, being lifted more or less in their very nature above the region of matter and of sense, that it were either an arrant folly, or even a bold impiety, did one attempt to represent them. Perhaps, however, it may be as well that I should state at once the amount of liberty which I should bestow on the religious painter, and also the restrictions under which I should be disposed to place him.

I say, then, that if any scene from Holy Writ partakes of the character of an actual event, being carried out by visible actors to real and sensible issues, then, however startling the incident itself, however supernatural the power which it exhibits, however deep the mystery which it illustrates, I can yet see no reason why it may not be transferred to

canvas, so only that this be done with a scrupulous regard to reality and truthfulness. But, upon the other hand, any attempt, whether to embody the invisible and the unknown, or to surround the visible and actual with essential unreality and falsehood—every such attempt seems to me at best unwise and perilous, while sometimes it gathers the proportions of tremendous disloyalty to the truth, and unmitigated blasphemy against God.

I have spoken of *essential* unreality; for of course I do not mean for a moment to deny to the painter a fair and full exercise of the imaginative faculty, where it is kept within due subordination to the possibilities of things, and to the consistencies of the subject under treatment. This rather is, in truth, what constitutes the power of genius, and is the ordained mission of Art, not simply to produce a mechanical fac-simile, as in the photograph, of certain given events, even if such could be arrived at; but rather while they are represented with full fidelity to the record, to import at the same time into the representation whatever can lend it vigour and emphasis, by carrying the spirit of the spectator into whatever channels of thought and feeling it were in the interests of truth to open up within him.

In the Last Supper, for instance, of Leonardo da Vinci—a picture which ranks, perhaps, as the very first of all religious paintings—there is nothing in the record to say that a salt-cellar was overthrown by one that sat at table. But an old tradition had associated the spilling of salt with treachery; and the painter, with exquisite skill, has taken advantage of that tradition, to distinguish Judas from the rest; and the evil omen, as it is enacted in his work, at once marks the traitor. Or, again, in the Entombment of Tintoretto, a picture whose display of the imaginative is noticed in an eloquent passage by Mr. Ruskin, it is wholly without the history that three bare crosses are dimly

gleaming in the background, and further still is a howling desert, without a human habitation; while in the faint and far horizon you just catch the shattered outline of a roofless cattle-shed. But thus is traced backward the whole story of Him that is being laid within the sepulchre. The suggestion is that in that very shed He might have drawn His infant breath among the beasts of the stall at Bethlehem—that such as that desert seems, such was the world to Him—for while “the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, yet the Son of man had not where to lay His head;” and that at length, having become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, He first found a resting-place in Joseph’s new-made grave. Or to take yet another example. A beautiful picture by Dyce was included in the Exhibition of last year, in which the beloved disciple was seen taking the mother of Jesus to his own home. I am sure that many of you must recall it. I believe that few who saw could fail to have been arrested by it. And you will remember how, with Jerusalem behind them, their path seemed to lie across the hills toward Galilee. And there, too, the cross was seen, looming like a ghastly shadow, without the gates of the city. And John, the very picture of respectful sympathy and sadness, held the right hand of Mary. And she seemed to stagger forward, scarce knowing whither she went; for the sword had pierced her heart, and the iron had entered into her soul; and in her left hand hung a dark, a cruel, and yet a precious relic of her Beloved; it was the crown of thorns with which they had circled His bleeding brow, when they heaped their murderous mockery upon the King of the Jews. In all these instances, I say, the imaginative faculty has been at work in embellishing the nakedness of the facts recorded with accompaniments purely imaginary, and of the painter’s own creation. But still no man of

sense will take exception against the results. No violence has been done to truth, which has rather gained in impressiveness and depth by them ; for all that has been introduced has been itself suggestive of some cognate reality, which it was possible to blend with the very scene presented, in touching and significant association.

But this has not been always so. The liberty which might be justly claimed for the imagination by the painter has for the most part run into licentiousness in his dealings with sacred things ; and no man can tell the extent to which the truth has suffered accordingly. Yet some idea of it may be gathered from the fact that, in some instances, the pictorial falsehood has become so absolutely conventional that not only do we receive no shock from its exhibition, but that we should be even perhaps surprised if it did not occupy its accustomed place before us.

Take a familiar instance. How very rare it is to see the Saviour painted but with a halo, or, as it is technically called, a "nimbus" round His head, which varies from the single ring to the broad sheet of light, or the cruciform nimbus, or the coruscant glory, according to the taste of the age, or the caprice of the painter. Now, it will be said no doubt that this has been but a homage, reverent and affectionate, which Art has loved to tender to the Divine Redeemer, singling Him out from the common crowd to "crown Him with glory and honour." But was He thus singled out indeed ? Did the manifestation of His kingly majesty thus indeed perpetually accompany Him ? Did the Shechinah of indwelling Godhead thus break forth round about Him ? For just one passing hour was such lustrous witness given Him, in that vision of His coming glory upon the holy mount. For the rest He had wholly emptied Himself. He was the Man of sorrows. He wore the form of a servant. He was found in fashion as a man. Nay, I know not with what

degree of literalness, "His visage was more marred than any man, and His form than the sons of men." And it gives an infinite falsification to the whole purpose and character of His earthly ministry, and to the whole history of His day in the flesh,—it introduces, as I believe, an almost fatal confusion into our conception of His offices and His work, to set Him forth, as these pictorial fancies do, in honours which He had renounced, and revelations which await Him only when He appears again—not as a servant and a sin-bearer, but then, "the second time, without sin," and "wearing many crowns," "in His own glory, and his Father's glory, and the glory of the holy angels."

Or, again, the pictorial fiction of the nimbus is not confined in paintings to the person of the Saviour only. It is bestowed also, apparently at the painter's will, on many so-called saints. They, too, are represented as though they trod the earth not like common mortals, but encircled as they went along with radiations of unearthly light. Now here is not only an idle fable, but, morally considered, there is a double falsehood also. For, first, support is given to the popular Romish lie that the rightful saints are not God's elect at large, who are "sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints," but only a little handful, whom some fifty years after death, when they have had time to get out of purgatory, the Pope has been good enough to calendar for the invocation of the faithful! And, secondly, it is insinuated that the time of the manifestation of the sons of God has already come; whereas they are yet strangers and pilgrims, no sceptre in their hand, no halo round their brow; neither will these things be theirs, while yet they "wait for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of their body."

I might properly refer here to such further conventionalisms of Art as represent angels in the form of so many fluttering Cupids, put a cross into the hand of the Baptist,

and keys into the hand of Peter; and I might add largely to the list of pictorial puerilities like these. But the time warns me to deal only with the graver offences against Religion which have been perpetrated by the painter.

Amongst such I would first name the representation of subjects altogether illegitimate and forbidden. When Raffaele, for instance, in his great frescoes of the Creation represents God under the semblance of an old man, flying through the vaulted sky, and now tracing on a globe beneath the various divisions of the earth—now with outstretched arms and legs, as though there were demanded for the task a mighty muscular effort, dividing the light from the darkness—and now again with either hand fixing, as it were, in the firmament one of the great lights of heaven,—all this denies the fundamental truth that “God is a Spirit,” as it impugns the sublime revelation that, not as by the process of manufacture or manipulation was the work of Creation executed, but simply at the bidding of His decree all sprung up around Him. “He spake, and it was done;” “He commanded, and they were created.” In short, this anthropomorphism of Raffaele—and he has had many followers—is a step far in advance toward heathenism and idolatry. Or, again, in many a painting it is attempted to portray visibly the three persons of the eternal Trinity. A Coronation of the Virgin, for instance, by Caracci, is composed as follows:—Above you have a semicircle of angels; central, within that semicircle, sits the Virgin, on whom the Holy Dove seems just about alighting; while God the Son, as a young man, on her right hand, and God the Father, as an old man, on her left, prepare to crown her brows; and yet other angels beneath sing, from open music, by the bye, the coronation anthem of their Queen. Now, to say nothing of the fable and the blasphemy which is here, as concerning the Virgin only, (of which more hereafter,) such separate and

sensible representations of the Trinity, as will appear on a moment's consideration, virtually deny the Unity; and it equally strikes at the redeeming mystery of the Incarnation of God the Son, to ascribe a human form and face not more to Him than to the Father.

One of the most extraordinary and offensive '*escapades*' which Art has ever made in this direction is found in a Pietà, as it is called, by Rubens, in which the dead Christ lies across the Father's knees, who is painted as an old and wrinkled man, plunged in parental sorrow. Considered simply as a picture, there is apparent everywhere the wondrous power of the painter. Nothing can be more exquisitely touching than the seeming grief you look upon. Rubens, who never succeeds in his living Christs, unless it be in that great "Scourging" only, has shown consummate skill in the delineation of the dead Christ. And never perhaps was a finer bit of foreshortening executed than in one of the legs and feet of the body, which seems to stretch out toward you from the canvas with even more than stereoscopic solidity. But think what a gigantic falsehood has been perpetrated! Not only, as I have already intimated, is the Incarnation cancelled—for the Son can have assumed no second nature of the substance of His earthly mother, if the humanity which is borne by Him is already found, alike in all its material developments and in all its sympathies, with the Father. But still more, the whole history of the Cross and of the Burial is utterly perverted by this representation. If I understand at all that thrilling history, it was one which had, and could have, no counterpart in any human bereavement; neither was the forsaken One of Calvary taken back again all at once to the bosom of His Father. Nay, but the sinner's Surety died beneath the wrath of God, being made sin for us. Under the same wrath still abiding on Him, and as part of God's sentence

against the sins He bare, He was buried also; and not so much the Roman soldiery, but rather the Divine justice, yet inexorable and unsatisfied, stood sentinel over His guarded grave. Neither until the third day was there any relenting with the Judge; but then, first and finally, the dread penalty was remitted, and the dungeon-doors were opened, and the Captive set at liberty; and sin being no longer found with Him, He was "declared" at length "to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead;" the word being then fulfilled which had gone forth of old concerning Him, "Thou art my Son: this day have I begotten Thee."

What I have been just dealing with is bad enough. And yet in Religious Art, there have been found still deeper depths, and more overt acts of treason against the Christ of God. In the Museum at Brussels I remember to have stood perfectly aghast before a picture, by Rubens also, which he has executed apparently in honour of St. Francis and the Virgin, and in infinite dishonour of Jesus. Beneath is a globe, around which a serpent coils himself, the familiar and significant emblem of a world that lieth in the Wicked One. Over this St. Francis seems to throw his mantle by way of protection, and from whom? Above is Christ, but not the meek and lowly One, the loving Friend of sinners. His hand is armed with a thunderbolt, such as is wielded by the heathen Jupiter; and with stern and wrathful energy He is just hurling it at the globe below. But no; it may not be. The Avenger's right arm is held back from the fatal fling, and it is, of course, by the pitying Virgin; who meanwhile points Him with her left hand, in a mother's fond appeal, to her own naked bosom—to "the breasts that He had sucked!" Thus is the Redeemer vilified, being held up, not to men's hopes and affections, but to their darkest distrusts and fears. Thus are they directed for refuge to the intercession of the Virgin and the Saint, if they would be

delivered from the impending wrath and ruthless vengeance of the Saviour!

At Milan, again, there is an altar-piece, of which the subject is a Vision of St. Bernard—not he, surely, who held out so stedfastly against the Immaculate Conception; for only hear, if we may believe the Altar-piece, what had been revealed to him! In contradistinction to the Patriarch of old he saw, not one ladder, but two, whose base rested upon the earth, and the top reached to heaven; and at the summit of one was the Virgin, at the summit of the other, Jesus; and sinners were climbing each, but with very different success: those that chose Christ's ladder were slipping, tumbling, summersaulting, meeting all manner of disaster in the way; while those that chose the Virgin's ascended step by step, without a single stay, to glory. All this is represented in the picture. Oh Rome, Rome! are these your "books for the unlearned," as you are wont to call your religious paintings? Unlearned souls indeed that take in their falsehoods, and rest upon their blasphemies! And through such the cheated eye ministers to the blinded heart; and those unlearned ones believe a lie, and perish in the believing!

And I might multiply, at any length, such instances as I have just adduced; I might tell you how every Romish fable has found an ally in the painter; how one* has painted a living Christ emerging from the consecrated host; and another has shown† the host bleeding under the stabs of impious Jews who had stolen it—so much for "the unbloody sacrifice!" I might amuse you with some curiosities in the Purgatorial line, culling from a large variety of truthful representations, both the miseries within, and the means‡ of

* Cosino Roselli.

† In the Cathedral of St. Gudule, Brussels.

‡ *E. g.* Rubens' Intercession of St. Theresa, Antwerp.

getting out also. I might give you some touching details from the pictorial lives of the saints, such as the Marriage of St. Catherine,* when the infant Christ, His hand guided, of course, by His mother, places the ring on the fair saint's finger; or such as the Martyrdom of St. Dionysius, who walks with his head under his arm, in front of a large procession of bishops and priests, before you. I might prove to you, by no less an authority than that of Raffaele in his Transfiguration, that that marvellous event was witnessed by more than the three disciples of whom the Gospel speaks, for you may see two shaven monks—St. Julian and St. Lawrence, I believe—looking on quietly in a corner! I might indeed show generally that the popular chronology of Church history is very sadly in fault, for that more† than one veritable master has introduced St. Jerome, St. Dominic, and other saints, at the Crucifixion! I might dwell on the endless Assumptions of the Virgin, with the empty tomb beneath, and the opening heaven above, and the wondering apostles, and the supporting clouds, and the resplendent glory, and the adoring angels. I might return to her Coronation also, the theme of so many artists in all its monstrous falsehood and elaborate idolatry. But I must restrain myself. Yet one point more in connexion with what I have been just saying.

After all, no other falsehood of more fatal magnitude has ever enlisted Art in its behalf than that inveterate one of the Virgin and Child. I do not mean when she is yet a young mother on earth; but when she is presented as an object of worship and adoration—the Virgin with the Child in her arms, supposed long since to have been caught up into heaven. So she is seen, seated generally on clouds, in perhaps every Romish Church; so she stands for the invocation of the faithful at every street corner in Romish cities.

* By Carlo Dolci.

† *E. g.* Raffaele, &c.

And what is the effect on the truth? Why, just that every reality of the Gospel story is utterly set aside. That little Child you look at has never done His Father's will, and finished His work. That Child was never despised and rejected, was never crucified, dead, and buried; never died for our sins and rose again for our justification. It was a man, and not a Child—a man of thirty-three years of age, who did these things for sinners. But the Virgin, forsooth, who is supposed to have been taken up years after the Saviour's Ascension, has found, after all, but a little Child in heaven before her—one that still demands His mother's guardianship, will still be subject to her authority, and still guided by her will. Ay, He is dwarfed down again to the dimensions of helpless infancy, and all His work ignored, and all His supremacy denied Him; that men may turn from the baby, who but springs in His mother's arms, or nestles in His mother's breast,—for where is a baby's intelligence, a baby's power or sympathy?—and that they may resort, instead, to that creature of light and beauty, a mother, although a maiden, who, in the full maturity of all development, and in the natural exercise of her rightful relations, will direct, prevail with, and even command her Child! I know the Romish apology for all this; but it seems, in one sense, almost worse than the transgression which it is meant to justify. The Virgin, forsooth, must be distinguished from other saints, and hence a Child is given her: and so that Child—the everlasting Son, the Lord of life and glory—is a mere emblem, and no more! just like the wheel of St. Catherine, and the arrows in St. Sebastian, and the musical instrument of St. Cecilia, and the keys aforesaid with St. Peter!

And are these things unworthy of our notice? Are they, because they will not bear a moment's scrutiny in the light of Scripture and of reason, are they therefore without their perils to the faith? I tell you Art has a mighty hold

on every man with an imagination who is able to appreciate it. I am not ashamed to say that I have looked, for instance, at that grand Assumption by Murillo, until I felt myself almost realizing the splendid lie which it depicted. I have seen Devotion painted in the midst of Romish emblems, but yet so saintly in its aspect, that the crucifix and the skull, and the scourge and the haircloth, seemed its fitting adjuncts, and I almost forgot that it was not a spiritual worship, but a sensuous superstition which Art had conjured up before me! I will venture to affirm with regard to that particular fable on which I have just been commenting, that very few among us have not sometimes stopped to gaze on some exquisite Madonna and her Infant, drawn by some master-hand, without once remembering all the heresy which it embodied, all the idolatry toward a creature, and all the indignity to a Saviour. The truth is, that as it is in men's writings and discourses, so it is with Art also—a lie, continually and boldly repeated, ceases after a while to shock, and is even presently believed. And I doubt not that in the day of Christ it will be found that not all the teachings of an apostate priesthood have done more work for the great Antichrist, than have the familiar falsehoods of Art, at any rate among the ignorant multitude, in deceiving unwary souls.

But I must have done. Pardon me, young men, if it be with a word of practical admonition that I close. If Art, as I have ventured to contend, has its legitimate relations with Religion, yet remember that these are always the relations of a handmaid with her mistress, nay, of a finite with an infinite, of a human thing with a divine, of a perishable thing with an eternal. The moment this is forgotten a fatal error is committed, an error alike perilous to man and dishonouring to the Most Highest. Let holy words be made the mere vehicle of brilliant harmonies—as it is too often in the

oratorio—let music, however intricate or severe, be esteemed for its own sake, the chiefest part of worship—let the architecture of our Churches be so obtrusive of its decoration that our thoughts shall be drawn aside to that which is material only, and we shall be in danger of forgetting that there is One greater than the Temple—let the sculptor enact with his chisel, or the painter with his brush, one snare for the ignorant, one stumbling-block to the weak, one offence against the everlasting verities of sacred history—in all these cases Art is in her wrong place. She claims to rule where she may only serve; to guide where she may only follow. She demands homage instead of doing homage. She puts on holy vestments, not that she may minister in the sanctuary of truth, but only that she may flaunt herself the more daintily before men, while she is, perhaps, fulfilling the mission of a priestess in the shrines of falsehood!

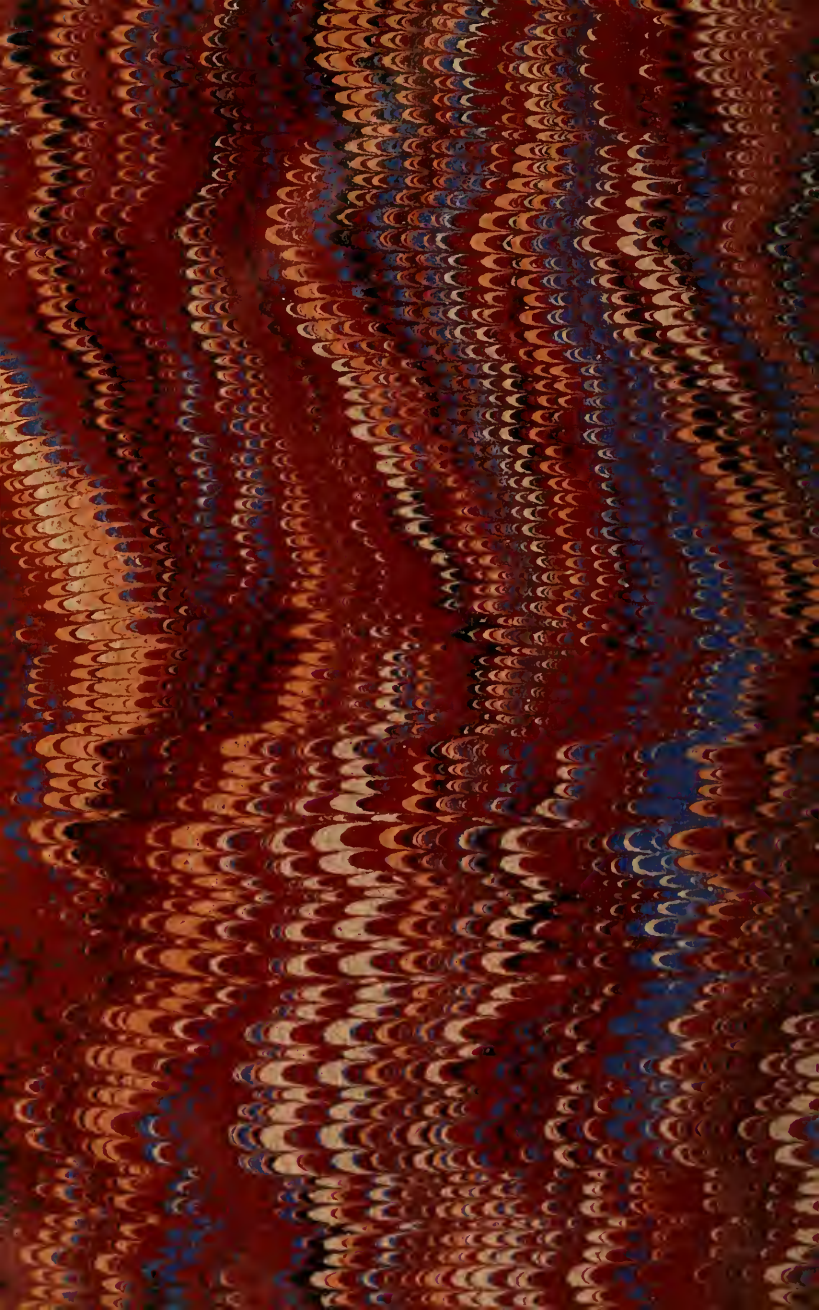
Take heed, my young friends, that to deceits like these you lend no sanction. Enrich, by all means, to the utmost, what tributes the voice may render to Him that inhabiteth our praises, but think that without “melody in the heart” all is but a vain oblation. Help us by your loving offerings to make the house of prayer a fitting levee-chamber for the King of saints; but worship rather in a barn where He is known, than in the proudest and most pretentious structure in which He is set aside, and His rightful honours taken from Him. Tell the sculptor who would make a study of the truth, that his model is in one sense already made to his hand, that it is not for him to mould it. Hang your walls, if you will, with many a beautiful engraving; let the Supper of Leonardo, let Rubens’ Crucifixion and his Descent from the Cross, be there, and Albert Dürer’s Crucifixion too, and the three Marys of Annibale Caracci; and you may find, though it will be rarely, works of Titian and of Tintoretto, of Raffaello and of Domenichino, of Guido and Rembrandt, of Van-

dyck, and other ancient masters that illustrate without violating subjects from Holy Writ: and especially amongst moderns you will receive some exquisite contributions from Ary Scheffer, that master of pathos if not of painting, and, if you will, from Danby and Martin, and still more happily from West and Eastlake. In Religious Art alone, though I would lay on you no such restriction, the field is large to glean from. But see that you glean it lawfully. Give no place in your collection, or in your admiration, to the fairest handicraft of falsehood. Here, too, as in all the rest, let the interests of the truth be paramount to all other interests. "Buy the truth, and sell it not." No, not for all the richest treasures that Art has ever accumulated. You can do without Art, but you cannot do without the truth. Let Art, if needs be, perish, but let the truth triumph!









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